

LOCAL.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Boyd are visiting in Greenville county.

Mr. S. B. Jones, Jr., of Spartanburg, was here last week.

Get it—by word of mouth from Davis, Roper & Co.

Geo. Boyd and O. O. Featherstone have returned from the mountains.

J. J. Suber, of Dyson's, S. C., is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. S. Davidson.

Now is the time to insure the lives of dogs in town by collaring them.

Miss Emmie Fielding of Greenville is visiting friends in the city.

Charlton Todd is at home from the mountains.

Mrs. Sherard and Master Yancy Gilkerson are visiting in Abbeville county.

Miss Blanche McDaniel of Mt. Gilegier is visiting Judge J. M. Clardy's family.

Miss Mame Ferguson has returned from Highlands.

W. D. Watts is with J. M. Visanska temporarily.

Rev. and Mrs. N. J. Holmes were in town Saturday.

Sam. F. Garlington has returned from Oconee's head.

Mr. J. M. Visanska and family have gone to Hendersonville.

Dorroh Ferguson is again at home and will be with Minton & Jamieson henceforward.

Mr. W. H. Gilkerson will be with Owings & Bobo during the winter.

Miss Lillie Knox and Miss Lucille Wright have returned from a visit to Alabama.

Mrs. J. H. Traynham is visiting in Georgia. Col. Traynham accompanied her to Augusta.

Dr. W. R. Atkinson preached Sunday morning and evening in the Presbyterian Church.

The sensation of the day is at Davis, Roper & Co.'s. You pay your money and take your choice.

Geo. Westmoreland, a prominent Greenville lawyer expects to change his residence to Atlanta in a short time.

J. D. Watts and Allen Fleming left for Houston, Texas, last week, where they will buy cotton during the season.

The Advertiser acknowledges its thanks for an invitation to the labor day celebration at Columbia.

Davis, Roper & Co.'s is the drawing store of Laurens. Inquire as soon as possible.

Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Cain leave to-day for Asheville and other cities north, and expect to be gone several weeks.

The Advertiser would like to have regular contributors of personals and other items from Brooklyn and Jersey. Will some of our young friends help us?

FOR SALE.—Three valuable building lots, city of Laurens, near where Graded Schools will be located. Apply to P. A. SIMMONS.

Mrs. Annie Conyers of Cartersville, Ga., is visiting the family of W. N. Wright, Mrs. Conyers is a daughter of Rev. Joseph Jones.

Miss Alice Harris, of Macon, Ga., and Miss Lizzie Witherspoon, of Clinton, S. C., have been visiting the families of Col. Traynham and Dr. Cain.

Rev. D. B. Clayton is expected to preach at M. M. Teague's schoolhouse on the second Sunday in Sept. and Saturday before at 11 A. M.

The stockholders of the Laundry meet this (Tuesday) morning at nine o'clock. The business is of the first importance. If you are not there or your stock is not represented you will be forever debarred from participating with justice with the meeting does or does not.

Remember the excursion to Athens, Ga., for whites only, on Sept. 9th, over the finest railroad in the Southern States through a splendid country. Athens is a beautiful city and contains many features of interest to travelers notably the historic University of Georgia. Lets get up a crowd from Laurens!

One of the most useful and practical inventions of the age is the 'Bureka' Gin Saw Shred patented by Dr. W. S. Killingsworth of this city. It is designed to prevent the frequent accidents by which so many people lose their arms and hands in feeding and cleaning gin saws. It can be attached to any gin and only costs four dollars. Dr. Killingsworth will be addressed at this city. Write him for a more detailed account of the contrivance later.

Dr. John P. Hunter. Dr. John P. Hunter died at Ocala this country on the morning of the 21st inst. His illness was protracted, which he bore with Christian patience and fortitude. Dr. Hunter was about fifty-two years old at the time of his death. He was a man of great decision of character and much energy. He took a large interest in public affairs and the State never lost a more patriotic or devoted son.

He leaves a widow and children, who in their severest loss have the deep sympathy of the community.

