AN AWFUL STRUGGLE

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON LIFE'S SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS.

The Fierce Combat With an Unknown Visitor That Lasts Until Daybreak—When Waves of Trouble Almost Overwhelm. The Cry to God of a Dying Soul.

BROOKLYN, April 22.—The Tabernacle was crowded this morning with the usual throng of eager listeners. Dr. Talmage preached on the spiritual conflicts of life, taking for his text Genesis xxxii, 24-26: "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining ladder with the angels down into his dream, but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple clouds begin to ripen [illegible] the angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "The day breaketh!"

Christian Struggles.

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And, behold, he found himself alone by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lip and clinched their fists and cried, with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

The Giant Habit.

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurled it into utter darkness. First I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and musical instruments and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams and Christian households are silent with slumber, angel watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that.

I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bereavement and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family.

It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is most affecting. It was a humble home, and passersby knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable that that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopylæ or Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred."

These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul! The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me!"

Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Purified by Fire.

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thrash it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry
We are marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Marks of the Combat.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails, it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed those premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah, it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we stoics that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all consuming grief that wrings its hands and grinds its teeth and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were trouble touched.

The Day Breaketh.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Arminians in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are nonessentials in religion.

During my vacation one summer I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopalian church and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not go always saddened and heartbroken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open The day breaketh.

Luther and Melanchthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon: "Come, Philipp, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

The Death Struggle.

Death to many, nay to all, is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along—1 o'clock in the morning; 2 o'clock in the morning; 4 o'clock in the morning. The day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well, but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming: "Let me go; let me go. The day breaketh!"

Cooling Water.

It is not generally known that water may be cooled almost to ice water temperature by putting it into an unglazed earthen jar and hanging it in a current of air. The water permeates the porous vessel and evaporates rapidly, thus cooling the water in a very short time.—New York Ledger.

An Answer.

A rather gayly dressed young lady asked her Sunday class, "What is meant by the pomps and vanities of the world?"

The answer was honest, but rather unexpected, "Them flowers in your hat."—London Tit-Bits.

Sir Andrew Clark's Aphorisms.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physican, made use of the three following aphorisms during a conversation with Miss Frances Willard: "Labor is the life of life." "Ease is the way to disease." "The highest life of an organ lies in the fullest discharge of its functions." There is a feast of food for reflection in these three sentences.

Stephen Elliott's Herbarium.

Dr. Nathaniel Lord Britton, of Columbia College, New York, an eminent young specialist in botany, recently spent several days in this city examining the herbarium of Stephen Elliott, one of the treasures of the Museum, of the College of Charleston and probably the most valuable herbarium in the State with the exception of that collected and prepared by the late Henry W Ravenel.

In the February bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club Dr Britton has the following interesting note on the herbarium of Stephen Elliott:

"It will be of interest to botanists to know that the plans on which Elliot's 'Sketch of the Botany of South Carolina and Georgia,' published at Charleston, S C, from 1816 to 1824, is based are preserved in the Museum of the College of Charleston and are readily accessible to students. The collection is unmounted and is tied up in some thirty large volumes. It is in a moderately good state of preservation, some portions of it having unfortunately been badly damaged by insect depredations. It contains, besides his own collections in the region covered by his book, many specimens from Schweinitz, Rafinesque, Torrey, Oakes and Muhlenberg, and from his colleagues, Drs. Baldwin and Macbride and Mr. Gourdin.

The representation of material from Muhlenberg is probably more extensive than in any other collection in America, and this is a most important circumstance, because Muhlenberg's own herbarium, in charge of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, is in very bad order, imperfectly preserved and not very easily consulted. I found that a very large number of the species of Muhlenberg, first published by Willdenow in his 'Species Plantarium' and 'Enumeratio,' are represented by authentic specimens in the Elliott herbarium. Inasmuch as the only other considerable number of them is to be found in Willdenow's herbarium at Berlin we have here an easy and in most cases satisfactory method of verifying the original descriptions.

The herbarium is in charge of Dr. G. E. Manigault, to whom I am indebted for much courtesy and who greatly facilitated my studies."—News and Courier.

