

"I AM HER SLAVE!"

I am her slave. Ah, this I know. Although she would not have it so!

"Two summer months. Now chill winds blow. The fields when green are white with snow."

"Not likely," I laughingly replied. "The lightning takes itself. If there is a thunderstorm at night, all that is necessary is to put a sensitive plate in the camera, uncover the lens and point it at the sky, when the next flash of lightning will record itself upon the plate, which must then be developed in the usual way."

"Is that all?" returned Donald. "How very easy! Couldn't we take some? Do let us try."

"All right," I replied, "but first of all we must wait for a thunderstorm. So when there is another at night get your photographic traps ready, and we'll see what we can do."

Donald and I were enthusiastic cyclists, he being one of several years' standing, but I only since we came to live here in Woodford, on the borders of the New forest, as I found it very convenient to ride to the railway station—five miles away—or to Salisbury or Southampton, as our village lies midway on the high road between those towns.

Charmed by the lovely forest scenery, I had lately practiced the fascinating science of photography, and thereby secured many a beautiful scene of woodland glade. Donald, too, soon waxed enthusiastic over it and many a cyclophotographic day did we spend securing pictures of the exquisite scenes that abound around our home.

The marvelous photos of lightning flashes that appeared in the Strand had excited Donald's wonder and curiosity, leading to the conversation with which this story commences.

We had not long to wait for a thunderstorm; for on that very night raged one of exceptional violence. It began about 11 o'clock, and Donald, who had retired to bed some time before, burst into my room fully dressed and shouted:

"Come on, father. There's a tremendous thunderstorm coming up, and such flashes of lightning! I'm off to the dark room to put some plates in the slides, so get the camera ready. The front bedroom window is the best place to expose from."

Here let me state that our house stands about ten feet from the roadside, and the view from our front windows comprises the road and the common opposite us, a small piece of waste land partly surrounded by the noble trees of the New forest.

By the time that I had made the necessary arrangements at the window, Donald rejoined me, bringing three double dark slides loaded with the sensitive plates. "We ought to get at least one successful photo out of this lot," said he.

Soon the storm, which had gradually been drawing nearer, burst over us with terrible fury, the lightning flashing with amazing brilliancy, the thunder rolling with deafening roars. One by one the plates were exposed under conditions that justified the expectations of good results, and Donald was in high glee. Just as I was about to expose the sixth and last plate he said:

"Why don't you take a flashlight photo of the common with that one, illuminated by the celestial electric light, you know? Point the camera toward the center of the common, just for fun. I'd like to see how it comes out."

I acted upon his suggestion, and no sooner had I got the camera in position than a flash of lightning, so vivid and brilliant in its intensity as to momentarily blind us and wring from us a fearsome and terrified "Oh!" imprinted the scene on the sensitive plate.

"I'm glad that's the last plate," said Donald when the deafening peal of thunder allowed him to make himself heard, "for I should not care to stand at the window during another such flash as that. Shall we develop the plates tonight?"

"Not if I know it," I replied. "Be off to bed now, and we'll do them the first thing in the morning."

true, for there, lying on the damp grass, his hair and clothes sodden with last night's rain, with upturned face and with the blade of a large knife buried deep in his heart, lay the corpse of Ivan Solenski, the handsome young tenant of the Hermitage and suitor for the heart and hand of the lovely Marie Devereux of Forest Hall. While the constable guarded the body I hurried for the doctor, who, upon his arrival, declared that life had been extinct for some hours.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "This knife belongs to Gerald Merrilees! See, here are his initials!" And there, on the silver mounted handle, were the letters "G. M."

That evening Gerald Merrilees, the handsome, well built young owner of the Home farm and Solenski's rival for the affections of the beautiful Marie Devereux, was arrested on a charge of murder, upon the sworn information of the butler of Forest Hall, who deposed that, on the previous evening, Merrilees had had a stormy interview with Miss Devereux, in which Solenski's name was mentioned several times, and that Merrilees had suddenly dashed out of the house, muttering: "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Upon this evidence, and that of the knife found in the dead man's breast, Merrilees was committed for trial at the forthcoming assizes about to be held at the guildhall, Winchester.