Y. M. C. A. At the Young Men's prayer meeting held in the Presbyterian Church Sunday afternoon Dr. W. R. Atkinson made an earnest talk advocating the revival of the Y. M. C. A.

It is a public misfortune that Laurens has not an active, vigorous Association. In order to do this we need an organization is better calculated to reach the religious, moral, social and educational tone of a community than the Y. M. C. A. town without it, even from a business standpoint, is placed at a serious disadvantage.

It is the duty and the need of all our people that they should come together and act in every way to build up an association upon a high plane of usefulness. Such a movement is already on foot and State Secretary Wynne is expected here before long to reorganize. Let every man and woman in Laurens lend a hand.

A True Story With a Moral. A young citizen of Laurens related this to an ADVERTISER reporter Saturday morning: 'Last night I had more than a hundred dollars in my pocket; something out of the usual run of things for me. I was going up stairs to bed. It struck me that it would be just as well to get my pistol and have it handy. I carried it up stairs where there was a box of cartridges and commenced to load it. It is a "Thirty eight" Smith & Wesson self-cocker. After filling three chambers I noticed that the cylinder did not revolve easily, and I thought I had better try to get it to go. I pulled the trigger and bang!—and then all was dark for the lamp had gone out. After yelling that nobody was hurt I got scared and grew rapidly more so for several minutes. I found that the ball had struck the room door without doing extensive or expensive damage. The explanation was that when I tried to empty the pistol, one cartridge had struck me.

Residence Burned. The residence of Mrs. Margaret Motte, in Newberry, was burned down shortly after 8 o'clock on Monday morning. A member of the family was awakened by the smell of smoke, when the fire was discovered in the pantry, having made considerable headway. In the house were Mrs. Motte and daughter, Mr. Ed. Motte and family, Mr. C. A. Bowman and family and Capt. Millegood Lipscomb, of Ninety-Six. The occupants had barely time to make their escape. Mrs. Motte and Mr. Motte saved a small portion of their furniture—the greater portion was consumed including their wearing apparel. Mr. Bowman and family and Mrs. Ewart had barely time to change their clothes. Mrs. E. Brown, who now lives at Seneca, had about \$2,000 worth of furniture stored in the house, and this was all lost.

There was no insurance on any of the furniture. The house was insured for \$1,500, which was about half its value. It was a large ten room house, well-built and in good order. Mr. Ed. Motte discovered the fire and called for \$140 for the Saturday night. The entire loss by the fire, to all concerned, was \$5,000 above the insurance.

The fire started in the pantry and spread to the kitchen and then to the living room, where it was caused by rats among the matches.—Newberry Observer, Aug. 27th.

A Stock Farm for a 'Court.' Donnan, Aug. 24.—An enterprise has been quietly discussed and set on foot, which means a big thing to Gray Court, and that is a stock farm. The men at the head of it will raise only standard bred stock that will compare favorably with that of Tennessee and other States where stock is raised. This enterprise will give our little town a great impetus in the march of progress. A joint stock company has been formed, which already owns several fine mares and one of the finest stallions ever seen in this State. The one brought here by J. P. Gray last spring. He is now about three and a half years old, and comes from a family of horses that is celebrated for its trotters. The company will bring another fine trotting stallion here this fall, besides several standard mares.

About a month from now there will be a stock show here, which the managers intend making the best in the up-country. This can easily be done with the men at the head of it and the number of lovers of fine horses and cattle in the surrounding country who will exhibit.

The grading of a track was begun this morning and it will be made a model one.

Besides the stock there will be a ladies department, farm products, etc. The ladies of the Methodist church will serve refreshments on the grounds. This means a big thing for Gray Court and surrounding country, for the town can't be advanced without benefitting the whole community. Now let every body, men, women and children, determine to do their best and let us all show a great big success. All that is needed is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and the thing will be done, and the place will take long steps forward.—Greenville News.

