

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Copyrighted and published in book form by the Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.



"Then I will make it one," replied Felicia. "I know this seems like an impossibility, but I want to try it. I know a score of girls already who will take the course, and if we can once establish something like an esprit de corps among the girls themselves I am sure it will be of great value to them. I know already that the pure food is working a revolution in many families."

"Felicia, if you can accomplish half of what you propose to do, it will bless this whole community," said Mrs. Bruce. "I don't see how you can do it, but I say 'God bless you' as you try."

"So say we all!" cried Dr. Bruce and the bishop, and Felicia plunged into the working out of her plan with the enthusiasm of her discipleship, which every day grew more and more practical and serviceable.

It must be said here that Felicia's plan succeeded beyond all expectations. She developed wonderful powers of persuasion and taught her girls with astonishing rapidity to do all sorts of housework. In time the graduates of Felicia's cooking school came to be prized by housekeepers all over the city. But that is anticipating our story. The history of the settlement has never yet been written. When it is, Felicia's part will be found of very great importance.

The depth of winter found Chicago presenting, as every great city of the world presents, to the eyes of Christendom that marked contrast between riches and poverty, between culture, refinement, luxury, ease and ignorance, depravity, destitution and the bitter struggle for bread. It was a hard winter, but a gay winter. Never had there been such a succession of parties, receptions, balls, dinners, banquets, fetes, gayeties; never had the opera and the theater been so crowded with fashionable audiences; never had there been such a lavish display of jewels and fine dresses and equipages, and on the other hand, never had the deep want and suffering been so cruel, so sharp, so murderous; never had the winds blown so chilling over the lake and through the thin shells of tenements in the neighborhood of the settlement; never had the pressure for food and fuel and clothes been so urgently thrust up against the people of the city in their most importunate and ghastly form.

Night after night the bishop and Dr. Bruce, with their helpers, went out and helped to save men and women and children from the torture of physical privation. Vast quantities of food and clothing and large sums of money were donated by the churches, the charitable societies, the civic authorities and the benevolent associations, but the personal touch of the Christian disciple was very hard to secure for personal work. Where was the discipleship that was obeying the Master's command to go itself to the suffering and give itself with its gift, in order to make the gift of value in time to come? The bishop found his heart sink within him as he faced this fact more than any other. Men would give money who would not think of giving themselves and the money they gave did not represent any real sacrifice because they did not miss it. They gave what was the easiest to give, what hurt them the least. Where did the sacrifice come in? Was this following Jesus? Was this going with him all the way? He had been to many members of his own wealthy and aristocratic congregation and was appalled to find how few men and women of that luxurious class in the churches would really suffer any genuine inconvenience for the sake of suffering humanity.

Is charity the giving of worn-out garments? Is it a ten dollar bill given to a paid visitor or secretary of some benevolent organization in the church? Shall the man never go and give his gift himself? Shall the woman never deny herself her reception or her party or her musical and go and actually touch the foul, sinful sore of diseased humanity as it festers in the great metropolis? Shall charity be conveniently and easily done through some organization? Is it possible to organize the affections so that love shall work disagreeable things by proxy?

All this the bishop asked as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross within over the shifting of personal love by the many upon the hearts of the few. And still, silently, powerfully, resistlessly, the Holy Spirit was moving through the church upon even the aristocratic, wealthy, ease-loving members, who shunned the terrors of the social problem as they would shun a contagious disease.

This fact was impressed upon the bishop and the settlement workers in a startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident that winter shows more plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue church and the action of Dr. Bruce and the bishop that followed the pledge to do as Jesus would do.

