Howdy, howdy, howdy-do? How is your wife, and how are you? Ah! it fits my fist as no other can, The horny hand of the working man

Husband, who is that man at the gate? Husband, who is that man at the gate? Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate. Husband, why can't he work like you? Has he nothing at home to do? My dear, whenever a man is down, No cash at home, no credit in town, Too stupid to preach and too proud to beg, Too timid to rob and too lasy to dig. Then over his horse his legs he flings, And to the dear people this song he sings: Howdy, howdy, howdy-do? How is your wife, and how are you? Ah! it fits my fat as no other can, The horny hand of the working man.

Brothers, who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What's his record? How does he stan
At home? No matter about his hand,
He it hard or soft, so it be not prone To close over money not his own.

Has he in view no thieving plan?

Is he honest and capable?—he is our man.

Cheer such a one till the welkin ring.

Join in the chocus when thus he sings:

Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?

How is your wife, and how are you?

Ant it its my fist as no other can,

The horny hand of the working man. THE LINCOLN TRAGEDY.

Startling Details of the Secret Trial.

Telegram to the New York Herald.

CINCINNATI, O., June 18, 1878.

Benn Pitman, the well known phonographer, of this city, was interviewed to day as to his personal knowledge concerning the trial and execution of Mrs. Surratt for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. His attention was first called to the statement of Mr. John T. Ford, the theatrical manager, relative to the innocence of Mrs. Surratt, and, in answer with the Heroid correspondent's questions, the Heroid correspondent's questions, the Pittman communicated the follow-

He said that he was the official repor-ter for the United States government in the assassimation trial, the Sons of Liberty, investigation and the Congressional importes into the New Orleans and Mem-

phis riots, and subsequently of the Ku King trials, all of which gave him a pe-cular marcht into the yet unwritten has to; of salose momentous events as I have no doubt," said Mr. Pitman, "of the correctness of Mr. Ford's statement

It was not until after my return from Washington, with all the testimone of the 450 witnesses at the trial and my the 450 witnesses at the trial and my compilation in narrative form of the facts testined to by those witnesses that I came to the conviction that Mrs. Surratt. though aware of previous plots to abduct the President and take him to Richmond, was entirely uninformed of the sudden resolve of Boath to kill him. The only direct testimony that seemed to implicate her was that of the drunken, unreliable witness, Lloyd, who kept the tavern at sarrativalle. Her previous life and his live the testimony of those who knew her well, and Catholic priests of known

ell, and Catholic priests of known ulter incapacity to engage in so diaboli-cal a plot.

WHAT THE TESTIMONY SHOWED. The testimony went to show that the assistantion of Lincoln was a sudden resolution of Booth on finding that the President was to visit the theatre that night, and the hasty conspiracy hatched up with Payne, Atzerodt and Herold, was confined exclusively to their knowledge and participation. The fact is that Mr. Stanton, Judge Advocate Holt, Bingham and Rurnett and other officers of the government engaged in the prosecuthe government engaged in the prosecu-tion, were somewhat unbalanced by the imagined greatness of a conspiracy which, did not exist. Nothing but such a belief would justify the treatment to which the prisoners were subjected. A SECRET TRIAL.

The trial for the first two weeks was conducted in secret, and the prisoners—Herold J Easter, Attended and I think two others—were masked in a close fitting helmet-like white cap which just left a breathing hele for the mouth and nostrils. They were besides manacled at the wrists and ankies, and to the latter were attached a heavy hall and chain. Mrs. Surratt was not this masked, but she was manacled at the feet throughout the trial. The masks were removed when the trial became public, after the expirator two weeks, when admission was obtained to the Court only by the personal sanction of General Hunter by card.

STANION A DESPOT. STANTON A DESPOT.

Correspondent—Do you think the government sanctioned this saverity towards the prisopers?