Augusta's Exposition. The following is the programme for the Augusta (Ga.) Exposition, to November 2d and close November 26th: Tuesday, the 3d, will be press day, and prominent journalists from all parts of the country will be invited to attend. Georgia's day will be on the 4th. The military prize drill will take place on the 5th, 6th and 7th. The 8th and 10th will be athletic field sport days. The 11th will be beekeepers' day. The horse races will commence on the 12th. The Inter State Sunday-School Convention will meet at the Exposition on the 13th and 14th. The drummers' day will be Monday November 10th. The cotton planters will have theirs on the 17th. The 18th will be the Farmers' Alliance day. President Livingston and President Stokes, of the South Carolina State Agricultural College, will be in the city. The Savannah Valley Convention for the improvement of the Savannah River will be held on the 19th and 20th. Saturday, November 21, will be cotton manufacturers' day. There will be a reunion of the Confederate veterans on the 22d. Gens. H. Hampton, Gordon, Early, Beauregard, Bailer, Young, Lee, Longstreet, and others will be here.

Tuesday, November 24, will be South Carolina day. Governor Tillman will have to take part in the programme on that day. The exhibitors at the Exposition will have their day on the 25th. Thursday, November 26, Thanksgiving day, will be Labor day, and be devoted to mill operatives and their friends. There will be a big baby show on the 27th. The Exposition will close on the 28th with a grand concert and "Auld Lang Syne" will be sung. All the Railroads will give low rates. Sound Sense From Big Jack. EDITOR ADVERTISER: You seem to think it a little strange that Col. Irby and others are so quiet on the Sub-treasury. They were not elected to run all over South Carolina to make un-called-for speeches. They have been elected to do their speaking in the United States Senate and Congress. Our opinion is that Seneca and Col. Irby are not going to be going any further over the State, trying to make people believe the worse was the better course, had better take the counsel of Solomon, who said that a fool was known by his much speaking. Such Senators and Congressmen do not think they can throw dynamite into the Alliance camp. The Alliance are wide awake to their duty. They don't propose to be led astray by dead-head-fossils trying to make the people believe that a man belonging to the Alliance is not a Democrat. If the members of the Alliance are not Democrats, let them go and be consistently so in South Carolina. We would say to Col. Irby and others, get your iron hot before you strike and let the sparks roll in every direction and stand by your people through the Democratic party. The Alliance is the backbone and sinew of the Democratic party and they will stand by you. Big Jack. The Alliance, through its organs, salaried lecturers and other officers, is pushing the Sub-treasury agitation. Note the Economist, the Cotton Plant, Willets, Terrell, and Jefferies. It will be remembered that Col. Stackhouse was lately president of the State Alliance, and that Col. Irby is now county lecturer, and that Capt. Shell is reported to have been a candidate for district lecturer. It was in the light of these facts among other things that the wonderment of the ADVERTISER was excited. Big Jack is very sound in his advice to Col. Irby and others to stand to the Alliance through the Democratic party and this Col. Irby for one has manfully and unreservedly promised to do. Capt. Shell is said to have made a Sub-treasury speech at Kirby Springs, Spartanburg county, Saturday. EDITOR.

Highland Home. Just at this juncture when the thermometer registers 90 above and the bank account 90 below zero, some of the farmers say these are the saddest days of the year. Miss Mattie Boyd, one of Clinton's handsome young ladies, has returned home after an extended visit. Misses Essie and Lydia Robertson, two of Laurens' sweetest girls, have been visiting in this community. W. A. Putnam is singing "Rock-a-by-baby." It is of the feminine kind.

Win. Mitchell, our young telegraphy student was to know that is the price of postage stamps. We refer you to your local postmaster, Dad.

Mrs. W. A. Garrett is sick at this writing. Miss Sallie Munroe and Mrs. Mattie Henderson, of Goldville, after visiting away a few of the summer hours in this section, have returned home. Miss Lee, 'ear, who attended the summer school at Leesville College, is at home for a few days. Miss Ferguson, of Clinton, is visiting the family of Mr. N. L. Barksdale.

Mr. Lafayette Garrett has the first open bolls of cotton we have heard of. B. G. Burns is quite low at this time. J. B. Rhoads and J. S. Todd have about the best crops we have seen. They believe in "conservative farming."