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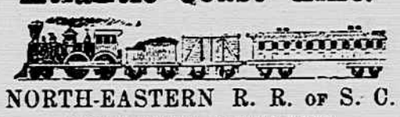

NORTH-EASTERN R. R. OF S. C.

CONDENSED SCHEDLUE,

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Jan 11, 1894.	No †501	No. 35 *	No. 61 *	No. 23 *	No.53 *
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P M.	
Le Fl'nce	6 35	*3 37	*7 5	* 7 25	
" Kingst.			8 58	8 37	
Ar Lanes.		4 52	9 20	9 00	P. M
Le Lanes.		4 52	9 20	9 00	* 7 05
Ar. Ch'n.	9 42	6 50	11 20	11 00	8 45
	A. M.	A M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. †500	No. 78 *	No. 60 *	No. 14 *	No. 52 *
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Le. Ch'n	8 41	* 3 35	*5 00	*3 30	*7 00
Ar Lanes.		5 30	7 00	5 29	8 35
Le Lanes.		5 30	7 05	5 29	
" Kingst		5 52	7 25	5 45	
Ar Fl'nce	11 39	7 10	8 50	6 45	
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M

* Daily.

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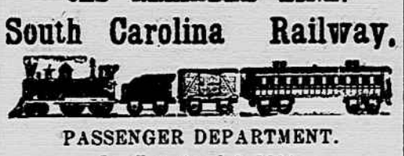

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

In effect April 8, 1894.

SCHEDULE.

Lv Charleston,	7 15 a m	5 30 p m
" Summerville,	7 52 a m	6 15 p m
" Pregnalls,	8 28 a m	6 58 p m
" Branchville,	9 10 a m	7 42 p m
" Bamberg,	9 53 a m	8 28 p m
" Denmark	10 08 a m	8 42 p m
" Blackville	10 25 a m	8 58 p m
" Aiken	11 27 a m	10 00 p m
Ar Augusta	12 15 p m	10 45 p m
Lv Augusta	6 30 a m	3 40 p m
" Aiken	7 14 a m	4 27 p m
" Blackville	8 10 a m	5 28 p m
" Denmark	8 25 a m	5 44 p m
" Bamberg	8 39 a m	5 58 p m
" Branchville	9 20 a m	6 25 p m
" Pregnalls	10 05 a m	7 28 p m
" Summerville	10 45 a m	8 05 p m
Ar Charleston	11 30 a m	8 45 p m
Lv Charleston	7 15 a m	5 30 p m
" Summerville	7 52 a m	6 05 p m
" Orangeburg	9 46 a m	8 32 p m
" Kingville	10 32 a m	9 20 p m
Ar Columbia	11 15 a m	10 10 p m
Lv Columbia	4 20 p m	6 50 a m
" Kingville	5 05 p m	7 57 a m
" Orangeburg	5 56 p m	8 30 a m
" Summerville	8 05 p m	10 45 a m
Ar Charleston	8 45 p m	11 30 a m

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Lv Columbia	8 35 a m
Lv Kingville	9 35 a m
Ar Camden	12 50 p m
Lv Camden	2 30 p m
Ar Kingville	5 15 p m
Ar Columbia	6 15 p m

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Dec 24, 1893.	No. 55	No. 58
	P. M.	A. M.
L've Wilmington	* 3 20	
Leave Marion	6 11	
Arrive Florence	6 50	
	No. 50	A M.
	P. M.	No. 58
Leave Florence	*7 10	*7 45
Ar've Sumter	8 2	20
		No 52
Leave Sumter	8 28	*9 53
Ar've Columbia	10 00	11 05

No. 52 runs through from Charleston via Central R. R. leaving Lane 8:44 A. M., Manning 9:20. A. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 51	No. 53
	A M	P M
Leave Columbia	* 4 30	* 4 20
Ar've Sumter	5 57	5 35
		No. 59
Leave Sumter	5 57	* 5 45
Arrive Florence	7 15	6 55
	No. 56	
Leave Florence	* 7 40	
Leave Marion	8 23	
Arr. Wilmington	11 10	

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

No. 53 runs through to Charleston, S. C., via Central R. R., arriving Manning 6:15 P. M., Lanes 7:00 P. M., Charleston 8.45 P. M.

