

### SAVED FROM HIS LOVE.

Reginald Vaughan, journalist, was smoking a solitary midnight pipe in his chambers when there was a knock at the door. He looked up without rising from his chair. "Hullo, Enzor!" he said, "come in. Where have you been?"

His visitor was a young man in evening dress, an old Cambridge friend, and now also engaged in earning an imaginary income at the bar and an actual one by his pen. "Been to the theater," he answered, "and thought I would look you up on my way home. Why, what's the matter with you?" he continued, as he leisurely took off his great coat, and filled a pipe. "You're looking as melancholy as if you, instead of myself, had been witnessing the performance of a modern English farce."

The gloom on Vaughan's face deepened. "That's the matter," he answered laconically, pointing to a bulky envelope which lay on his writing table.

"You don't mean to say that your editor has sent back some of your work?" said the other, as he moved toward the table.

"Worse, much worse," said Vaughan, with infinite pathos in his voice.

"Why, it's Mabel Lawrence's writing! Your lady love sends you lengthy letters, Vaughan. Or is it merely a collection of your own elegant epistles which she now returns to you with scorn? I believe there's some sense in that girl, after all!"

"Sit down, Enzor, and don't be a fool. Of course it isn't that; we are to be married next month. She is a dear, nice girl—but she has lately conceived the notion that she can write, and sends me reams of the most impossible copy, begging me, if I love her—which, of course, I do—to get them used. What on earth am I to do?"

"I see; she is one of the modern young ladies who look upon literature as a pleasant alternative to crochet work. The Englishman is supposed to say: 'It is a fine day; let us kill.' The Englishwoman undoubtedly does remark: 'It is a wet day; let us create.' Hence the feminine novel; which, by the way, has almost ceased to be novel, and would scorn to be thought feminine. And so Mabel is afflicted with an attack of modernity?"

"Not in the least. She is, thank goodness, quite free from that taint. She would rather read a blue book than a yellow book, I fancy. This is called a 'Domestic Drama.' Vaughan got up and drew a bulky roll of manuscript from the envelope.

"All the worse," said his friend. "If the stuff were only slightly immoral and wholly decadent we could place it easily enough, however badly it is written. But a wife who prefers the poetry of domestic drama to the prose of the domestic dinner table cannot be expected to provide very attractive food, bodily or mental. My best advice to you, Vaughan, which I know you won't take, is to back out of your engagement as quickly as possible. She can hardly love you much if she pesters you in this way. Depend upon it, she looks upon you only as a medium whereby her productions may find their way into print."

"You're talking bosh, my dear fellow," replied Vaughan. "She does love me; indeed, the tragic part of it is that she has written these things because she thinks that we ought to have all interests in common, and that, as she puts it, 'we shall thus be fellow workers.' Instead of making jokes about it, for heaven's sake tell me what I am to do. I daren't send it back and tell her it is worthless—that would break her heart. And yet no paper could print the stuff."

"Is it so bad as that?" asked Enzor. "I didn't know that anyone had attained to writing down to that level in these days. Let us hear some of it."

"No; I'm not going to read it—I haven't the courage to. You can study it for yourself if you like. It is a compound of every possible fault in grammar and expression, and its story is too terribly inane."

Enzor took the manuscript, glanced through a few pages, and struggled nobly to suppress his smiles, while Vaughan thrust out his legs toward the fire and smoked moodily.

"Well," said Enzor at length, tossing the MS. aside, "it is certainly the most awful rubbish. Seriously, by far the kindest thing you can do is to tell the young lady frankly that she can never, by any possibility, succeed in literature. Why don't you do this?"

days that there is no market for poetry or humorous articles. It wasn't that, of course; but I thought it would serve as an innocent excuse. So now she has sent this, because I told her, she says, that there was no difficulty in finding an opening for good fiction."

"Your obvious reply is that those very words condemn the chances of this precious production."

"She'd never forgive me if I said that. I must get the thing published somehow. What on earth am I to do?"

His friend reflected for some minutes in silence. Then a curious smile came over his face. "Clearly, my dear Vaughan, the thing is hopeless as it stands. But if you are determined to get it published, the only way is to rewrite it entirely."

"Yes, that might do," said Vaughan, "but wouldn't Mabel be offended if we tampered with her work?"

"Not half so much as if you simply returned it as worthless. The joy of seeing her name in print will quite atone for everything. Come along; hand me over a pencil and a piece of paper and we will start at once. We won't make more changes than are necessary, but just put a little flavoring of humor and cynicism, and brighten up the whole thing a bit, and then I'll undertake to get Johnson (of the Sentinel, you know) to publish it."