Ar. Pilman—Mr. Stanton was the gov-

ernment at that time. He was a m for whom I still entertain a profound admiration; a man of the Cromwell type, admiration; I man of the Cromwell type, street but unfeeling, and who to obtain a desired end would in an emergency play despot—strangely out of place infider a republican form of government. For instance, what should be more sacred than the givate correspondence of a citizen committed to the public mails, yet by Mr. Stanton's orders I assisted to open hundreds of letters that passed through the General Post Office at Washington, just after the assassination, when every the Ganeral Post Office at Washington, just after the assassination, when every letter addressed to Canada was thus stopped. Mr. Stanton's justification was that the agents of Jefferson Davis who were then in Canada were the instigators of the assassination plot. The letters opened to detect these supposed machinations led to very curious results in revealing other matters not directly sought for. ing other matters not directly sought for, and many a brilliant career of army officer and politician was stultified by these revelations, which they little suspected would ever be seen by the powerful War Minister.

The recommendation to mercy for Mrs. Sarratt, signed by members of the Court in secret session, Andrew Johnson affirmed he never saw, and the efforts of Miss Anna E. Surratt to see President Johnson in behalf of her unfortunate mother were somehow cruelly fristrated. An innocent matron was hanged, and history is dumb as to who is responsible for the irreparable wrong. Frantic efforts were made to connect John Surratt with the assassination plot; but, fortu-nately for him, they were unsuccessful.

Apropos of the recent article concern-

of this city, and John Wilkes Booth were on terms of the utmost intimacy, a Globe reporter was despatched to interview him, and the following colloquy ensued:

"In your opinion, Colonel Richardson, was John Wilkes Booth trained from colliest in the colliest in th

earliest infancy to regard Brutus as a god and assassination as an act of justice under circumstances similar to th corded by Shakespeare in Julius Cæsar?"
"No, most emphatically, no. The very idea is preposterous. His training from earliest infancy was such as to inspire in him the kindliest sentiments and the loftiest motives. A man of his intellect, inherited genius and acquired abilities would never put such an interpretation upon the work of the prince of dramat-

"In this connection how long had you known Wilkes Booth previous to the "I had known him for six years. I

met him first in St. Louis. Previous to he was playing an engagement there." THE SOUTH INNOCENT OF THE ASSASSIN--ATION.

"No, I do not. No such stigma can be placed upon the South for inciting so cowardly a murder. No Southern man or Southern woman would commend or applaud such an act, even if they were not in sympathy with the administra-

"Did Wilkes Booth ever intimate to you that he was in sympathy with the

"He never did. I was with him in Washington for three months previous to the assassination and conversed with him on all topics, but I never heard him lisp's word in that respect. I always supposed he was in sympathy with Mr. Lancoln, by whom he was very much liked, and he spoke very highly of Mr. Lincoln as a good man. Some three weeks previous to the assassination, when Governor Morton, of Indianapolis, re-Morton, of Indianapolis, received the flags that were captured in the Shenandoan Valley by the Indiana troops, Wilkes Booth was present, and as Mr. Lincoln drove down Pennsylvania avenue there was an immense crowd gathered in front of the National Hotel. pass, and thence through the parlor to the yerada, where speeches were to be made by Governor Morton, President Lincoln and others. As the surging crowd pressed back, I noticed that Booth tried with the most determined and frantic efforts to force his way to the President's carriage, but so great was the pressure that he was mable to reach the rehicle. With a look of disappointment o'ershadowing his handsome face he fell

back into the crowded ranks of curious

"While this action of his was trans Stanton entertained, that Booth was the active instrument in a great conspiracy, the dictatory power of which was the rebel government. Mrs. Surratt was langed for complicity in the assassination plot of which she was entirely ignorant, and poor Spangler was sent to the Dry Tortugas because a long rope was found in his carpet sack, with which it was supposed Mr. Lincoln was to be bound, when in fact no other use was to be made of it than the catching of craise Spangler had simply "borrowed" that rope from Tord's theatre for that purpose.

MRS. SURRATT NOT GUILITY. (1)

Mrs. SURRATT NOT GUILITY. (1)

It was not until after my return from the first action of his was transpiring I was standing about thirty or lotty feet sway, leaning on a lamp-post, where I could hear the speaches. Wilkes Booth, or Jack," as he was called by his lamiliar friends, gradually worked his hand upon the post against which I was leaning, and after the usual courte-beauty of the property usual, while the nervous twitching of his facial muscles and the strange, wild gream in his eyes bespoke that some more than ordinary circumstance was harrass-ing his mind. While he was standing by the post a lady of medium height and diguified carriage, clothed in dark raiment and wearing a jockey hat graced with a blue veil which completely covered it and concealed her features, came up and said something to him, but I was unable to catch just what she said. With a quick, nervous, deprecatory motion of his hands he waved her off, saving, "No! no! not now! Be quiet. I will see you shortly. Go away now, go away! I will let you know, I will let you know."

