

LITTLE LOVE LOU.

Little love Lou, how your lashes glisten, Your soft cheek flushes, your soft eyes fill With dancing drops while the people listen...

RAMAPO PASS.

In the summer of 1781 the forces of Washington lay for six weeks at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. Every day Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British in New York, had been expecting an attack, and we now know Washington had been preparing to move against the city...

But he was very desirous that Clinton should not suspect his plan, for he might prevent the march or send reinforcements to Cornwallis, and either action would hinder if it did not defeat his project. So the American commander bent all his energies to deceive the British and make them think that New York was still the place to be attacked.

"I want to see Dominic Montagnie," said an orderly to a company of men who were seated near a tent in the camp at Dobbs Ferry.

"There he is over there," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to a young man not far away.

"That Dominic Montagnie!" said the orderly. "Why, he's only a boy."

"Boy or not, he's one of the staunchest Whigs in all this region. There isn't a better man in all the Continental army," replied the soldier.

The orderly left, and as he approached the young man shrewdly scanned his face. Evidently he was satisfied with what he saw, for he at once addressed him:

"Is this Dominic Montagnie?" "Yes," replied the young preacher, returning the look to the officer.

"Well, General Washington wants to see you at once."

"I don't know. Come with me and you will soon know."

Young Montagnie asked no further questions, but arose and accompanied his guide to the quarters of the commander. He had never spoken to him before, but he shared fully in the feeling of respect which all the army had for their leader, and he was somewhat abashed when the general rose to receive him and could scarcely reply to the kind words he spoke when he was presented.

"Yes, I have known of you," said Washington, "and from all I can hear I am certain I can rely upon you. Is this true?"

"I try to do my best, general," said Montagnie modestly.

"That's right. Now, I have a very important commission for you." And the general paused a moment to note the effect of his words, but the young man only bowed, and he continued: "I want to send some dispatches by you to Morristown. You will cross the river at King's Ferry, go up by Haverstraw and through Ramapo pass."

Montagnie looked up quickly at the words "Ramapo pass." Yes, he knew the place and too well. It was a narrow defile among the hills of New Jersey and already had been the scene of some of the most exciting events in the Revolution. And now the cowboys and skinners held it, and if he should once fall into their hands he knew what would occur.

"But, general," he ventured to stammer, "Ramapo pass is one of the headquarters of the Tories, and I shall surely be taken if I try to go that way. Why may I not go by the upper road? I am familiar with every foot of the country."

"Young man," said Washington, stamping his foot in real or pretended anger, "your duty is not to talk, but to obey."

The young preacher saw that all remonstrance would be in vain, and, although he could not understand why he should not be left to select his own route, especially since he was to go through a country he knew thoroughly, he only bowed his head and promised to do his best.

little for that, and all night long he kept steadily on his way.

It was about a half hour before sunrise when he came near to Ramapo pass. "My time has come," he said to himself. "If I can once get safely through this place, I have no fear of the rest of the way." But he was more excited than he knew, and he was breathing rapidly as he entered the pass. He grasped his heavy walking stick more tightly and glanced about him. The passage between the hills was becoming very narrow. Beside the roadway there were only a narrow little strip of land and the swift flowing stream that ran noisily on its way. The steep hillsides rose abrupt and rocky. The damp, cool air of the early morning, the noise of the stream, the threatening cliffs and boulders, which might conceal some of his enemies, all increased the nervous dread of the messenger, and he quickened his steps. Once through, his greatest danger would be passed.

"This will never do," thought Montagnie. "If any one is watching me, I shall arouse his suspicions if I run." And he began to walk leisurely, although his fear increased each moment. Up to this time he had seen no one and had met no interruption on his journey. Perhaps his fear was unreasonable, but he had thought so much and so long of this place and was so familiar with the stories of the deeds of the murdering cowboys there that every sense was alert. Several times he thought he saw faces peering out from behind the boulders, but he had not stopped and now he was almost through the pass. Yes, he could see where the valley became wide before him, and soon he would be out from under these terrible cliffs, with their long shadows and dark hiding places. He began to breathe more freely now and again quickened his pace.

Hark! What was that? He stopped and listened, and in a moment he knew he had not been deceived. He could hear the sound of approaching horsemen, and they were coming rapidly down the road before him.