"It's awfully good of you," said Vaughan. "I don't see that I can do anything else. And I can put down the necessity for the changes we make to the uneducated taste of the British public. But I'll leave the alterations to you—I haven't the heart for the work."

"Very well, but don't say anything to Mabel about it till the thing is published. Just tell her that it has been accepted, and she will be perfectly happy."

"Now I wonder," remarked Enzor to himself on his way home, "whether this is selfishness or altruism. Surely it is altruism; for Vaughan isn't a bad fellow, but he will hate me like poison for at least a year after this. So I am really sacrificing myself in order to prevent his marrying that atrocious girl, whose taste is as defective as her grammar. Anyhow, I'll make those alterations to-morrow, and I think, Reginald Vaughan, my boy, that they will save you from the horrors of matrimony."

Some three weeks later Vaughan found the following letter on his breakfast table:

"No. 700, QUEEN'S GATE, S. W.—Dear Mr. Vaughan: I have seen to-day the copy of the Sentinel, which contains what purports to be my story. You will hardly be surprised, I think, to learn that you are henceforth to consider our engagement as absolutely broken off. You will hardly be surprised, I say, for this was evidently your purpose in turning my story into ridicule, as you have done. But you might, I think, have found a more gentlemanly way of doing this. You have put vulgar comic speeches into the mouths of my pathetic characters; you have turned my hero into a cowardly cynic, and my heroine into a modern adventuress. In short, you have made me figure as the author of a disgusting, modern and wicked tale, instead of a true romance. Please do not trouble to answer this note; I shall burn any letters you send me now. And the servants have orders not to admit you to this house in future. Believe me, yours truly, MABEL LAWRENCE."

—London Black and White.

### Names of Japanese Ships.

It is the custom of the Japanese to add to the names of their ships of war the word Kan, a term which is of Chinese origin and means war vessel, and their warships are always spoken of in this way, as: Naniwa Kan, Hashidate Kan, etc. In a similar manner the word Maru is added to the names of merchant vessels, as: Oni Maru, Yamashiro Maru. The word is of obscure origin. It is believed to be a corruption of Maro, "an archaic term of endearment."

The meaning and origin of names given to Japanese war vessels are of interest. Matsushima is one of the Sankai, or "three views of Japan," and has been famous from earliest times. It is a beautiful archipelago on the coast, which can be described in the meaning of the words: "Pine-tree-Island." Itsumushima and Hashidate are islands famous for their beauty. Naniwa is the ancient name for the province in which the old capital, Kyoto, is situated.

Takachibo is a southern mountain, on the summit of which the first mikado, Jimmu Tenno, is supposed to have alighted when he descended from Heaven.

Yoshiwa is a wild mountainous tract of country, in which is situated a town of the same name, celebrated for its sakura (the flowering cherry) trees, said to number one thousand. Akagi and Hiyei are names of mountains.—Harper's Weekly.

### Cows in Clover.

The duchess of Hamilton is quite devoted to cows, and has just designed and had built for them a lovely marble house to dwell in. It has beautiful tiled floors and marble water tanks, and cost a great deal of money. The duchess also makes butter and cheese with her own hands, and is quite an adept at handling the fickle churn. For milking the cows, which is one of her special pleasures, she has invented soft hair gloves.

### THE NEW RIFLE.

It Is the Best Magazine Gun for Army Use Now Known.

An Improved Copy of the Danish Weapon—How the Rifle Works—Smokeless Powder Is Used—Easily Taken Apart Without Tools.

The new infantry rifle is similar to the arm now used by the Danish government, but so altered and improved as to make it the best magazine gun for army use now known.

The Krag-Jorgensen or United States infantry rifle, model 1892, is a magazine gun with a caliber of .30 of an inch, or .15 of an inch smaller than that of the Springfield rifle now in use. The new rifle is slightly shorter than the Springfield. The breech is opened and closed by a sliding bolt operated by a handle and knob at its rear end. The magazine is a horizontal one, lying under the receiver of the barrel, and closed by a gate at its right side. Part of the barrel, where it is grasped by the left hand in firing, is covered with wood. This is necessary, for the barrel becomes very hot from the extreme rapidity of fire. The handle at the rear end of the bolt, and a lug at its front end, fit into grooves and lock the bolt when the breech is closed. On its exterior the bolt carries the firing pin and spiral mainspring. The magazine holds five cartridges, which are pressed forward by means of a follower acted upon by a spring, so that the cartridges are placed one by one in front of the bolt. The magazine can be instantly filled from a "quick-loading" box holding five cartridges. When the bolt is drawn to the rear, the cartridge just fired is withdrawn by the hook of the extractor, and thrown clear of the gun by an ejector at the bottom of the receiver. At the same time a fresh cartridge from the magazine is placed in front of the bolt. The bolt is then shoved forward, placing the cartridge in the barrel, and at the same time cocking the firing pin, so that the piece is ready for firing.