The breakfast hour at the settlement was the one hour in the day when the whole resident family found a little breathing space to fellowship together. It was an hour of relaxation. There was a great deal of good natured repartee and much real wit and enjoyable fun at this hour. The bishop told his best stories. Dr. Bruce was at his best in anecdote. This company of disciples was healthily humorous in spite of the atmosphere of sorrow that constantly surrounded them. In fact, the bishop often said that the faculty of humor

remember I was one of those who took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. I thought at the time, poor fool that I was, that I had all along been doing the Christian thing. I gave liberally out of my abundance to the church and charity. I never gave myself to cost me any suffering. I have been living in a perfect hell of contradictions ever since I took the pledge. My little girl, Diana, you remember, also took the pledge with me. She has been asking me a great many questions lately about the poor people and where they lived. I was obliged to answer her. Two of her questions last night touched my sore. Did I own any houses where those people lived? Were they nice and warm like ours? You know how a child will ask questions like these. I went to bed tormented with what I now know to be the divine arrows of conscience. I could not sleep. I seemed to see the judgment day. I was placed before the Judge. I was asked to give account of my deeds done in the body. How many sinful souls had I visited in prison? What had I done with my stewardship? How about those tenements where people froze in winter and stifled in summer? Did I give any thought to them, except to receive the rentals from them? Where did my suffering come in? Would Jesus have done as I had done and was doing? Had I broken my pledge? How had I used the money and the culture and the social influence I possessed? Had I used them to bless humanity, to relieve the suffering, to bring joy to the distressed and hope to the despairing? I had received much. How much had I given?

"All this came to me in a waking vision as distinctly as I see you two men and myself now. I was unable to see the end of the vision. I had a confused picture in my mind of the suffering Christ pointing a condemning finger at me, and the rest was shut out by mist and darkness. I have not had sleep for 24 hours. The first thing I saw this morning was the account of the shooting at the coalyards. I read the account with a feeling of horror I have not been able to shake off. I am a guilty creature before God."

Penrose paused suddenly. The two men looked at him solemnly. What power of the Holy Spirit moved the soul of this hitherto self-satisfied, elegant, cultured man who belonged to the social life that was accustomed to go its way, placidly unmindful of the great sorrows of a great city and practically ignorant of what it means to suffer for Jesus' sake?

Into that room came a breath such as before swept over Henry Maxwell's church and through Nazareth Avenue, and the bishop laid his hand on the shoulder of Penrose and said: "My brother, God has been very near to you. Let us thank him."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Penrose. He sat down on a chair and covered his face. The bishop prayed. Then Penrose quietly said, "Will you go with me to that house?"

For answer both Dr. Bruce and the bishop put on their overcoats and went out with him to the home of the dead man's family. This was the beginning of a new and strange life for Clarence Penrose. From the moment he stepped into that wretched hovel of a home and faced for the first time in his life a dead and suffering such as he had read of, but did not know by personal contact, he dated a new life. It would be another long story to tell how, in obedience to his pledge, he began to do with his tenement property as he knew Jesus would do. What would Jesus do with tenement property if he owned it in Chicago or any other great city of the world? Any man who can imagine any true answer to this question can easily tell what Clarence Penrose began to do.

Now, before that winter reached its bitter climax many things occurred in the city that concerned the lives of all the characters in this history of the disciples who promised to walk in his steps. It chanced, by one of those remarkable coincidences that seem to occur preternaturally, that one afternoon, just as Felicia came out of the settlement with a basket which she was going to leave as a sample with a baker in the Penrose district, Stephen Clyde opened the door of the carpenter shop in the basement and came out of the lower door in time to meet Felicia as she reached the sidewalk.

"Let me carry your basket, please," he said.

"Why do you say 'please'?" asked Felicia, handing over the basket.

"I would like to say something else," replied Stephen, glancing at her shyly and yet with a boldness that frightened him, for he had been loving Felicia more every day since he first saw her, and especially since she stepped into the shop that day with the bishop, and for weeks now they had been in many ways thrown into each other's company.

"What else?" asked Felicia innocently, falling into the trap.

"Why," said Stephen, turning his fair, noble face full toward her and eying her with the look of one who would have the best of all things in the universe. "I would like to say, 'Let me carry your basket, dear Felicia.'"

Felicia never looked so beautiful in her life. She walked on a little way without even turning her face toward him. It was no secret with her own heart that she had given it to Stephen some time ago. Finally she turned and said shyly, while her face grew rosy and her eyes tender, "Why don't you say it, then?"

