THE LEDGER: GAFFNEY, S. C., NOVEMBER 24, 1898.

GOD'S SECOND GIFT.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

Life Is Good, but Life Is Not God's Greatest Gift-Man Cries, Like Caleb's Daughter, For the Upper Springs-The Better Life.

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.-Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the supernal advantages of religion for this world and the next; text, Joshua xv, 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity-a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood-bravery and patriotism. Besides. I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." The Desert of Sorrow. The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying. Pick me out ten successful worldlings -and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings-pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your

did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide be-

cause of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only \$50,000 left.

The Vanities of Life.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says, "Behold, 83 years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know -angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk man, had given as a wedding present forth, heaven is his bodyguard. If he to his daughter a piece of land that was lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel find not one place where the ground mountainous, and, sloping southward blossoming, are let into his dreams. If was broken for a grave. The eyesight of world, and it is a dying world. The he be thirsty, 'the potentates of heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blcoms into the King's banquet. Men say, "Look at that odd fellow with the wornout coat." The angels of God cry, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven. I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is, on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth. The Source of Happiness. I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven!

The Gates Ajar.

It is very fortunate that we canot see heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that the air. Then Brahma laid down to old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, but as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say, "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said, "Papa, when will I go home?" And he

creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward water-nothing but water-afterward molten rock, cooling off through

the ages until plants might live and animals might live and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible. The End of the Earth.

The Hindoos believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants and animals and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. After that they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it, then lying down again to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up and destroying the world again-creation and demolition following each other, until after three hundred and twenty sleeps, each one of these slumbers four thousand three hundred and twenty million years long, Brahma will wake up and die and the universe will die with him-an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible, but while Brahma may sleep our God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so, if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. I do not want you to become misauthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 33 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations and for the bringing on of the glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented, I want you to take this thought home with you: This world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, storm and darkness, then afterward a little sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well. In the name of the God of Caleb and his daughter, Achsah, I this day offer you the "upper springs" of unfading and everlasting, rapture.

VISITING A SHRINE.

Lieutenant Rawlinson's Daring Entry Into the Sacred City of Kum.

Kum, a walled city of Persia, ranks second to Meshed in sanctity, on account of the famous shrine of Masuma Fatima, sister of the Imam Riza, a famous saint of the Mohammedans. While Lieutenant Rawlinson was on his way to Teheran he heard much of this sacred city and the glories of the chrine, which, it was said, no European had ever entered. Death so rumor whispered, would be the portion of the audacious infidel who should be discovered within its precincts.

To a young and ardent spirit a dangerous adventure is an irresistible attraction. Young Rawlinson determined to lips went the fire. Out of his ear went | visit the shrine. Disguised as a Persian pilgrim, thousands of whom annu: lly journey to the sacred city, he joined the crowd of pilgrims. His knowledge of Persian and of the customs of the country enabled him to pass undetected through the temple gates and to make his way to the tomb of the saint. The guardian gave him the customary form of words and he repeated them.

But his curiosity almost caused his detection. Attracted by magnificent suits of steel armor which hung on the walls, he was gazing at them, when suddenly he found that he had turned his back upon the sacred shrine wherein the saint was entombed.

A thrill of alarm startled him, but the discourtesy, impossible to a "true believer," had not been noticed. If it had been, there would probably have been no further career for the young lieutenant, who subsequently became the decipherer of Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions and texts, and died the renowned orientalist, Sir Henry Rawlinson.-Youth's Companion.

Discovery of the Home of Buddha. Far away on the border of Nepal the home of Guatama Buddha has been discovered. Buddha lived about 500 B. C. and was the son of the rajah of Kapilavastu. A pillar, inscribed by the Emperor Asoka in the third century B. C., marks the city's site. The ruins are all of brick and are covered with jungle and so extensive that their exploration will require years. The city was destroyed during Buddh.v's lifetime. It was a mass of ruins in A. D. 410, when the first Buddhist Chinese pilgrim made his way there. The buildings that are now being excavated are older than anything known in India heretofore.-London Letter.

Love Always Young.



Struggling through life, cursed with catarrh, is a common experience. However heroic the fight catarrh gen-

erally wins. Under some name or other it gets the best of us. Frank E. Ingalls, Waco, Tex., and thousands of others

have been permanently cured of catarrh by Dr. Hartman's successful remedy Pe-ru-na. Here is Mr. Ingalls' letter: Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.