On the left side of the piece is a "cut-off," by means of which the cartridges in the magazine can be held in reserve until the proper moment, and in the meantime the piece can be used as a single-loader. The cartridges are bottle-shaped. The bullet weighs only half as much as that of the Springfield, and is fired with nearly double the muzzle velocity, giving greater range and accuracy. The powder used is of the smokeless variety, so as not to obscure the view of the soldier and not to obstruct the small bore of the gun. The bayonet is simply a long knife, so that it is useful off as well as on the gun.

One important feature of the new rifle is that in one minute's time, without the assistance of any tools, it can be completely taken apart, any broken part replaced, and then it can as quickly be put together again.—Harper's Weekly.

### SUGAR A REMEDY.

It Will Cure Hiccoughs Where Other Things Fail.

"Why don't you stop that hiccoughing?" asked a man of a friend, who was convulsed with the annoying convulsions in the street near the Astor house the other day.

"Stop them?" gulped the other, "I—I—wish I could. Held my breath—fifteen minutes—drank nine swallows—water; nine times. Tried to—scare myself; make believe—lost my watch. No good. They won't go."

"Will you buy if I cure them for you?" asked the first speaker, laughing at the frequent interruptions in his friend's description of his troubles. The other gasped in the affirmative reply, and the two entered the rotunda.

"Give this man a heaping spoonful of powdered sugar," said the friend to the barkeeper. The man did so. "Now swallow it," continued the speaker to the victim of hiccoughs. The latter essayed to do so and succeeded after some little effort, for it is not an easy matter to swallow a mouthful of powdered sugar. When he mastered it he looked inquiringly at his friend.

"Well, where are your hiccoughs now?" remarked the other with a smile.

"They seem to have gone," he replied, "but they'll come back again, I suppose, after a little while."

"If they do," said the friend, "it will be the first case I know of where powdered sugar has failed to give relief for hiccoughs. If one spoonful of sugar won't do it two certainly will. So far as I know it's a positive remedy."—N. Y. Herald.

### Sea Otters Are Worth Money.

Mr. W. Scoggin, who has been over on the coast of Washington, above Gray's harbor, on a hunting trip, found a number of Indians engaged in shooting sea otters. The season has been a favorable one, and fine skins, worth from two hundred to three hundred dollars each, were secured while Mr. Scoggin was there.—Oregonian.

### CHALDEAN SWORD IN MEXICO.

A Find Which May Throw Light on the Peopling of This Continent.

There will shortly be presented to the savants of Europe and America a relic of antiquity rescued from the dust of the dim dawn of human life in the western world, which promises to at once throw light on the origin of man on the western hemisphere and prove the open sesame to further reading of the early races of the earth in the far east. In a rock-hewn tomb in southern Mexico there has been found a bronze and hammered iron sword bearing on its blade and handle in rich inlaying of silver characters of record and representations of life distinctively Assyrian and Grecian. The characters on one side of the blade are cuneiform, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; those on the other cannot be identified; possibly they are Hittite. The first, fourth, sixth, eighth and eleventh letters in the easily recognizable cuneiform characters of Chaldean antiquity are exactly alike as graven upon the blade; the first, fourth, sixth, eighth and eleventh letters in the mystic inscription on the reverse are also identical. It is in the possession of Senor Gonzale M. Moliner, a descendant of one of the oldest and most illustrious families of Spain, who is resident in the City of Mexico. He will soon lay it before the Smithsonian institution in person, and until that time it will not see the light of research outside of Mexico. The sword and its scabbard of bronze are massive and well preserved. In total length the sword is twenty-six and one-half inches, with a blade of nineteen inches. The roughly hammered iron blade shows the crudity of the early days of the iron age, but the exquisite inlaying of silver on the bronze bears testimony to the cunning of the silversmiths who wrought the weapon. To all appearances, and according to the inscriptions, it was a royal arm, for on its ample hilt it bears in horizontal lines the crowned head of its evident wearer, while below, in cuneiform characters on the blade, are apparently the title and name of the sovereign. The sword and scabbard weigh twelve pounds, of which the sword alone represents two-thirds of the total.