He glanced behind for a hiding place, and already had started to climb the cliffs when he caught sight of the approaching men and realized that he could not gain a place of concealment before they would be near enough to see him. Perhaps they had already discovered him. There was nothing left but to resume his place in the road, walk on as though he neither feared nor suspected anything and keep on as bold a face as possible. But if his face was bold, it was the only bold thing about him, for his heart sank when he saw the six men enter the pass and bring their horses to a walk when they noticed the stranger.

He could see their faces now, and his alarm increased when he recognized the leader as Richard Smith. He had been at Goshen when his father, Claudius Smith, along with Gordon and De la Mar, had been hanged. Montagnie knew what a desperado Claudius Smith had been, and what a terror his gang of cowboys had been in Orange county and along the borders of New Jersey. Many rewards had been offered for his arrest, and about a year and a half before this time he had been captured at Oyster Bay and taken to Goshen, where he was chained to the floor of the jail and a strong guard placed over him.

All his efforts to escape had been in vain, and with his two companions he had been hanged, as Montagnie himself knew, for he had been in Goshen on that very day. But Smith's son, Richard, had been avenging the death of his father, and the poor Whigs in that region had been suffering more at his hands than they had from his father. These were the thoughts that were passing rapidly through the mind of the messenger, and there was this desperado, Richard Smith, approaching and with him five men as desperate as he at his back. What villainous looking men they were! He grasped his walking stick more firmly and tried to appear calm.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Montagnie. A gruff word was the only reply, but each man was glancing sharply at him. Evidently they were suspicious, but, as they passed on, Montagnie breathed more easily. The danger was almost passed and in a moment he would be beyond their sight.

But he was not to escape so easily. Without turning his head he was aware that they had stopped and were watching him. The moment was a critical one. Would it never come to an end?

"Hold, stranger!" called one of the men. "You travel early."

The messenger stopped—for there was nothing else to be done—and waited their approach. They soon gathered about him, and he knew his only hope lay in his being calm.

"Yes," he replied, "and neither are you late in your start."

"Whither might you be bound?" said Smith, ignoring his words.

"Oh, up the road here, among the hills."

Smith laughed derisively as he replied: "That won't do. Up the road may lead to Morristown or it may be New York. You'll have to give an account of yourself."

The young preacher glanced quickly about him. Should he try to fight? Six men, armed and mounted, were before him, and they would think no more of shooting him than they would a squirrel by the roadside. But the leader had

not failed to note his hesitation, and he turned to his men and said: "Search him, boys. If he's straight, it'll do no harm, and if he isn't it's 'he thing to be done.'"

In a moment Montagnie had forgotten his caution. If the papers were found, they would perhaps kill him, and if he must die he would sell his life as dearly as possible. He had been so quiet that the two who approached were taken off their guard when he suddenly whirled his heavy stick and struck one a heavy blow and then turned to the other. With a bound he leaped over the fallen men and started for the cliffs. It was a desperate venture, and every moment he expected to hear the sound of their guns. He struggled on, however, unmindful of everything but his own desire to escape.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he heard Smith call. "He may be worth more alive than dead. Ha, ha! Who would have thought such a peaceable looking youngster would have given such a rap!" And he laughed again when he saw how angry his companions were. "Take after him; be quick or he'll get away."

Montagnie was struggling desperately to make his way up the hillside. For a moment he thought they had abandoned the pursuit, although he wondered why they did not shoot, but he soon understood it all when he saw two of the men coming toward him. They had known of a path, and, by taking it, had been able to gain the heights above.

To attempt further flight was useless now, and without a word he followed his captors to the road beneath.

"Take him up to the hut, boys," said Smith, and the messenger soon found himself in a rude log house about 200 yards from the road and concealed among the defiles of the hills.

"Now search him," said the leader, and the men immediately began to do his bidding. His three-cornered hat was out into pieces, but nothing was found in it. Next his coat was taken off, and in a moment one of them exclaimed: "Here's something. It's inside the lining." And he cut open the sleeve and took out the dispatches, which he tossed to Smith. The leader quickly opened them, and as he read the others watched him keenly.

"It's a good find, boys, and all right. That's what comes of making a general out of a farmer. Who was the fool that tried to hide this in the lining of a sleeve?" he inquired, turning to Montagnie.