DEAR SIR:-" Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin have cured me of one of the worst cases of catarrh any one ever had. My case was so severe that I was compelled to discontinue my business, that of conductor on a railroad; but I am now entirely well."

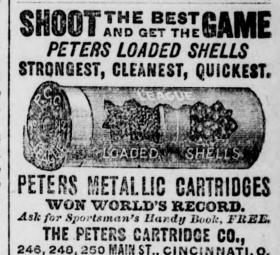
Ordinary treatment of catarrh is for local relief. Cures are not expected. Dr. Hartman's method eradicates catarrh absolutely. Get his latest book and learn how to combat this insidious disease. The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O., will mail Dr. Hartman's books free on application.

H. A. Scott, Burt, Tenn., writes:

"I feel very thankful to my Maker and your great medicine that I am cured. I would not be without Peru-na in the house."

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Ask any druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Al-manae for the year 1899.



Sweetest pleasures while we live. NORTH high officials, your bankers, your insur springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In The religion can supply BOUND BOUND Sweetest comfort when we die. ance men, your importers, your whole-1866 another island comes up under the P. M. Ar. 750 M. 5 00 Р. But I have something better to tell RYST salers and your retailers as a class-as observation of the American consul as BLACKSBURG. Ly. Lv. 7 15 CHEROKEE FALLS GAFFNEY you, suggested by this text. It seems 5 15 a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs he looks off from the beach. The earth Ar. 5 35 their steps, and making no appeal to that old Father Caleb on the wedding all the time changing, the columns of a P. M. Highest Award Diploma af Honor M. God for help or comfort many of them temple near Bizoli show that the water day of his daughter wanted to make her Trains north of Camden run daily except or Superior Lens Grinding and Excellency in are tossed every whither. How has it Sunday. Trains between Charleston and Kingsville just as happy as possible. Though Othhas risen nine feet above the place it the Manufacture of Speciacles and Evo Glasses. Sold in 11,000 Cities and Towns in the U.S. Most been with you, my hearer? Are you was when these columns were put down. niel was taking her away and his heart run daily. For information as to rates. Clyde Line Popular Glasses in the U.S. more contented in the house of 14 rooms was almost broken because she was go-Changing! Our Colorado river, once For information as to rates. Clyde Line Sailing, etc., call on local contracting and traveling agents of both roads, or L. A. EMERSON, T. M., E. F. GRAY, S. C. & G. R. R., Traffle Manager, Charleston, S. C. Cincinnati, Ohio S. B LUMPKIN, Gen'l, Freight and Pass, Agent, Blacksburg, S. C. vaster than the Mississippi, flowing than you were in the two rooms you ing, yet he gives her a "south land;" ESTABLISHED 1870. had in a house when you started? Have CAUTION THESE FAMOUS GLASSES AND NEVER PEDDLED. not only that, but the nether springs; through the great American desert, you not had more care and worriment which was then an Eden of luxuriance. not only that, but the upper springs. has now dwindled to a small stream since you won that \$50,000 than you O God, my Father, I thank thee that "These famous glasses for sale by S. B. Crawley & Co.

The Day of Deliverance.

soon? I am so glad!"