Doubtless the reader remembers the account of the trial, which was published so fully in the daily papers of the time, but in case he may not recall it to mind I might here briefly give Merrilees' defense. In spite of the strong proofs of his guilt, he persistently declared himself innocent and pleaded not guilty. He fully admitted the truth of the evidence of the butler of Forest Hall, and his counsel explained that he had that evening proposed for the hand of Miss Devereux, but had been rejected, upon which he had accused her of favoring the suit of Solenski, and when she admitted that she had that day accepted Solenski his jealousy and rage overpowered him—being a very hot tempered fellow—causing him to rush from the house, muttering the terribly incriminating threats now used as evidence against him. After leaving Forest Hall—his counsel continued—reason gradually prevailed, and he proceeded to go home, his path lying across the common in front of my house.

Being anxious to arrive there before the threatening storm broke and partly to cool his fiery temper, he ran, but his foot catching in the stump of a furze bush caused him to fall heavily to the ground, and with such force as to render him unconscious.

He declared that his pockets must have been rifled by some malicious passerby while he lay in that state, for whereas he fell on his face, when he recovered consciousness he was lying on his back. He reached home too weak and dazed to think or observe, but great was his surprise the next morning to find his pockets empty. Watch, chain, purse, loose cash, hunting knife—which he always carried—and everything, all gone.

Counsel dwelt strongly upon this fact, and maintained that the accused was not the culprit, but that when lying unconscious the real murderer robbed him, taking, among other things, the knife used with such fatal effect upon Solenski—whose pockets he also rifled—leaving the murderous weapon in the dead man's breast, to divert suspicion from himself to its innocent owner.

For further details, I must refer the reader to the very full reports of the trial which appeared in the local papers at the time, merely contenting myself with stating that the jury smiled, in that supercilious, superior sort of way common to the British juror, at the palpable weakness of the defense, and, having satisfied themselves as to the prisoner's guilt, after a short consideration they returned their awful verdict of guilty! Gerald Merrilees was sentenced to death.

Some time after the foregoing events I was sitting up awaiting the arrival of my wife and son, who were returning from London by a midnight train—or, rather, an early morning one—reaching Dean Station at 3 a. m., after which they had to drive the intervening five miles home.

It was weary work waiting. I had finished reading my novel and was looking about for something to do, when I suddenly thought of the plates we had exposed on the night of the thunderstorm and had lain undeveloped and forgotten till now. "The very thing!" I exclaimed. "I'll set to work and develop them at once. It will pass the time nicely."

The first plate developed was a failure. Why, I don't know, for I immediately threw it away and commenced another. "Ah!" I thought, "this one is something like a photograph." Truly, it was a most wonderful photo of lightning, the wavy lines of fire—there were four, springing from one stem—streaming down from the dark and angry heavens right on to the earth, where the trees of the New forest were sharply silhouetted against the tongues of fire, from which little side streams spread out in all directions. I felt, and still feel, proud of that photograph, for it caused no little excitement in the scientific world. The next plate was a bit of a mystery to me, for it was a negative of the

landscape in front of our house and I wondered when it was taken, until I remembered that Donald had asked me to take it as a flashlight landscape view with the last plate on that memorable evening of the storm. As development proceeded, and the objects became more and more distinct, I was surprised to see several human figures portrayed in it. With a magnifying glass I gave it a closer examination, the result of which made me tremble with excitement.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "This is a photo of the murder of Solenski!" And indeed it was, taken at the identical moment that the crime was committed. There was the whole scene unerringly depicted on the plate by that brilliant flash of lightning. I examined the plate more minutely, and the result was startling in the extreme. There was the murderer in the very act of plunging the knife into Solenski's breast.

The faces of both men were plainly distinguishable, and—that of the murderer was not Gerald Merrilees, but of a short, thickset man with a heavy beard, and there, farther in the background was an inanimate form, with upturned face, lying upon the earth.

"Good heavens!" I again exclaimed. "So Merrilees is innocent, after all! How wonderful that we should have taken this photograph, and thus be able to prove his innocence! Tomorrow I will go to Winchester and it will procure his release."

Suddenly I died as if shot. "Tomorrow," did I say? Why, tomorrow is the day of his execution! It is 'tomorrow' now, for it is after 3 o'clock! In five hours all will be over; another victim sacrificed to miscarriage of justice." What was I to do? Twenty miles from Winchester, with no means of communicating with the authorities to avert the tragedy which would so soon be enacted, here was I with evidence that would save an innocent man's life, and that man a very dear friend too.