> tracted from the subject. I remarked to Mr. Booth, 'There is the great and good man,' and he rejoined, 'Yes, I hope he will make us a good speech.' 'Don't you think Mr. Lincoln looks pale and haggard and much worn?' I queried. 'Yes, he does,' replied Booth. think Mr. Lincoln looks pale and haggard and much worn? I queried. 'Yes, he does,' replied Booth.
>
> AN ALARMING MANIFESTATION.
>
> "I noticed, after that remark, that Booth looked at the President with a fixed, intense gaze, and with one of the most demoniacal expressions I have ever seen on the face of mortal on or off the stage. Why, his face was the very embodiment of tragedy, every feature being distorted with deviliah malignity. He stood there with that feafful and horrible expression on his countenance for some

> distorted with devilish malignity. He stood there with that fearful and horrible expression on his countenance for some five minutes, the spectators near by gazing with wonder upon the man. I thought he was merely trying to impress upon the crowd the fact that he was an actor, and was merely giving a free exhibition of the ease with which he could transform his beantiful face into that of a demon. Alarmed at this surprising manifestation, I accosted him once or twice, but he did not seem to hear me and did not answer me. I stepped aside for a short time and on returning found him still leaning against the lamp-post in a tragic attitude and with the same tragic expression on his face. Shortly after, the flags were delivered, the speeches ended and Mr. Lincoln came down to his carriage, but falling in his attempts. I think this was the day on which the abduction of the President was to have been made; but the conspirators' plans were foiled. The next day I met Booth and chatted with him, as was the case every day up to the time of the assassination. I was then in the Pennsylvanis Central Railroad, under the National Hotel, and Booth used to drop in there every day.
>
> I also met him outside of the office Mr. A. R. Cazauran, sa author, a journalist and linguist, who was then attached to drop in there every day.

Apropos of the recent article concerning the assassination of President Lincoln which the Herald quoted on Sunday from the Baltimore Gazette, the Boston Globe of Konday says:

At Colonel Thomas E. Richardson, the well known and popular dramatic agent

rested as one of the conspirators, for I was with him every day.

THE CONSPIRATORS 'Do you think," inquired the interviewer, "that Wilkes Booth ever gave the details of the plot to assassinate the

President to any person, or that any other persons were privy to his plans before he had fully conceived the idea of assassination? "No. I don't believe he gave the details of his plans to any person except Payne, who seems to have been his right hand man. The idea that any of the Booth family had anything to do with the arrangements for the assassination is simply preposterous. I knew Junius Brutus Booth, Sr., and I know Edwin Booth personally, and I must say that these two, with John Wilkes Booth, have always been the very personification of all that is great, good and noble in man. Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., I have met several times, but I do not know him personally. I remember that once Wilkes Booth took me to a room in the Pennsylvania House, where these conspirators met, and intro-duced me to them as some of his friends

"Do you think the South had anything to do with inciting him to assassinate he was accustomed to fish and hunt.

Though some of them were very rough Though some of them were very rough and brutal looking, the same terms can-not be applied to J. Wilkes Booth, for he was always a kind-hearted man, and won many friends by his uniform course of manly action. I have the highest regard for his brother, Edwin Booth, who is a kind father, a loving husband and a per-fect gentleman. Manager Ford is a man of the strictest integrity and honor, and one of the ablest managers we have in

PROMPTED BY INSANITY.

"I think it was some sudden freak of his mind, which must have been in a dis-ordered condition at the time of the mur-

"And, now, what, in your opinion, as a theatrical manager, is the true inward-ness' of the interview with Manager

"It is simply an advertising dodge, gotten up 'n prepare the public for the production a play written by some lady or gent. ...an, the subject matter of lady of gent.au the subject matter of which will be the assassination of President Lincoln. I must confess that I think the statement of Manager Ford very ill-timed and injudicious, and that these sad events of the past should be left in the grave in which they have been

A Boy's Experience with Tar Marbles.