said, "Today, Florence." "Today? So

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming-is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springscomfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than Bucklen's Arnica Salve. this world can give us. The fact is that Ohio River and Charleston Railway Co. it cannot give us anything after awhile. The Best Salve in the world for It is a changing world. Do you know TIME TABLE of the Ohio River and Charles ton Railway Company, conjunctly with the South Carolina and Georgia Railroad, SCHEDULE in effect May 16th, 1898. Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcer, Salt that even the mountains on the back of Rheum, Fever St. 38, Tetter, Chapped a thousand streams are leaping into the Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all valley. The Alleghanies are dying. The NORTH SOUTH Eastern Time. dews with crystalline mallet are ham-BOUND Skin Eruption, and postively cures BOUND mering away the rocks. Frosts and 33 32 Piles or no pay required. It is gurashowers and lightnings are sculpturing C. &: G. CHARLESTON BRANCHVILLE anteed to give perfect satisfaction or Ar. Lv. Mount Washington and the Catskills. 9 00 5 47 4 28 KINGSVILLE - (O. R. & C.) CAMDEN KERSHAW money refunded. Price 25 cents per 44 " 10 10 Niagara every year is digging for itself box. For sale by The DuPre Drug . P. a quicker plunge. The sea all around 12 05 Co. the earth on its shifting shores is mak- $1 \ 05 \\ 1 \ 50$ $150 \\ 1250$ LANCASTER AWBA JUNCTION ROCK HILL ing mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old 11 43 YORKVILLE A. K. HAWKES seacoasts are midland now. Off Nan-BLACKSBURG 10 60 4 35 5 10 ARLS tucket, eight feet below low water mark, ATTERSON SPRINGS SHELBY LATTIMORE are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering MOORESBORO the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sink-HENRIETTA FOREST CITY 7 25 ing. Ships today sail over what, only a RUTHERFORDTON little while ago, was solid ground. MILWOOD GOLDEN VALLEY. THERMAL CITY Near the mouth of the St. Croix river 8 55 6 10 is an island which, in the movements 9 25 9 50 GLENWOOD MARION ton and Atlanta. Dining cars serve all meal en route. Pullman drawing-room sleeping care between Greensboro and Norfolk. Close con nection at Forfolk for OLD POINT COMFORT arriving there in time for breakfast. Nos. 35 and 36-United States Fast Mail runs solid between Washington and New OF learns via Southern Failway A. & W.P. R. of the earth, is slowly but certainly ro-Ar. Lv. 5 20 A. M. tating. All the face of the earth chang-'Tis religion that can give ing-changing. In 1881 an island GAFFNEY BRANCH

Great Britain's Dependencies.

Says Professor Bryce, "More by a series of what may be called historical accidents than from any deliberate purpose Great Britain has acquired vast transmarine possessions." This is peculiarly true of the British settlements and protectorates in Africa and the far east. The English have no possessions in north Africa. The sphere of their influence and dominion in the dark continent extends from Cape Verde on the west and the gulf of Aden on the east to the Cape of Good Hope. England's scattered colonies and dependencies in this district have an area of more than 2,500,000 square miles and a population estimated at from 10,000,000 to 40,000,-000. To Great Britain more than to any other nation belongs the credit of bringing this unknown land into contact with European civilization. British enterprise and capital have done much to develop its abundant resources. British traders, hunters, soldiers and missionaries have traversed its wilds and sailed its rivers and lakes. Along with other blessings that England has brought to Africa her share in suppressing the slave trade should not be forgotten .--Chautauquan.

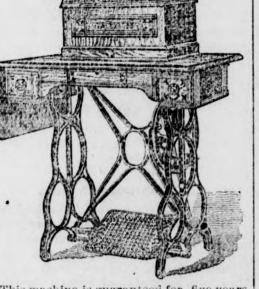


Donald B. McDonald, 98 years old, and Margaret Ann O'Reagan, 84 years old, of Reno, Mich., were married the other day. McDonald had been married three times in Canada and is the father of 14 children. The bride had been married twice and is the mother of ten children. The wedding was performed in the presence of great-great-grandchildren of both bridegroom and bride.

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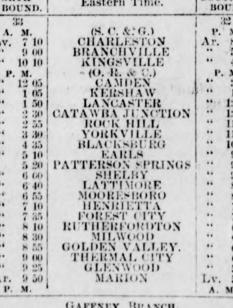
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Nos. 35 and 35-United States Fast Mail runs solid between Washington and New Or-leans, via Southern Railway, A. & W. P. E. E., and L. & N. E. E., being composed of baggage car and conches, through without change for passenger? of all classes. Pullman drawing room sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, via Atlanta and Montgomery. Leaving Washington each Wednesday, a tourist sleeping car will run through between Wash-ington and San Francisco without change. Nos. 11, 37, 58 and 12-Pullman sleeping cars between Richmond and Charlotte, via Danvilla, southbound Nos. 11 and 37, northbound Nos. E8 and 12 Band 12 FRANK S. GANNON, J. M. CULP, Third V-P. & Gen. Mgr., Trafic M'g'r. Washington, D. C. W. A. TURK, S. H. HARDWICK, Gen'l Pass. Ag't., Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't., Washington, D. C.