What could I do? I groaned aloud in my anguish and great beads of perspiration dropped from my brow. Just then my wife and son returned and were alarmed to see my agitated state, but upon explaining matters, my wife's ready wit suggested that I should ride to Winchester on my bicycle. The very thing! I jumped with joy, and soon after started on my dark and dreary, but fateful, ride, with the priceless negative carefully packed to avoid the risk of breakage and its terrible consequences.

I will not go into details of that ride, for only those who have ridden over strange crossroads on a pitch dark night, when a friend's life depends upon their speed and dispatch, can sympathize with me.

At 6:45 that same morning I rode up to Winchester jail and demanded to see the governor immediately, and upon being admitted to his presence showed him the heaven sent witness, which he deemed of such importance that he telegraphed at once to the home secretary, giving him details of my marvelous photograph, with the result that in this eleventh hour Gerald Merrilees was relieved—he was saved.

The nature of the evidence that established Merrilees' innocence and all particulars concerning it were kept strictly secret by the police, who had my negative enlarged and sent copies of the photograph—whereon the features of the murderer were clearly portrayed—to all the police stations in the kingdom, with the result that within ten days the real culprit was arrested in the foreign quarter of Soho, and upon being charged with the murder confessed his guilt, stating that Solenski was an absconding nihilist, who had fled to England to avoid carrying out a horrible task imposed on him by the peculiar works of that dreaded society.

By so doing his life became forfeited and to the murderer was allotted the duty of carrying out the society's vengeance. Hoping to escape, Solenski had lived in retirement in our village, but was tracked by his inexorable executioner, who stated that on the night of the great storm he had come across the prostrate and senseless form of Merrilees, from whom he took every thing available, including the fatal knife with which he stabbed his victim—whom he accidentally met immediately after leaving Merrilees—just as the defending counsel had surmised at the trial.

In due time Merrilees received a full and unconditional pardon—for a crime that he had never committed—and I should not at any time be surprised to hear of his engagement to Miss Devereux.

He and I are the strongest of friends, as he says he owes his life to me, but I tell him that it is not so, but that he owes it to the magazine that prompted us to take the photos on that eventful night, The Strand.—Tit-Bits.

Japanese Welcome Society. The Japanese have shown their hospitality and their desire to cultivate the good will of strangers by establishing a "welcome society" in Tokyo. The object of this society is to give counsel to all strangers visiting Japan and to make their sojourn in the kingdom of the mikado as agreeable as possible.

Land in the United Kingdom. If the land of England, Ireland and Scotland were equally divided among the inhabitants, each man, woman and child would have two acres to move about in.

TRIED TO INSURE GUTEAU.

A Joke That Helped to Kill Deathbed Insurance in Pennsylvania. The following is the story of the pretended effort to insure Guiteau's life. The scheme was conceived by two young lawyers, and, although they began it as a joke, there were many who took it seriously. One of its results was to help to kill "deathbed insurance" in the eastern part of the United States.

Garfield was shot in July, 1881, and the trial of the assassin began in November, 1881, and ended with a verdict of guilty on Jan. 25, 1882. Guiteau was hanged on June 30, 1882. At this time the deathbed insurance craze was at high water mark, many of the companies taking all kinds of risks. One evening in February, 1882, two young attorneys here were talking of Guiteau, for whom an application for a new trial had just been made. One of the attorneys suggested that they attempt to insure Guiteau's life, as a means of bringing ridicule on the "graveyard companies." They talked of it to a resident of Reading who at that time held a political office in Washington.

He entered into the joke and thought he could arrange the Washington end of the affair. Going back to Washington, the Berks county politician told a newspaper man there of the business of the insurance companies in Reading, and also of the scheme of insuring Guiteau. Meanwhile, the attorneys made written application for \$100,000 insurance on Guiteau's life. The application nearly got the jokers into trouble. Among the many life insurance concerns in Reading at the time was one that did not properly come under the designation of a deathbed company. By accident a blank of this particular company was filled out in due form and forwarded to the Washington newspaper man. His part was to take it to Guiteau and try to secure his signature.

The reporter visited Guiteau and told him that a firm of insurance agents in Reading, thinking that he might secure a new trial and eventually escape the gallows, considered him a good risk and wanted to insure him for \$100,000. The reporter gave Guiteau to understand that neither he nor his friends would have to pay any of the assessments; that would be attended to in Reading. Guiteau was also told that the agents would make it worth his while to sign the application. Although no figures were mentioned, he was left under the impression that his heirs might expect \$25,000 should he be executed. Guiteau listened to the scheme and then smiled. He knew the newspaper man, and told him he thought the entire matter a joke. The reporter knew it was, but did not say so. Guiteau declined to sign then.