J. B. Higgins advances some new ideas in the farming line, especially in the cultivation of potatoes, viz: turning up the potatoes, then digging up the grass, then transplanting the potatoes. It is too warm to write more. Besides it is so provoking for the "summer boarders" to be buzzing about my ears and occasionally one will commit suicide in my inkstand. How sad and yet how glad are we to contemplate their fate. BILLY BARLOW.

Syrup of Figs. Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Memory. BY EUROS. Several years ago in the early autumn, the evening shades began to lengthen as I was riding through one of the upper counties of Carolina. The evening wind, soft and balmy, gently stirred the leaves of the forest through which I was passing. The tall pines seemed whispering some tale of sorrow, and a feeling of sadness was imparted to the traveler. In fancy I began to picture a maiden fair, seeking some lonely spot in this deep and sombre shade, where unseen she might indulge her grief for a departed lover, who had perhaps offered his life a sacrifice on the altar of his country. While indulging in this fancy, I ascended a gently rising slope, whence could be seen at a distance a wide marble shaft, the solemn pines standing as sentinels, with here and there a weeping-willow, water oak, or other forest tree; the grass tinged by autumn, rose bushes with a few half-shattered roses, winter-pinks, and a few evergreens scattering here and there, added to the loveliness of the spot. Truly, I thought, I wonder is a fit resting-place for innocent beauty or youthful valor. I could not pass such a spot without stopping, so leaving the road, I followed a narrow foot-path till I came to the grave.

Sacred to the Memory of MARGARET HARRISON, Aged 20 years. This was all, and yet the simple inscription told of a great sorrow more eloquently, and stirred the heart to a greater depth than a lengthy panegyric would have done.

Instead of this being the retreat of a young girl, as I had conjectured, it was rather where the young lover might come and be once again with his buried love. Dismounting, I sat down on a moss-covered stone beneath a large and spreading oak that had withstood the centuries, and I wondered why it was that the young girl was resting here alone; why she had not been laid to rest in the church yard beside her kindred. Perhaps a noble youth wooed and won this girl, sleeping so peacefully beneath these pines, and ere her happiness was complete, the death angel came and only allowed her to rest in the arms of the earth. Very likely there are two brave young hearts in that grave.

Conjecturing thus on what might be the history connected with this sad, lonely, yet lovely place, I was startled from my reverby by a footfall, a short distance from me. Looking up I perceived the figure of what at first sight appeared to be an old man, but as he drew nearer I saw that he was not more than forty-five. As he approached the grave, for an instant he stood erect, and I saw that he had a tall commanding figure. His hair was long, and originally a jet black, but now deeply mixed with gray, a brilliant black eye, though emitting a softened light as if its owner had been chastened by much sorrow. The clean shaved face and broad intellectual forehead bore the unmistakable signs of affliction.

It was that man, here's a once flery and impetuous nature subdued and chastened by a great sorrow. He stood erect a few moments, with folded arms, gazing intently at the tomb before him, while a wistful longing look came into his eye, and the tears gathered and rolled slowly down his cheek, then he threw himself on the ground, and buried his face in the grass.

For a time all was silent, except an occasional sob shook his frame. My own feelings were stirred almost beyond control, and I dared not move lest I betray my presence. "Oh, my God! My God! What had I done that Thou shouldst so afflict me? Why didst Thou take from me her whose presence filled my heart with joy, whose companionship was elysium? Was this great sorrow needed to make me thee? Oh, God! Let her come back to me if only for one moment, Let me but feel her presence once more. Oh, Margie, Margie, come back to me once more! Oh, my lost, lost love!"

I felt that my presence was almost sacrilege. I, a total stranger, had no right to intrude on such grief as I here witnessed. 'Twas too sacred however much my sympathies might be excited; therefore I rose from my hiding place and stealthily left the cemetery, meditating on the scene I had just witnessed. My desire to learn the history of this stranger and the young girl whose early death had caused him such sorrow was strong, and I determined to do so if possible.