Almost all boys, at some period of their lives, devote their spare time to playing with marbles, and I certanly was not unlike other boys in this respect. My fondness for marbles began very early, and when I was about seven years old led me into a curious experi-ence, which I am about to relate. A great rivalry for acquiring marbles had denly arisen at that time among the boys of the town, and to possess as many of the little round beauties as my oldest drother owned, soon became the desire of my heart and the height of

my ambition. when one day I overheard my oldest brother telling one of his schoolmates that he had made the important discov-ery that marbles could be formed from coal-tar, of which there was a large quantity on a certain street in a distant part of the town. He did not condescen explain the process of manufacture, but he showed the marbles he had made, black, round, and glossy. The sight inspired me with ardent desire to possess

the afternoon, I started off without confiding to any one my intention, to find the spot and lay in a supply of the raw material, which I could convert into

Whereupon the woman left. Of course I knew not what this strange conduct meant, and before I had time to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to his strange actions Mr. Lincoln stepped upon the veranda, the crowd cheered and my thoughts were for the time being distracted from the subject. I remarked to Mr. Booth, 'There is the great and good man,' and he rejoined, 'Yes, I hope he will make us a good speech.' 'Don't you small boy can come into contact.

Think Mr. Lincoln looks pale and hag-

stuff.

That I should get a whipping for spoiling my new suit, if I could not manage to get the tar off, I was quite certain, and I had had no permission to go from home, and on the whole the outlook was not cheerful in that direction. Quite

pump-handle, which did more work that Gen. Halleck died in 1872. ernoon than in half a dozen days

down to investigate the phenomenon. Oh, what was my despair when she discovered who it was, and in what plight!

looked at me.

She would try to control her merriment for a moment, only to break forth afresh, until she was obliged to sit down from sheer exhaustion. Every time she glanced at my woe-begone countenance, and drenched condition, she would go into fresh convulsions of fun. At last she ooked at me. recovered breath enough to inquire into my case, and to assure me would do what Baltimore Sun. she could for me; but she soon found, to my despair, that what she could do was not much to my relief. The clothes could not be got off, and certainly they could never be got clean. She did manage, with a strong pair of shears, to cut off the pockets in my breeches and then, fearing my mother would be alarmed, she bade me go home, and she would promise to secure me against a whip-I fancy she thought this last promise

would be easily kept.
Somewhat comforted, I took up my "What cause do you assign, Colonel line of march toward the paternal roof, but as I went along, my heart beginning it was some sudden fresh of the roof with a some sudden fresh of the roof with think it was some sudden fresh of the roof with the roof win

which my not too saintly character had made me somewhat familiar, loomed up before me; but worse than all, the thought of my brother's ridicule made my senstive spirit quait. I thought I would evade all for that night, however, by going quietly up the back stairs, going to bed, and "playing sick." Fortune favored me. I reached the bed-room without being seen; and, just as I was, with my hat on for it could only have come off with my scalp. I got into bed, and covered myself entirely up with the bed-clothes. It was now dusk, and I felt for the moment quite safe. Presentthought of my brother's ridicule made felt for the moment quite safe. Present-ly my aunt came into the room to get something for which she was looking, and I could hear her give several inquiring sniffs, and as she went out I heard her say: "I certainly do smell tar; where can it come from?" An interval of peace followed, and then in came my mother. "Tar? Smell tar? Of course

you do; it's strong enough in this room. Bring a light."

It was the sound of doom! My mother soon came close up to the bed, and held the light so that it fell full upon me as she tried to turn down the bed-clothing. Probably, if it had not been for several previous scrapes in which I had been involved, she would have been much frightened; but as it was the sight of her young blackamoor had much the same effect upon be can upon my cousin. Her exclamations and ahrieks of laughter brought every member of the hopsehold successively to the room, and as one after another came in, fresh zest seemed to be given to the mer riment of which I was the unfortunate

victinf. But every renewal of the fun was an added agony to me, for I clearly foresaw that it would be rehearsed by Jack and Tom to all the boys in the neighborhood. Besides this, I was not in a condition to be hilarious. Plastered with tar from spired me with ardent desire to possess an unlimited quantity.