"Why, it's the very first place we'd look into. And you must have been drunk to think you could get through Ramapo pass with them. You don't look like a lack wit, but you must have been not to have taken the upper road. But Clinton will be glad to get this. Now, boys, what shall we do with this fellow, hang him or send him away?"

"Shoot him!" said the one whom the messenger had struck. "It's none too good for him."

"We'll see about that a little later," replied Smith. "We've got to get this letter to Clinton the first we do."

Two were left with the prisoner as a guard and the others soon rode away. For three days and nights Montagnie lay in the hut, bound hand and foot. Not for a moment were the cords loosened, and each day his guard told him they were about to take him out and hang him and leave his body on a tree by the roadside as a warning to all Whigs. The preacher had fully resigned himself and expected daily the threat would be put into execution.

On the fourth day Smith returned, and, after a hurried consultation with the guards, rode away. The prisoner's hands were loosened and his aching limbs were rubbed by the guard, but he had no other thought than that he was being prepared for his execution. Accordingly, when in a few hours he was bidden to follow them out of the hut, he glanced on every side for the rope he thought to see dangling from some tree. As he walked on his thoughts were somewhat bitter against Washington. Why had he insisted upon his coming through Ramapo pass? If he had been left to his own devices, he would have taken the upper road and never would have fallen into the power of these desperadoes.

"Can you ride?" said one of the men abruptly.

"Yes," replied the preacher. Were they about to mount him on a horse and then start the horse off after the noose had been adjusted? He had heard of that plan having been used.

But he had no time for meditation, for they came to a place where three horses were waiting. Almost before he knew what had occurred, the prisoner found himself mounted and riding rapidly along the road, with one guard on either side.

What could it mean? He saw no rope and not a word was spoken. On and on they went, and gradually it dawned upon the young man's mind what the destination was to be. Nor was he mistaken, for he soon was carried across the river and placed in the old sugar house prison in New York, one of the famous provost prisons of that day.

"You're a great one," said the guard to Montagnie the next day. "Those letters you had were all about Washington's plan to attack New York. But Clinton can take a hint, and everybody in the city is getting ready to receive the rebels."

When he took from his pocket a copy of Rivington's Gazette, which contained a long account of his capture, the nature of the dispatches he had carried and the use Sir Henry was making of the information he had gained.

Suddenly, as the guard finished his reading, Montagnie laughed aloud. "What are you laughing at?" asked the angry guard as he left. "I don't see anything funny in that."

But the prisoner did, and all his bitterness toward Washington had vanished in a moment. Now he understood it all. Washington had intended all the time to have him taken prisoner with those dispatches on his person and thus to hold the British in New York while he started for Virginia.

How well he held them we know from the fact that when Sir Henry next heard of him he was already beyond the Delaware, too far away to be pursued, and it was too late to send word or aid to Cornwallis.

As for Parson Montagnie, he was not long kept a prisoner, for the war was soon ended, but for years it was his delight to tell the story of his capture. "I had read about the Greeks holding the pass of Thermopylae," he would say, "and keeping out the enemy, but I kept the enemy in by failing to hold the pass at Ramapo."—Atlanta Constitution.

Poetry With a Sting in It.

On one occasion when William Hamilton Hayne was visiting Samuel Minturn Peck at the latter's home in Tuscaloosa the two poets strolled into the woods and paused to rest beneath the shadows of the pines.

"Here are your favorite pines, Hayne," said Peck. "Let's dream a few poems beneath them."

The languid summer day had its effect on them, and they were soon snoring and dreaming away.

But suddenly both awoke and both started down the home road at top speed, shouting as they ran.

An army of yellow jackets had discovered them, and, not being partial to poetry, had forcibly and feelingly resented its intrusion on their domain.

Later, at supper, Peck asked: "Did you make a poem, Hayne?" "No," was the meek reply. "I made a poultice!" "So did I," said Peck.—Exchange.

Sprain Remedy.

A simple and efficacious remedy for a sprained wrist is to let cold water run on it every morning for some minutes, holding the wrist as far beneath the mouth of the tap as possible, so that the water may have a good fall. After this has been done bandage it tightly, letting the bandage remain till the next ablution. The sprain will be reduced in a few days.

A Superstition Sustained.

"From the way my ears burned this morning some one must have been talking about me."

"Now, that is a strange coincidence. About 9 o'clock, was it not?" "Yep."