The story of the discovery of this interesting relic is a romance. Seven years ago a curiosity dealer in the City of Mexico purchased it for a few paltry reals from an ignorant Indian from Merida, in the state of Yucatan, in southern Mexico. The dealer supposed it to be nothing more than an old Roman sword, such as were often worn by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest of Mexico. The Indian said he found it in the depths of a tomb which he had penetrated, and that, with a bronze spoon, now also in the possession of Senor Moliner, it was the only thing of interest he had found. The sword and scabbard were incrustated with half an inch of oxidation from their long burial, and on being cleaned up were offered for sale to tourists along with the customary more or less valuable stock in trade of an enterprising curio dealer. For one reason or another it remained in stock until recently, when it by chance caught the eye of Senor Moliner, who has made an intelligent study of antiquities, both in Europe and America, and who at once bought it at a curio sale price.

His Big Red Ears. Nothing is so hostile to romance as ridicule. This truth was strikingly illustrated in the case of a college friend of my own. He was a good-looking young fellow, but had, unfortunately, been gifted by nature with a large and red pair of ears, which stood out from his head in a distressing fashion, says a writer in Answers. His sweetheart's young brothers chafed her unmercifully about this peculiarity of her lover's. They compared his ears to Chinese fans, and talked up some preposterous story of one of the old travelers about an African race whose ears were so large that they used to wrap themselves up in them during inclement weather. They insinuated that their sister's lover was the sole surviving member of that race. Absurd as it may seem, their foolish talk resulted in a broken engagement.

A Rival to Rubber. It is one of the remarkable facts of existence that when a substance that has hitherto been deemed indispensable fails us, there are others brought out almost immediately that appear not only to take its place but to far exceed it in utility and the range of usefulness. A new material, bearing the name of cellulose, is said to be composed of exactly the same elements as starch. It will absorb any color, takes polish readily, may be turned in a lathe or rolled into flat sheets of any desired thickness and stamped into plates, pans, trays, boxes, book-covers or almost anything of a similar character. Made liquid and used as a size, it is admirable as waterproofing and has a thousand uses that could not be found in rubber. It is said to be exceedingly tenacious and will be a perfect substitute for glue. As the rubber crop has not in all particulars been satisfactory, this new material will be hailed with enthusiasm by consumers who appreciate high-class productions at reasonable prices.

### Mountains Disappearing.

M. de Lapparent, the eminent professor of geology at the institute of Paris, in a paper read before the Scientific Catholic congress, expressed the opinion that all mountains will vanish off the face of the earth in course of time. He declared that, if the actual natural forces at work upon our globe retain their present intensity, in four and a half million years all inequalities of surface will be leveled. He instanced as a striking example the reduction of the Ardennes, which were once a chain of the Alps, but which had already shrunk to their present dimensions at the outset of the tertiary epoch. The Alps, he said, exemplified the youth, the Pyrenees the maturity, and the mountains of Provence the declining years of mountain ranges, while the central plateau of France was typical of their death and dissolution. He adduced other arguments in support of his thesis—namely, the leveling of the earth's surface in a given number of cycles—and paid an eloquent tribute to the labors of the geologists who read the records of life upon the earth before the advent of man.

Hungary's Thousandth Year. The Hungarians are making preparations on a grand scale for a millennial exhibition, and the government at Prague has addressed a prayer to Emperor Francis Joseph, at Vienna, that he might lend them all the historic relics in his possession which may have any connection with Hungarian history. The emperor has granted the request, and relics valued at two million florins will shortly be forwarded to Prague.

### A RARE OLD MISSAL.

Romantic History of an Ancient Volume Now in California.

It Was Drought Over the Ocean by Columbus and Again by Cortez—A Treasured Relic of the Late Gov. Pio Pico.

Under lock and key, in the state librarian's office at Sacramento, is a volume worth more than twice its weight in gold, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

Six centuries have rolled by since the pious Fra Ambrosius sat in his monastic study and mixed the watery blue, the pale green and startling crimson hues with which he illuminated this ancient missal. He devoted one year to the labor of copying, with microscopic exactness, the Latin prayers, the calendar of the saints and hymns of praise on selected parchment leaves. In the introduction he wrote in Latin: "I have entered upon this work with a consciousness of my shortcomings and sinful impulses, which render me unworthy of so honorable a task, but after much fasting and prayer I have been guided by an inner voice which bids me to write."