I had not ridden far till I noticed a house one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the road a neat white cottage almost hidden by the abundance of shrubbery. The space in front containing six or seven acres, was most beautifully laid out in a grove. The arrangement of the trees seemed a studied disorder. This grove composed of the different great trees added much to the beauty and home-like appearance of the place. It said these people live here, they don't simply stay. The yard about an acre was filled with shrubs, rose bushes, flower beds arranged with the same studied negligence as the grove in front.

The beauty, simplicity and home-like appearance irresistibly appealed to my feelings, and I determined to spend the night here if the good people would take me in. Accordingly I turned into the road that led up to the house. Reaching the gate I saw sitting on the porch a hale old man of perhaps seventy-five, with a clean shaven face and long white hair combed back from the forehead. He was a face that you could trust. The countenance bespoke a heart at peace not only with his fellow man, but also with his Maker. In the back yard I could see his companion through life surrounded by a large flock of chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigeons. I never saw a face on which goodness and purity were more indelibly stamped.

As I drew near the gate, the old man arose and walked forward to meet me. Before I could speak his deep, but gentle voice broke me almost.

"I perceive," he said, grasping my hand, "that you are a stranger in this part of the country. I trust you will spend the night with me. We are one of two old primas near the journey's end; but judging

from your face, I fancy you are one who can find pleasure in the company of old people."

"You are right, sir," I replied, "the company of old people who have seen so much of time, witnessed so many stirring events, and withal are so rich in experience, is a source of great pleasure to me; and for your most kind invitation, accept my sincere thanks. I was so struck with the home-like appearance of your place that I wished to form the acquaintance of the people who lived here, and turned in with the intention of seeking accommodation for the night, but your kind invitation saved me that. You have a beautiful home sir; and from the simple grandeur of that grove, I half expected to find here just such a man as you appear to be."

"It has been my custom for the past twenty years," said he as we took seats on the porch, "to offer the hospitality of my house to the strangers who approached my gate at sunset. Twenty years ago, almost to a day, a stranger rode up to my gate and asked me to spend the night. He appeared very friendly, very almost like my daughter, but at the time very sick, and I told him that under the circumstances I could not accommodate him, but he could get accommodation at the next house, about half a mile distant. When he reached there, he had to be carried to the house, having become so ill he could scarcely sit his horse. For a week his life was despaired of. His sickness, however, proved a blessing to more than one in this community; for it prevented him from continuing his journey for three or four weeks, and we learned that in indeed an angel had been entertained unawares. He was a Methodist preacher, and during all my life I have never known a better, more consecrated man. Since then I have always invited the stranger at my gate to enjoy the hospitality of my house, and I have been more than repaid."

"You have been cultivating that grove for a number of years? Those pines are, I suppose, but a continuation of that noble pine forest I just passed through."

"Yes, as man, and boy, I have been cutting away pines and planting other trees for nearly four score years. When I was a lad of ten my father told me he would give me this place for a home when I grew up, but advised me to begin then to improve it. So I began on that grove, cutting all the little trees and some of the larger ones till my father told me he thought I had cut enough. Most of the trees are native to the soil there. Just above here is another forest of oak. By the time I was twenty I had it nearly as you now see. Yes, it's a grand old forest."

Thus the old gentleman continued giving me a history of his home and reminiscences of his youth in our own land, till supper was announced. After supper we repaired to the sitting room, and were presently joined by his good lady. On entering the room I noticed a large picture of a beautiful girl, hanging over the mantel. An oval face, a cloud like mass of chestnut curls, and dark brown eyes with an almost heavenly light, a face once seen never to be forgotten, once loved forever to be cherished. As I drew nearer I saw written on a card stuck under the frame the one word—Margie.

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RICHMOND & DANVILLE RAILROAD CO.

Co. Umba and Greenville divisions. Condensed schedule in effect July 1891. Trains run on 75th Meridian time. NORTH BOUND.

No. 42. Lv Newberry 9 00 a.m. Clinton 10 55 a.m. Ar Laurens 11 55 a.m.

No. 41. Lv Laurens 5 15 p.m. Ar Clinton 6 40 p.m. Ar Newberry 7 40 p.m.