The following day the Washington newspaper appeared with a long article, saying that a graveyard insurance company at Reading wanted to place \$100,000 insurance on Guiteau's life. The name of the company was given. The article was in the form of an exposure and said that large sums of money had been offered to secure Guiteau's signature and that a large sum was to go to the assassin's heirs. The news was sent all over the country subsequently.

By this time the Reading originators of the scheme were beginning to find that they had succeeded beyond their expectations. The officers of the company whose name was connected with the affair went on a still hunt for the schemers and lawsuits were threatened. Then the New York and New England papers took up the subject. Long articles appeared calling attention to the deathbed or graveyard insurance companies doing business in eastern Pennsylvania, and especially in Reading. Next the insurance papers of England took up the matter. They cited the Pennsylvania deathbeds as samples of American life insurance. One daily paper in San Francisco called the attempt to insure Guiteau a disgrace on humanity. It is said by those conversant with their affairs that the Guiteau episode, as much as anything else, assisted in wiping out deathbed insurance concerns.—Reading (Pa.) Letter in New York Sun.

Luck and Hairbreadth Measures. The table of measures says that three barleycorns make one inch, and so they do. When the standards of measures were first established, three barleycorns, well dried, were taken and laid end to end, three being understood to make an inch in length. The hairbreadth, now used indefinitely and conventionally for infinitesimal space, was a regular measure, 16 hairs laid side by side equaling one barleycorn.

The Great Question. "What is this great servant girl question that the women talk about?" "Why, 'How do you like your new girl?' I suppose."—Philadelphia North American.

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

American forests have produced during the past six years \$24,000,000 of lumber, valued at \$25,000,000.

COLORED TROOPS.

Those in the War Were Much Like Their White Brethren. The qualities of the negro soldiers were simply human, says a writer in the Washington Post. They were capable of fatigue or ardor, of cowardice or courage, of grumbling or cheerfulness, very much as white soldiers would have been in their place. If it is necessary to scrutinize more minutely, it is possible to say that they were more enthusiastic under excitement and more easily depressed; more affectionate if judiciously treated and more sullen and dogged if discouraged; more gregarious and less prone to individual initiative—and so on with many other minor differences. Yet even these generalizations would be met by so many scattered exceptions as to be of subordinate value. Every regimental or even brigade commander comes to know after a while who are the men in his command who covet danger, who are the men who simply face it when it is inevitable and who are the men who need watching lest they actually flinch. And all this is equally true whether they be white or black.

"Two o'clock in the morning courage," in Napoleon's phrase, is a thing that belongs to the minority in every race, and it is probably no more abundant, and yet no rarer, among black soldiers than among white.

Two peculiar traits of the black troops grew out of their former state of servitude. When serving on their own soil, or even on soil and under conditions resembling their own, they had the great advantage of local knowledge. They were not only ready to serve as guides, but they were virtually their own guides. They were serviceable as Indian scouts are serviceable; they could find their way in the dark, guess at the position of an enemy, follow a trail, extract knowledge from others of their own race, and all this in a way no white man could rival. Enterprises from which the bravest white man might shrink unaided could sometimes be safely transacted by black soldiers, or in their company.

Again, they had to sustain them, the vast stakes of personal freedom and that of their families. Say what one pleases, they all desired their freedom—I never encountered an exception—and it gave them a peculiar stimulus apart from that of the white soldier. The latter had at stake his flag, his nation, his comrades, his life; the black soldier, if he had been a slave, had all these things risked upon the issue and one thing more—his personal freedom, with that of his household. The negro regiments themselves recognized this and had a feeling that they were playing for higher prizes than their white associates. Let the Confederacy succeed, and they would be remanded into slavery, while the white soldiers would simply lay down their arms and go home. No one who did not serve with them and have their confidence could know the great strength of this feeling in their hearts.