Trains on Manchester & Augusta R. R. leave Sumter daily except Sunday, 10:50 A. M., arrive Rimini 11.59. Returning leave Rimini 1:00, P. M., arrive Sumter 2:10 P. M

Trains on Hartsville R. R. leave Hartsville daily except Sunday at 6.00 a. m., arriving Floyds 6.35 a. m. Returning leave Floyds 8.00 p. m., arriving Hartsville 8.04 p. m.

Trains on Wilmington Chadbourn and Conway railroad, leave Chadbourn 10:10 a. m. arrive at Conway 12.30 p. m., returning leave Conway at 2.00 p. m., arrive Chadbourn 4.50 p. m. Leave Chadbourn 5.15 p. m., arrive at Hub 6.00 p. m. Returning leave Hub at 8.15 a m. arrive at Chadbeurn 9.00 a. m. Daily except Sunday.

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N. B.		STATIONS.		S. B
1				2
A M				P M
7 15	Lv	Charleston	Ar	8 45
8 40	Lv	Pregnall's	Ar	7 27
8 49	"	Harleyville	"	7 18
9 02	"	Peck's	"	7 05
9 05	"	Holly Hill	"	7 02
9 10	"	Connors	"	6 57
9 17	"	Eutawville	"	6 50
9 27	"	Vances	"	6 40
9 42	"	Merriam	"	6 25
9 53	"	St Paul	"	6 14
9 59	"	Summerton	"	6 08
10 08	"	Silver	"	5 59
10 16	"	Packsville	"	5 51
10 28	"	Tindal	"	5 40
10 42	Ar	Sumter	Lv	5 27
10 47	Lv	Sumter	Ar	5 22
11 00	"	Oswego	"	5 11
11 14	"	St. Charles	"	4 50
11 23	"	Elliotts	"	4 59
11 38	"	Lamar	"	4 37
11 52	"	Syracuse	"	4 24
12 05	"	Darlington	"	4 12
12 19	"	Mont Clare	"	3 58
12 30	"	Robbins Neck	"	3 41
12 42	"	Mandeville	"	3 35
12 56	Ar	Bennettsville	Lv	3 21
1 04	"	Breeden's	"	3 14
1 08	"	Alice	"	3 07
1 20	"	Gibson	"	2 59
1 33	"	Ghio	"	2 44
1 47	Ar	Hamlet	Lv	2 30
P M				P M

POND BLUFF BRANCH.

No. 41 leaves Eutawville 9.45 a. m., Belvidere 9.55 arrive Ferguson 10.05.

No. 42 leaves Ferguson 10 35 a.m., Belvidere 10.45, arrive Eutawville 10.55.

HARLIN CITY BRANCH.

No. 33 going North leaves Vances 6 50 p. m., Snells 7 08, Parlers 7 17, arrives Harlin City 7 35 p. m.

No. 34 going South leaves Harlin City 5 15, Parlers 5 35, Snells 5 48, arrive Vances 6 10 p. m.

No. 31 going North leaves Vances 11 15 a. m., Snells 11 35, Parlers 11 48, arrive Harlin City 12 10 p. m.

No. 32 going South leaves Harlin City 8 30 a. m., Parlers 8 48, Snells 8 57, arrive Vances 9 15 a. m.

Trains 32 and 31 connect with No. 1 at Vances.

Trains 34 and 33 connect with No. 2 at Vances.

No. 41 connects with No. 1 at Eutawville.

No. 1 has connection from S. C., No. 11 at Pregnalls, connects with Harlin City Branch Trains 32 and 31 at Vances and connects with C. C. No. 43 at Hamlet.

No. 2 has connection from C. C. No. 36 at Hamlet, connects with Harlin City Branch Trains 34 and 33 at Vances and connects with S C. No. 12 at Pregnalls.

No. 1 connects with Seaboard Air Line at Hamlet for Wilmington, Charlotte, Shelby, Rutherfordton; and at Charlotte with R. & D. Vestibule Limited for Washington and New York. Passengers can take sleeper at Charlotte at 8.35 p. m.