No. 40. Lv Charleston via S. C. R. R. 6 15 a.m. Ar Columbia 10 15 a.m. Ar Union 12 30 a.m. Ar Spartanburg 1 30 p.m. Ar Tryon 3 00 p.m. Ar Saluda 3 40 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 4 00 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 4 30 p.m. Ar Asheville 5 17 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 6 40 p.m. Ar Union 7 15 p.m. Ar Knoxville 8 30 p.m. Ar Chattanooga 10 15 p.m.

No. 39. Lv Columbia 11 25 p.m. Ar Union 12 55 p.m. Ar Spartanburg 1 55 p.m. Ar Tryon 2 55 p.m. Ar Saluda 3 10 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 3 40 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 4 00 p.m. Ar Asheville 4 30 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 5 00 p.m. Ar Union 5 30 p.m. Ar Knoxville 6 00 p.m. Ar Chattanooga 6 40 p.m.

No. 38. Lv Asheville 9 45 a.m. Ar Saluda 10 15 a.m. Ar Hot Springs 10 55 a.m. Ar Hendersonville 11 25 a.m. Ar Asheville 11 55 a.m. Ar Union 12 20 a.m. Ar Spartanburg 12 50 a.m. Ar Columbia 1 30 p.m.

No. 37. Lv Asheville 10 15 a.m. Ar Saluda 10 55 a.m. Ar Hot Springs 11 25 a.m. Ar Hendersonville 11 55 a.m. Ar Asheville 12 20 a.m. Ar Union 12 50 a.m. Ar Spartanburg 1 30 p.m. Ar Columbia 2 00 p.m.

No. 36. Lv Asheville 10 45 a.m. Ar Saluda 11 25 a.m. Ar Hot Springs 12 05 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 12 35 p.m. Ar Asheville 1 05 p.m. Ar Union 1 35 p.m. Ar Spartanburg 2 05 p.m. Ar Columbia 2 35 p.m.

No. 35. Lv Asheville 11 15 a.m. Ar Saluda 12 05 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 12 45 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 1 15 p.m. Ar Asheville 1 45 p.m. Ar Union 2 15 p.m. Ar Spartanburg 2 45 p.m. Ar Columbia 3 15 p.m.

No. 34. Lv Asheville 11 45 a.m. Ar Saluda 12 35 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 1 15 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 1 45 p.m. Ar Asheville 2 15 p.m. Ar Union 2 45 p.m. Ar Spartanburg 3 15 p.m. Ar Columbia 3 45 p.m.

No. 33. Lv Asheville 12 15 p.m. Ar Saluda 1 05 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 1 45 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 2 15 p.m. Ar Asheville 2 45 p.m. Ar Union 3 15 p.m. Ar Spartanburg 3 45 p.m. Ar Columbia 4 15 p.m.

No. 32. Lv Asheville 12 45 p.m. Ar Saluda 1 35 p.m. Ar Hot Springs 2 15 p.m. Ar Hendersonville 2 45 p.m. Ar Asheville 3 15 p.m. Ar Union 3 45 p.m. Ar Spartanburg 4 15 p.m. Ar Columbia 4 45 p.m.

No. 31. Lv Asheville 1 15 a.m. Ar Saluda 2 05 a.m. Ar Hot Springs 2 45 a.m. Ar Hendersonville 3 15 a.m. Ar Asheville 3 45 a.m. Ar Union 4 15 a.m. Ar Spartanburg 4 45 a.m. Ar Columbia 5 15 a.m.

No. 30. Lv Asheville 1 45 a.m. Ar Saluda 2 35 a.m. Ar Hot Springs 3 15 a.m. Ar Hendersonville 3 45 a.m. Ar Asheville 4 15 a.m. Ar Union 4 45 a.m. Ar Spartanburg 5 15 a.m. Ar Columbia 5 45 a.m.

No. 29. Lv Asheville 2 15 a.m. Ar Saluda 3 05 a.m. Ar Hot Springs 3 45 a.m. Ar Hendersonville 4 1