The history of this missal is full of romantic interest. The monastery in which Fra Ambrosius worked was broken up, and the book over which he had spent so many weary days passed into the possession of a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana, who shipped on the Santa Maria when Christopher Columbus started on his voyage of discovery to the new world. Returning with the great admiral on his second voyage, De Triana married a native woman, and endeavored to carry the message of the cross to the people whom he had adopted as his kindred. His success as a missionary is problematical. The missal, however, was kept by his children, and when the Spanish padres began to flock to the heathen shores that Columbus had given to Castile, a priest bought the volume and made in it a note of the fact and the date. The discovery of such a work in the hands of the natives made a strong impression on the missionary, and he investigated its history, making a report to the head of his order in Barcelona, at the same time forwarding the missal.

The little volume, with its checkered history, reposed among the archives of the Barcelona convent until Cortez fitted out his expedition to the land of the Montezumas, taking as his chaplain the pious Father Olmedo. Before Olmedo set out on the dangerous voyage the bishop of Barcelona gave him his blessing, some good advice and this missal. So armed, the chaplain sailed away to the overturning of the dread deity Quetzalcoatl whom the dwellers of Anahuac worshipped.

The bloody wars of the conquest placed the banner of the cross over the ruins of the teocallis and made Cortez the governor of New Spain. Father Olmedo soon after presented to Cortez the now historic missal, as a foundation for a library by the conqueror, and in his diary made mention of the travels and adventures through which he had passed. Cortez afterwards took up his residence in Cayoacan, one of the suburbs of the present City of Mexico, and carefully preserved the book for a number of years. When this Cayoacan establishment was broken up, the conqueror gave the missal to the Franciscan Brothers, who were then waxing rich and strong in the new world. One of their number brought it to San Francisco in the early days of the gold excitement, and it passed into the possession of the late Gov. Pio Pico.

When the state library became an established fact Gov. Pico gave the book to the institution, where it now remains.

The missal is a fine specimen of illumination. It contains one hundred and seventy pages of carefully-painted contents. The gold letters are made of gold leaf firmly gummed to the parchment. The frontispiece is a gem of medieval art. It represents the crucifixion, with Mary and Martha (who are given a slightly Japanese cast of features) standing at the foot of the cross. In the background a river flows, on the other side of which are seen several edifices that are architectural curiosities. This interesting volume is valued at two thousand dollars.

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### SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

(Eastern System.)

Consolidated Schedule, in Effect September 28th, 1894.

Trains run by 75th Meridian time.

STATIONS.	Daily No. 11.
Lv Charleston	7:15 am
" Columbia	11:40 am
" Prosperity	1:40 pm
Ar Newberry	1:10 pm
Ar Clinton (Ex Sun)	2:35 pm
" Laurens (Ex Sun)	3:10 pm
" Ninety-Six	2:16 pm
" Greenwood	2:22 pm
" Hodges	3:13 pm
" Abbeville	3:55 pm
" Belton	4:05 pm
" Anderson	4:38 pm
" Seneca	5:40 pm
" Wallhalla	6:15 pm
" Atlanta	10:20 pm

STATIONS.	Daily No. 12.
Lv Wallhalla	9:35 am
" Seneca	10:00 am
" Anderson	11:15 am
" Belton	11:45 am
Ar Donald's	12:10 pm
Lv Abbeville	11:10 am
" Hodges	12:15 pm
" Columbia	12:45 pm
" Ninety-Six	1:32 pm
" Laurens (Ex Sun)	10:40 am
" Clinton (Ex Sun)	11:10 am
" Newberry	2:30 pm
" Prosperity	2:17 pm
Ar Columbia	4:15 pm
Ar Charleston	8:40 pm

### Between Anderson, Belton and Greenville.

Daily No. 11.	STATIONS.	Daily No. 14.
8:05 p.m.	Ar Anderson	Ar 10:07 pm
4:05 p.m.	" Belton	11:45 am
4:35 p.m.	" Williamston	11:02 am
4:31 p.m.	" Pelzer	11:03 am
5:10 p.m.	Ar Greenville	Lv 10:15 am

### Between Columbia and Asheville.

Daily No. 13.	STATIONS.	Daily No. 14.
7:15 a.m.	Lv Columbia	Ar 8:45 pm
11:20 a.m.	" Lv. Columbia	3:55 pm
12:10 p.m.	" "Atlan.	3:10 pm
1:20 p.m.	" "Santee	3:07 pm
1:45 p.m.	" "Columbia	1:40 pm
2:15 p.m.	" "Florencia	12:40 pm
2:25 p.m.	" "Pacolet	12:21 pm
2:50 p.m.	Ar Spartanburg	11:45 am
3:05 p.m.	Lv Spartanburg	11:30 am
5:20 a.m.	Ar Asheville	Ar 8:40 pm

Trains 11 and 12 are solid trains between Charleston and Wallhalla.