A Visit to Tolstoi. The family lives handsomely, but as we were not invited, only tolerated, guests we only took off our outside wraps in the anteroom, where a man was in waiting to remove them, leaving our hats on. We passed up stairs and through a room where a son was playing delightfully on a piano when we went in and bowed to us as we went through. We stood waiting around the room into which we were ushered, when Tolstoi came in in the most cordial manner possible, inquired of Mrs. — about her son, whom he spoke of most flatteringly; was introduced to us all, asking us to be seated, etc., and no one could have been more cordial and agreeable. A daughter afterward came in, and both spoke English with perfect ease.

He inquired how we all came to be traveling in Russia, and when he learned that most of our party were in Berlin to study he said he wondered when foreigners would come to Russia to study. He asked where each of us was from and seemed perfectly familiar with our country. He is a tall man, stooped somewhat, and was dressed as the peasants are—in a blouse with a skirt coming almost to the knees, belted in, and trousers of the same goods, a dark brown homespun. His long beard is not as white as I expected to see. He has fine eyes, and I had good opportunity to study his appearance, as I sat next, and he turned to me sometimes.

He does not consider himself a good Christian, I understand, because he has not given up everything.—Literary World.

How Buckinger Wrote. Matthew Buckinger, a German, who many years ago exhibited himself in London, had neither arms nor legs, but nevertheless managed to write a good hand, very clear and round, by holding the pen between the stump of his right arm and his cheek.

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.

"If you are not good the Spaniards will catch you," cautioned the annoyed mother. "Pooh, mama," replied the bad boy, "who's afraid of Spaniards?"

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

The Forest of Fontainebleau.

Fontainebleau has no conspicuous charm. There are few noble trees. The one of any excellence has a refreshment bar to celebrate it and finger posts for miles around guide you to the giant Jupiter. Jupiter is indeed a splendid relic, a straight column towering above the puny moderns, 12 paces round the swelling roots, 6 yards in girth at the height of a tall man. Between Barabizon and the road to Paris there is a tolerable glade of elms, but from one end of the forest to the other there is nothing comparable with the oaks of suburban Epping or with the beeches and oaks of the New Forest. There are no thickets, no tangles of undergrowth; the diligence of the administration keeps the forest as clean as a kitchen garden; the thriving young trees in sedate regularity are as orderly as a regiment on parade; one imagines each numbered and docketed in a prodigious inventory. This bureaucratic husbandry brings with it a lamentable absence of wild life.

There are no arenas purple with bluebells, no banks of primroses or lush glades dappled with cowslips, and animals are still rarer. In the remotest parts of the New forest the underwood creeps and rustles with living things, the ground is black with hurrying insects, the air trembles with flashing wings, call notes of birds and beasts assail the ears and every step from the beaten track drives some creature from its lair. Here the wildest groves, which the naturalist would expect to find thronged with multitudinous life, have the silence of an empty room. Some malign enchantment has depopulated the forest.—Saturday Review.

A Census of Words. It is generally admitted that 5,000 expressions are amply sufficient for common use. The vocabulary of a writer seldom surpasses that number. With 7,000 words a language is acquired thoroughly. According to Brachet, the number of French words in the Dictionnaire de l'Academie is 27,000, including 6,000 primitive expressions. The Littré Dictionary contains about 68,000 words. English, according to Johnson, contained 15,000 words, but Thomery gives to the English of the present day 87,000 words.

An ordinary German dictionary has about 42,000 words, and a Spanish dictionary 52,000. Chinese is composed of 41,000 known words in an imperial dictionary of the eighteenth century. Arabic has probably the greatest number of expressions. It has about 30,000 words. But what richness it possesses compared especially to that other language of the Levant, Hebrew, the poorest of all! For example, wine, although forbidden by Mohammed, has 140 different names in Arabic, not to indicate the different varieties, but simply to signify the juice of the grape. A cup of wine has about ten expressions and the camel, the horse and the lion have hundreds of names.—Intermediaire des Chercheurs.

Bite Worse Than the Bark. Rubber—Good heavens, man! How did you cut up your face like that? Sadher—Well, you see, I can't stand a barber's continual chatter, so I hired a dumb one to come and shave me every morning. Rubber—And he didn't know how to shave, eh? Sadher—Oh, yes, he could shave all right, but he would persist in talking to me on his fingers while working.—Up to Date.

Ungrateful. "That ungrateful son-in-law of mine," said the fat man with chin whiskers, "wouldn't take a good job when I got him one." "What kind of a job was it?" "Why, there was a fellow wanted a good, stout man to try a new airship."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Brilliant Thoroughfare. Under den Linden, Berlin, is the most brilliantly lighted thoroughfare in the world, with its triple rows of arc lamps, fed by underground wires and separated by rows of lime trees.