"May I?" cried Stephen, and he was so careful for a minute of the way he held the basket that Felicia exclaimed, "Yes! But, oh, don't drop my goodies!"

"Why, I wouldn't drop anything so precious for all the world," said Felicia. "I said Stephen, who now walked on air for several blocks, and what else was said during that walk is private correspondence that we have no right to read, only it is matter of history that day that the basket never reached its destination and that over in the other direction late in the afternoon the bishop, walking along quietly in a rather secluded spot near the outlying part of the settlement district, heard a familiar voice say, "But tell me, Fe-

licia, when did you begin to love me?" "I fell in love with a little pine shaving just above your ear that day I saw you in the shop," said the other voice, with a laugh so clear, so pure, so sweet, that it did one good to hear it.

The next moment the bishop turned the corner and came upon them. "Where are you going with that basket?" he tried to say sternly. "We're taking it to—where are we taking it to, Felicia?"

"Dear bishop, we are taking it home to begin."

"To begin housekeeping with," finished Stephen, coming to the rescue. "Are you?" said the bishop. "I hope you will invite me in to share. I know what Felicia's cooking is."

"Bishop, dear bishop," said Felicia, and she did not pretend to hide her happiness, "indeed you shall always be the most honored guest. Are you glad?"

"Yes, I am," replied the bishop, interpreting Felicia's words as she wished. Then he paused a moment and said gently, "God bless you both!" and went his way, with a tear in his eye and a prayer in his heart, and left them to their joy.

Yes; shall not the same divine power of love that belongs to earth be lived and sung by the disciples of the man of sorrows and the burden bearer of sins? Yea, verily! And this man and woman shall walk hand in hand through this great desert of human woe in this city, strengthening each other, growing more loving with the experience of the world's sorrows, walking in his steps even closer yet because of this love, bringing added blessings to thousands of wretched creatures because they are to have a home of their own to share with the homeless. "For this cause," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife," and Felicia and Stephen, following the Master, love him with deeper, truer service and devotion because of the earthly affection which heaven itself sanctions with its solemn blessing.

Now, it was a little after the love story of the settlement became a part of its glory that Henry Maxwell of Raymond came to Chicago with Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page and Rollin and Alexander Powers and President Marsh, and the occasion was a remarkable gathering at the hall of the settlement, arranged by the bishop and Dr. Bruce, who had finally persuaded Mr. Maxwell and his fellow disciples of Raymond to come on to be present at this meeting.

The bishop invited into the settlement hall meeting for that night men out of work, wretched creatures who had lost faith in God and man, anarchists and infidels, freethinkers and no thinkers. The representatives of all the city's worst, most hopeless, most dangerous, depraved elements faced Henry Maxwell and the other disciples when the meeting began, and still the Holy Spirit moved over the great, heaving, selfish, pleasure loving, sin stained city, and it lay in God's hand, not knowing all that awaited it. Every man and woman at the meeting that night had seen the settlement motto over the door, blazing through the transparency set up by the divinity student. "What Would Jesus Do?"

And Henry Maxwell, as for the first time he stepped under the doorway, was touched with a deeper emotion than he had felt in a long time as he thought of the first time that question had come to him in the piteous appeal of the shabby young man who had appeared in the First Church of Raymond at the morning service.

Was his great desire for Christian fellowship going to be granted? Would the movement begun in Raymond actually spread over the country? He had come to Chicago with his friends partly to see if the answer to that question would be found in the heart of the great city life. In a few minutes he would face the people. He had grown very strong and calm since he first spoke with trembling to that company of workmen in the railroad shops, but now, as then, he breathed a deeper prayer for help. Then he went in, and with the bishop and the rest of the disciples he experienced one of the great and important events of the earthly life. Somehow he felt as if this meeting would indicate something of an answer to his constant query. "What would Jesus do?" and tonight as he looked into the faces of men and women who had for years been strangers and enemies to the church his heart cried out, "O my Master, teach thy church how to follow thy steps better!" Is that prayer of Henry Maxwell's to be answered? Will the church in the city respond to the call to follow him? Will it choose to walk in his steps of pain and suffering? And still over all the city broods the Spirit. Grieve him not, O city, for he was never more ready to revolutionize this world than now!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Artist's Hoodoo.