My brother told me just where the coveted treasure was to be found, and, in and falling limp and wet about my eyes; I was not rendered more comfortable by the fact that I could not move without

that of my mother that night.

Suffice it to say that, after my clothes had been cut to ribbons, the sheets torn up, my head well nigh shaved, and my whole person subjected first to an African bath of melted butter, and afterward to one of hot soap-suds, I had had my fill of bathing for one day, and was, shortly before midnight, pronounced to be tolerably clean. be tolerably clean.
P. S.—I never made any marbles of

coal-tar.-St. Nicholas for July.

The Wilderness Campaign.

Whatever authority General Richard Taylor may have had for stating in an article in the North American Review that the plan of the campaign in the Wilderness, which resulted in the loss of a hundred thousand men, was laid down for Gen Grant by Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincelo, Gen Grant her stoutly affirmed Lincoln, Gen. Grant has stoutly affirmed that the plan was his own, and there is no reason whatever to doubt it. Before he was summoned to Washington the command-in-chief of the army of the Potomac had been changed half a dozen times. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Pope, and McClellan a second time, all these had been tried in turn, and all had been hampered more or less in the opera-tions or blundered terribly. But how-ever much the administration may have interfered with these commanders, there was, it was always understood and believed, no such interference in respect to Grant. All the men he asked for were given him. Draft after draft was made to fill up the gaps as he laboriously and wastingly sought to work his way round toward Richmond. His theory of the campaign was that success was only to be attained by hard pounding, and the remark sententious that "our cat has the longest tail," with which he is said to have closed a council of war after the Booth used to drop in there every day. I also met him outside of the office Mr. A. R. Cazauran, as an author, a journalist and linguist, who was then attached to Colonel Forney's paper, afterward on the Brocklyn Eagle, and now a translator of the foreign plays produced at the Union Square-Theatre in. New York. At that time Mr. Cazauran was trying to get Booth: to take part in a play he had written, based on events in the war; but Booth; said he had gone into the oil business and did not intend to go on the stage isgain, as he expected to realize a fortune in his new venture.

"On the night of the assassination Mr. Cazauran and myself were standing in front of the Metropolitan Hotel at about height of clock, when Mr. Booth came along, and Mr. Cazauran again urged him to take part in his play. "Cazauran, dear boy, said Mr. Rooth, "I wouldn't touch the part in his play. "Cazauran, dear boy," said Mr. Cazauran and myself to accompany him to Ford's Theatre to see Laura Keene play. I told him I didn't care to go." Oh, said he, 'you had better go. President Lincoln, Scerelary Seward, General Grant, and, in fact, all of the Cabinet are to be there to be introduced and no premission to go from him whole the outlook was not have closed a council of war after the black spots, which had no we extended to formidable dimensions; while I could get a council of war after the black spots, which had now extended to formidable dimensions; while I could get a council of war after the black spots, which had now extended to formidable dimensions; while I could get a council of war after the black spots, which had now extended to formidable dimensions; while I could get a council of war after the black spots, which had now extended to follar on the cause of the Wilderness and treat the black spots had been all to such the part of the confederacy and the council of the follar of the subject to the strain and the follar of the subject to the pump so at toget to was a pump. Inspired by this idea, I set of the confederacy but it was at f

Gen. Taylor also quoted Gen. Johnston as charging Gen. Grant-upon the auwas encased in sheet armor, like the farmous Black Knight. Presently, my cousin Jenny, an especial friend of mine, hearing such continual pumping, and becoming anxious for the family apparatus. hearing such continual pumping, and be-coming anxious for the family supply of in his march on Richmond. In an interder the spout of the pump, drenched to the skin and black as Othello, she stooped down to investigate the respondent of the was published. out his being consulted. As to the mat-ter referred to he could say nothing, because he was not at liberty to name hi To say she laughed would be to give a authority. He added that "he regarded feeble idea of the peals of laughter that Gen. Taylor's statement as true, and he He added that "he regarded succeeded each other as she stood and wished he could join Gen. Taylor in the publication. He said he did not know where his informant was now, but he was an old acquaintance whom he knew well in former years." Gen. McClellan, who seems also to have been interviewed on the subject, said that he was on friendly terms with Gen. Grant, and un der no circumstances could he be induced

WATTERSON VS. HEWITT.