LAND FOR SALE. 131 Acres near Varennes P. O., on public road. New six-room dwelling, necessary outbuildings, good tenant houses. Near churches and good school. 75 acres upland, 20 of bottom in original forest. In original forest, fine pasture. Will sell right for cash. This place is seven miles from town. H. L. McDONALD. Aug 24, 1898 9 2

LAND FOR SALE. 700 Acres of good Farming Land in the most progressive sections of Oconee County, S. C. Will divide in lots and sell on terms to suit purchasers. W. O. HAMILTON, Seneca, S. C. Aug 31, 1898 10 6

Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mamie Campbell, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 1st day of October, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. T. A. CAMPBELL, Adm'r. Aug 31, 1898 10 5

NOTICE! THE regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Anderson Cotton Mills will be held in the Court House, at some other suitable place, at 11 o'clock a. m. on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1898, for the election of a Board of directors to serve the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. J. A. BROCK, President and Treasurer. August 24, 1898 9 3

THE BRADLEY REGULATOR CO. Address, Va. \$1 dollar per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. The Bradley Regulator Co. will be sent to any address upon application. To receive motherhood of mother's friend is the best help you can use at this time. Mother's friend is good for only one year without any dangerous after-effects. It makes the breasts and nearly painless. It relieves the overdistended stomach. It relieves and prevents indigestion. It makes the breasts and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents indigestion. It makes the breasts and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents indigestion.

GETTING READY. Every expectant mother has a trying ordeal to face. If she does not get ready for it, she is liable to suffer. Mother's friend is the best help you can use at this time. Mother's friend is good for only one year without any dangerous after-effects. It makes the breasts and nearly painless. It relieves the overdistended stomach. It relieves and prevents indigestion. It makes the breasts and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents indigestion.

BELTON HIGH SCHOOL, BELTON, S. C. W. B. WEST, A. G. HOLMES, Principals. A good corps of experienced teachers, among them Mr. A. G. Holmes, who gave such general satisfaction the past session. Our students take high stands wherever they go. The College recognizes our thorough work. We try to practice common sense in education as well as in other matters. Send us your sons and daughters, and we will do them good. Catalogue to W. B. West, Belton, S. C., for sent free. 6-6

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE. In effect August 7, 1898.

Lv Augusta..... 9 40 am 1 40 pm Ar Greenwood..... 11 50 am 6 30 pm Ar Anderson..... 1 20 pm 7 00 pm Ar Laurens..... 3 00 pm 8 15 pm Ar Greenville..... 4 05 pm 9 00 pm Ar Spartanburg..... 5 30 pm 10 20 am Ar Saluda..... 6 30 pm 11 00 am Ar Asheville..... 7 00 pm

Lv Asheville..... 8 28 am Ar Spartanburg..... 11 45 am 3 00 pm Ar Greenville..... 10 20 am Ar Laurens..... 12 01 am 4 00 pm Lv Laurens..... 1 27 pm 8 30 pm Ar Greenville..... 3 00 pm 7 00 pm Lv Augusta..... 5 10 pm 11 10 am Lv Calhoun Falls..... 4 44 pm Ar Raleigh..... 2 14 am Ar Charlotte..... 6 00 am Ar Richmond..... 8 15 am

Lv Augusta..... 2 25 pm Ar Greenville..... 6 15 pm Ar Laurens..... 9 45 am 6 20 pm Ar Greenville..... 7 30 pm Ar Fort Boyal..... 11 05 pm 7 35 pm Ar Savannah..... 7 35 pm Ar Charleston..... 9 10 pm

Lv Charleston..... 6 00 am Ar Greenville..... 8 30 am Lv Fort Boyal..... 1 40 pm 8 30 am Lv Spartanburg..... 1 05 pm 8 40 am Lv Greenville..... 3 00 pm Lv Laurens..... 10 01 am Ar Asheville..... 11 05 am Ar Augusta..... 11 10 pm

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens, Atlanta and all points on S. A. L. Close connection at Greenwood for Charleston, Savannah and all points. S. A. L. and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg, with Southern Railway. For information relative to tickets, rates, schedule, etc., address W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Agent, Augusta, Ga. E. A. Ford, Manager, Jacksonville, Fla. T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.

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