"Well, at that moment some one in the crowd I was in was saying that you had ears to burn."—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Dilemma.

"It's real mean!" the young woman exclaimed. "What's the matter?" her mother inquired.

"Before I married Herbert I made him promise to pass every evening at home with me, and now he says he's sorry he can't take me to the theater without breaking his word."—London Fun.

The First Round Bale.

The first "round" bale of cotton has been on exhibition on the floor of the Cotton Exchange for the past few days, and while its neat appearance is often spoken of there seems little praise of more substantial character. Capt. Thomas Young, a recognized authority on cotton exporting, said yesterday that the bale would not do for the Trans-Atlantic trade.

The bale shown is from the press of Col. Mike Brown, Barwell, and contains 356 pounds of cotton. It is covered with heavy jute cloth, the top, bottom and side being sewn with hemp cord. But, according to Capt. Young, it would occupy more space in a ship's hold than a square compressed bale weighing 500 pounds. Attention was also called by several cotton men to the fact that it was almost impossible to get satisfactory samples from the round bale. An end sample was not desired, and to slit the bagging would mean the bursting of the bale, as it carries no hoops of any kind. It is said that the round bale would occupy more room in freight cars and would be more troublesome to handle than an ordinary put up bale, for the reason that hooks could not be used with any safety upon cotton simply confined in cloth without bands.

A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure. Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once. Evans Pharmacy.

The simplest and perhaps the most impressive marriage ceremony is that in use among the Cherokee Indians. The man and woman join hands over a running stream, which is symbolic of the desire that their lives should thereafter flow in the same channel.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

A TRIUMPH OF EDUCATION.

Two Blind Children, Who Never Heard a Sound, Talk to One Another.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer," written by William T. Ellis. Helen, the wonderful blind girl whose history is so well known, by personal appeals secured the sum necessary to educate a little boy similarly afflicted. They were separated soon after the education of the boy began, and Mr. Ellis gives the following account of their meeting, after being many years apart: Helen had been for weeks longing to see her little friend, and to many verbal messages had added her own written invitation to Tom and his teachers to visit her at her Cambridge home. Tom himself, although recalling little or nothing of his past acquaintance with Helen, and altogether ignorant of the debt he owed her, had begun to look forward with pleasure to the visit.

I fear that Helen's greetings to her old friends, Tom's teachers, were not so protracted as they otherwise would have been; for all the while that she was welcoming them in feminine fashion her hand was quietly moving about to discover, if possible, her long desired visitor. When she did touch his head, her fingers ran over it lightly for an instant, and then her arms were about his neck. The expressive features of the blind girl lighted up with a rare joy, and throughout the visit her countenance was shining.

"What a fine, big boy he is! The dear little fellow!" were her contradictory exclamations of delight when at last she found her voice. Then her swift moving fingers began to spell messages of affection into Tom's chubby fist. All this time she was running her other hand over his face or lifting up his hands to her own face and curls. Tom's comment of pleasure on touching her soft hair delighted her.

It was many moments before Miss Sullivan, Helen's devoted friend and teacher, could persuade her pupil, with the small company of friends, to be seated. The two blind and deaf children, by some subtle instinct, seemed to know at once their community of interest, and together they sat in a wide window seat, talking with eagerness and ease and absorbed in each other.

This is not the place to report fully the merry chatter and eager words of these two souls that so marvelously dwell apart from the world in their realm of innocence.

The strangeness of their meeting impressed her deeply. She stopped her conversation with Tom long enough to speak of this. She had been reading Tom's hand, following the movements of his fingers, as he spelled out the words with a rapidity that would make an inexperienced onlooker dizzy, by keeping her own hand partly closed over his. "I suppose Tom is not used to having people read his hand in this way," she suggested.

The progress that Tom has made since Helen last met him amazed and charmed her. In answer to an inquiry concerning Tom's education in articulation, his teacher asked him to speak to her with his lips. The strange picture that was then presented I shall never forget. The children sat together, facing each other, each countenance illumined with an animation that the possession of every faculty could not have increased. The older one's accomplishments are remarkable, so that in all things save the senses of sight and hearing she is not one whit behind the most cultured and favored of young women. The other child is following close after her, along the same pathway that she has pursued, knowing not his deficiencies even as much as his companion knows hers and withal richly compensated by her tender sympathy.