The Remainder of Harry's Rejoinder-He Scathes Good Father Abraham-Who Can Keep a Secret?

NEW YORK, June 22.

As to my charge that you wanted to rest our case on the vote of Oregon, the address which you publish itself furnishes the proof. That address rests the case upon either horn of a dilemma— Oregon on the one hand, or Louisiana Florida and South Carolina on the other hand. It is obvious that I did not misrepresent you. It is hardly worth stating the circumstances of its suppression which you say I had nothing to do with because I was "not a member of the National Democratice Executive Commit-tee." To make a long story short, after a wrangle in New York, which is known to quite a number of our friends, you turned up in Washington with your document; it was submitted to the Committee of Advisement, of which I was a member; on my motion it was referre to a sub-committee; this returned it to the Committee of Advisement rejected Meanwhile you reinforced yourself by your National Executive Committee, which met with us; and, finally, our united efforts subdued you and your dress. It may not be known to you that performed prodigies of valor in this ork of subjugation. You expose yourself when you refer to

my incapacity to keep a secret. A man who told, in sacred confidence, his extra-ordinary interview with Grant to fifty people within an hour after it was had— Grant himself denying the truth of your report—who kept his counsel so loosely that next day's papers contained the whole of it—does not occupy a position of advantage to deliver lectures upon discretion. You are right, however, in surmising that I cannot keep a secret. I never had one in my life. A secret is like a wart upon one's nose. Everybody
has a better view of it than the possessor.
I scorn a secret. I loathe a secret, and,
doubtless, had you kindly admitted me to your caucus the other evening, I should have gone away and told the reporters what they knew much more accurately and fully than I do myself.

But a truce to badinage, to criminations and readinations, between your tions and recriminations between you and me. I don't want to injure you; between you

you were guilty of a disgraceful false-hood; that this falsehood was delivered with circumstances of solemnity to your colleagues; that it was the occasion of a transfer of the meetings of our Advisory Committee from your hours to was the Committee from your house to another place, and that I met you next day and refused to recognize you. You ask why nobody else did the like. Alas! I was diding to any one my the spot and lay airs supply of the raw material, which T could convert into marbler wher! I had lesizer. It was a special content to the spot of the lesizer of the spot of the lesizer of the spot of the lesizer of the spot of the layer of the spot of the lesizer of the spot of the lesizer of the was a spot of coal-fifty pull afternoon, and I was in a violent heat; but the sight of the lesizer of the sight of the lesizer of the spot of anything of coal-fifty pull all the sight of the late of the spot of the spot of the late of the

The diamond flashes all the more brilliantly for its beautiful setting. So that jewel, the mind, when contained in its casket, the body made beatiful by health, exhibits more grandly its wonderous splendor. And those desiring to enjoy that high degree of health which pure blood maintains should use Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

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April 18, 1878

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don't want to quarrel with you. Let us have done, therefore, with inuendos and epithets. I have stated publicly that CHEAPER THAN EVER.

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FURNITURE DEALER & UNDERTAKER. Undertaking in all its Branches. 147, 147 1-2 & 149 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, Nov. 1, 1877.

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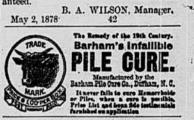
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April 11, 1878

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S. S. SOLOMONS, Superintendent.
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Greenville and Columbia Railroad Passenger Trains run daily, Sunday excepted, connecting with Fast Day Trains on South Caro-ina Railroad, up and down. On and after Wednesday, November 14, 1877, the following will be the schedule:
 Leave Columbia at
 11 10 a m

 Leave Alston
 1 10 p m

 Leave Newberry
 2 :33 p m

Leave Hodges..... Leave Belton..... Arrive at Greenville 8 ж р на Leave Greenville at..... .. 7 20 a m Leave Hodges10 47 a m Leave Alston ... Leave Anderson..... . 9 20 pm10 00 р на

Leave Perryville Leave Perryville... Leave Pendleton... Leave Anderson... Arrive at Belton... THOMAS DODAMEAD, Gen. Sun't