Trains leave Spartanburg, A. and C. Division, northbound, 4:01 a. m., 4:11 p. m., 6:22 p. m. (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 12:57 a. m., 2:40 p. m., 11:31 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 4:05 p. m. (Vestibule Limited, W. N. C. Division, 3:03 p. m. for Hendersonville and Asheville).

Trains leave Greenville, A. and C. Division, northbound, 8 a. m., 3:05 p. m., and 5:30 p. m. (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 1:52 a. m., 4:30 p. m., 12:28 p. m. (Vestibule Limited).

Trains leave Seneca, A. and C. Division, northbound, 11:25 a. m. and 1:55 p. m.; southbound, 3:01 a. m. and 6:45 p. m.

### PULLMAN SERVICE.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on Trains 43 and 36, 37 and 38, on A. and C. Division. W. H. GREEN, Traffic Mgr. Gen'l Mgr. Washington, D. C.

E. BERKELEY, Supt., Columbia, S. C. W. A. TURK, S. H. HARDWICK, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C. Atlanta, Ga.

### Port Royal & Western Carolina Railway.

J. B. CLEVELAND, Receiver. IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1894. (Trains run by 75th Meridian time.)

### BETWEEN AUGUSTA AND ANDERSON.

Eastern Time.	No. 5 Sunday only.	No. 30 Mixed Daily Ex Sun.
Lv Anderson	12:45 pm	11:00 am
Lv Ludwigs	1:45 pm	12:35 pm
Lv Calhoun Falls	2:12 pm	1:17 pm
Ar McCormick	3:20 pm	3:00 pm
Ar Augusta	5:15 pm	6:15 pm

### BETWEEN AUGUSTA, GA. AND SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Eastern Time.	No. 1 Daily.
Lv Augusta	2:45 pm
Lv McCormick	4:23 pm
Lv Greenwood	6:23 pm
Lv Laurens	8:23 pm
Ar Spartanburg	6:55 pm

Close connection made at Calhoun Falls with Seaboard Air Line going north and south. Through Palace Sleeping Cars on trains Nos. 3 and 4 between Augusta and Savannah, Ga. Close connections at Augusta for all Florida points.

For any other information write or call on W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agt., W. R. L. Road, Trav. Pass. Agt., Augusta, Ga. J. R. FANT, Agent.

### SEABOARD AIR-LINE SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 8, 1893.

NORTHEBOUND. SOUTHEBOUND.

No. 38. (No. 184) Daily.	Eastern Time.	Except Atlanta Daily.	No. 127. (No. 41) Daily.
8:15 pm	6:05 pm	Ar Atlanta	Ar 3:00 pm
10:45 pm	8:35 pm	Ar Athens	Ar 3:07 pm
11:55 pm	9:45 pm	Ar Elberton	Ar 4:02 pm
12:25 pm	9:55 pm	Ar Calhoun Falls	Ar 4:07 pm
12:57 pm	10:00 pm	Ar Abbeville	Ar 4:17 pm
1:24 pm	10:25 pm	Ar Greenwood	Ar 4:17 pm
2:2 pm	11:22 pm	Ar Clinton	Ar 11:25 am
5:00 pm	12:23 am	Ar Chester	Ar 8:50 am
8:05 pm	1:50 am	Ar Monroeville	Ar 7:50 am

6:15 am Ar Raleigh | Ar 2:05 am || 7:35 am | Ar Henderson | Ar 12:45 pm |
8:05 am	Ar Waynesboro	Ar 12:20 pm
11:07 am	Ar Petersburg	Ar 9:30 pm
11:45 am	Ar Richmond	Ar 9:00 pm
3:40 pm	Ar Washington	Ar 4:20 pm
5:24 pm	Ar Baltimore	Ar 3:30 pm
7:45 pm	Ar Philadelphia	Ar 12:40 pm
10:35 pm	Ar New York	Ar 11:00 am

8:00 am Ar Charlotte | Ar 10:00 pm || 9:00 am |