No. 2 passengers by this train have through Sleepers. New York to Charlotte, connects with S. A. L, at Hamlet from Charlotte and North, and from Wilmington, connetcs with S. C. R. R. at Pregnalls for Charleston and Augusta. Dinner at Hamlet.

C. MILLARD, Superintendent.

Charleston, Cincinnati & Chicago R.R.

SAMUEL HUNT, Agent for Purchaser.

In effect April 9, 1894.

CAROLINAS DIVISION.

NORTHBOUND.—(Daily except Sunday.)

	33	
Lv Charleston	7.15 a m	
S. C. R. R.		
Lv Augusta	6.50 a m	
Lv Columbia	8.35 a m	
Ar Camden	12.50 p m	
Lv Camden	1.10 p m	
Ar Kershaw	2.10 p m	
Lv Kershaw	2.30 p m	
Lv Lancaster	3.45 p m	
Lv Catawba Junction	4.45 p m	
Ar Rock Hill	5.15 p m	
Lv Rock Hill	5 45 p m	
Lv Yorkville	6.30 p m	11
Lv Blacksburg	7.45 p m	8.00 a m
Lv Patterson Springs	8 04 p m	8.37 a m
Lv Shelby	8.15 p m	9 10 a m
Lv Rutherfordton		11.10 a m
Ar Marion		1 00 p m
Lv Marion, (R. & D. R R.)		1.46 p m
Lv Round Knob, "		2.26 p m
Lv Asheville, "		4.08 p m
Lv Hot Springs, "		5.36 p m
Lv Knoxville, (E. T. V. & G.)		8.00 p m
Ar Louisville, (L. & N. R. R.)		7.15 a m
Ar Cincinnati, (Q. & C.)		7.20 a m

SOUTHBOUND.—(Daily except Sunday.)

	32	12
Lv Cincinnati, [Q. & C.]		7.00 p m
Lv Louisville, [L. & N. R. R.]		8.00 p m
Lv Knoxville, [E. T. V. & G.]		8 00 a m
Lv Hot Springs, [R. & D.]		12.44 p m
Lv Asheville, "		2.30 p m
Lv Round Knob, "		3.52 p m
Ar Marion, "		4.33 p m
Lv Marion		4.45 p m
Lv Rutherfordton		6.10 p m
Lv Shelby	6.45 a m	8.23 p m
Lv Patterson Springs	6.56 a m	8.39 p m
Ar Blacksburg	7.15 a m	9.06 p m
Lv Blacksburg	7.45 a m	
Lv Yorkville	9.07 a m	
Ar Rock Hill	9.45 a m	
Lv Rock Hill	10 15 a m	
Lv Catawba Junction	11.00 a m	
Lv Lancaster	12.00 p m	
Ar Kershaw	12.50 p m	
Lv Kershaw	1.05 p m	
Ar Camden	2.00 p m	
S. C. R. R.		
Lv Camden	2.30 p m	
Ar Columbia	6.15 p m	
Ar Augusta	12.45 a m	
Ar Charleston	8.45 p m	

Dinner at Kershaw.

CONNECTIONS.

Camden—With S. C. Ry., for Charleston, Columbia, Augusta and all points South.

Lancaster—With Cheraw & Chester N. G. R. R., for Chester.

Catawba Junction—With G. C. & N. R. R.

Rock Hill—No. 33 with "Vestibule Limited" on R. & D. R. R., arriving at Charlotte 8.30 p m, Washington 7 20 a m, Philadelphia 10 46 a m, New York 1.23 p m.

Yorkville—With Chester & Lenoir R. R.

Blacksburg—With R. & D. R. R. for Spartanburg, Greenville, Atlanta and points South, and Charlotte and points North.

Shelby—No. 32 with Carolina Central R. R., also with Stages to Cleveland Springs.

Marion—No. 11 with R. & D. R. R. for Round Knob, Asheville and Hot Springs.

SAMUEL HUNT, Gen. Manager.
A. TRIPP, Superintendent.
S. B. LUMPKIN, Gen. Pass Agent.