There they sit, neither having seen since babyhood a ray of light or having heard the slightest sound and yet speaking together in articulate, audible words that all present could understand, yet which were not heard by either of the speakers!

One finger of Helen's delicate hand touched Tom's lips, and her thumb rested lightly upon his throat near the chin. He spoke to her sentence after sentence, and she repeated aloud after him the words that he uttered, answering them with her fingers. The significance, the marvelousness of it all, was overwhelming. I doubt if the world has ever seen a greater triumph of education.

A Good Way Out.

"Did you come across any brigands in Sicily?" "Plenty. But I always got the better of them."

"How so?" "Oh, simply enough. Every time I met a suspicious looking character on the road I went up to him and asked an alms."—Courier du Midi.

Men Are Unkind.

Benedict (proudly)—My wife kisses me good night regularly. Rounder (bitterly)—Women are suspicious creatures, ain't they?—Boston Herald.

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OLD MAIDS IN BERMUDA.

Marrying an Alien Means Loss of a Woman's Landed Estate.

In spite of the pre-eminence of the spinster in New England, the proportion of unmarried women is greater in the British colony of Bermuda than anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic ocean. The semitropical climate of the islands, together with their isolation, has made of the white inhabitants of English stock a quiet, almost a sluggish, people of a simplicity nearly Arcadian. The women especially, many of whom have led very circumscribed lives, never leaving the islands, cultivate an old fashioned hospitality and possess a natural ease of manner that seems to rise from perfect faith in other people. Crime is very rare in Bermuda, partly because it is extremely difficult for a criminal to get off the islands.

Bermudan women are excellent housekeepers and bring up large families of children, the favorite chicks of a flock being sent, in some cases, to the states for education. In matters of etiquette these flocks are much more exact than Americans. They are a comfortable, well to do set of people, with here and there a family possessing ample means. As in England, property, especially real estate, remains in the same family for a long period, some of the descendants of the original settlers still possessing lands that never have passed out of their families.

It is conservatism as to real estate ownership that keeps up the supply of spinsters. No alien can acquire a title to land in Bermuda either by purchase or inheritance. This law is directed mainly against the Portuguese, who have flocked to the colony and taken to growing onions. So long as these intruders own no land they have no vote, and the difficulty of naturalization and the property qualifications combine to make a double barrier, protecting the natives in their control of things.

But the law provides, further, that if a woman owning land marries an alien she forfeits her real estate and becomes incapable of inheriting any. They have no "suavemen" in Bermuda. This law is not very popular with young women, who see their brothers and sweethearts paying court to American girls with comfortable incomes.

The number of Americans who have become residents of Bermuda is smaller than it would be under different land laws, but the winter colony is a large one, and the most energetic business men of Hamilton, the capital of the islands, are from the States. Marriages result of Bermudian men with American girls, but in a community where so large a large proportion of all property is land Bermudian girls are prevented from retaliating. There are instances where girls renounce their birthrights, but penniless belles are not universally attractive.—New York Tribune.

Slightly Embarrassed Him. A good story is told on a certain minister not a thousand miles from here. He made a call recently at a home which had not long before been blessed by the arrival of a new baby. He was met at the door by the lady of the house, and after the usual salutation, asked after the baby's health. The lady, who was a little hard of hearing and suffering with the grip, did not quite understand him, and thinking he was asking about her cold, answered that although she usually had one every winter, this was the worst one she had ever had; it kept her awake nights a good deal, and at first confined her to her bed. Then, noticing that her visitor was getting nervous, she said that she could tell by his looks that he was going to have one just like hers, and asked him to go in and sit down.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

When you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great pile cure, don't accept anything else. Don't be talked into accepting a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns. Evans Pharmacy.

The facetious boarder had the train all laid for a killing joke. "It's a wonder," he said, "that you didn't serve up this hen, feathers and all." "The next time," said the landlady with marked emphasis, "I'll serve her up bill and all." And the joke was ruined.

"Has your measles gone, Besie?" shouted a little friend to the tot who was looking wistfully from the window. "Yes; they's left. I heard the doctor tell mama that they broked out last night."

Teething Children Are generally Fussy. Stomach upset. Bowels out of order—do not rest well at night. The very best remedy for children while teething is PITTS' CARMINATIVE.

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to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding and dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial is appreciated by but few. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her, ere she presses to her bosom her babe.

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allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

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