"Artists are a queer lot," remarked one of them yesterday as he smoked pensively in his Chestnut street studio and gazed dejectedly at a half finished sketch. "I can't do any work today just because I dreamed of a red-headed girl last night. That lets me out. I can dream of any other kind of girl and it doesn't affect my work, but if the vision of my dreams has red hair I'm no good the next day."

"No, it's not superstition. I don't know what it is. All artists have their off days from some cause or other, and some of them have antidotes. I have none. I just give up when the red-headed girl comes across the path of my dreams."

"A friend of mine counteracts the effect of his hoodoo by clothing himself in an outlandish way. I have seen him working in an opera hat, the coat of his dress suit and a pair of pink pyjamas, and doing good work at that. Another friend of mine always cuts a lot of raw onions when he has a particularly sentimental subject to handle. But when it comes to me I just have to give up."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Experience Versus Arithmetic. Teacher—Johnny may stand up to recite. Now, Johnny, suppose I borrow \$50 from your father and agree to pay \$5 a week, how long will it be before he gets his money? Johnny—Just one week. Teacher—Oh, think again; that's not right! Johnny—Yes, it is. I know my father. He'd have you up in the courts by that time.—New York World.

The Byzantine princes played a game which differed very little from our modern polo.

PLANNERS CUBAN OIL cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Rheumatism and Sores. Price, 25 cts Sold by Hogson-Ligon Co

The Gentle Art of Winking. "When you have mastered the gentle art of winking," said Lord Beaconsfield, "you hold the key to success in your hands."

Every one's personality is made up of trivial failings and trivial talents. Foster the good qualities in your friends and subordinates and wink at those failings so dear to their possessors. Not to see everything is a rule which will strengthen friendships and help you to get the best results from your fellow workers.

"He is no good," said the great Napoleon of one of his officers. "He is continually looking into the private's stew pot!"

"I want a man who can keep his eye on the ultimate result and ignore little failings, never mind how aggravating," said Nelson. And General Gordon once remarked that the man who lost his temper because a private's boot lace was tied loosely on the day of battle did more to lose the day than all the enemy's guns.

"Not if It Were My Boy." Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Bismarck's Appetite. Among other amusing reminiscences of the late Prince Bismarck appearing in Herr John Booth's "Memoirs of the Iron Chancellor" is one relating to the latter's gargantuan capacity for eating and drinking. He told the author that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered 25; then, as they were very good, 50 more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred, to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then 26 and had just returned from England.

It Looked Suspicious. "Isn't your neighbor Blinkinoff a drinking man?"

"I wouldn't like to give an expert opinion on the subject. I'll admit, however, that I saw him the other night trying to drive a spigot into an ash barrel, thinking that it was cider."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If Man Were a Flea. Snyder, the calculating barber, had not opened his lips for fully four minutes, and it was plain to be seen that he had something on his mind. Finally he swallowed twice, breathed hard for a moment and gave vent to his feelings in this manner:

"I've been thinking what I could do if I were only a flea. I read in a scientific paper the other day that if a man were built on the same lines as a flea he could jump from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in one leap. I mean, of course, if he had all the power of a flea increased in proportion to his size. Think how quickly he could circumnavigate the globe. It might be possible to get around the world in an hour. The distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburg is 354 miles, and the equatorial circumference of the earth is 24,902 miles.

"A simple calculation in mental arithmetic will show you that this would be a fraction over 70 leaps. It surely wouldn't take a minute for each jump, judged from the liveliness of the flea. Think of coming in here, with three or four customers ahead of you, and, instead of sitting down and waiting, just taking a few jumps around the world to kill time. There you are, sir. Witch hazel or bay rum?"—Philadelphia Record.

Grainland's Comparison. Laurence Grainland, the socialistic writer who ended his days in New York, was a thorough pessimist. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked: "It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?" "Not quite. The former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

FOR SALE. EXTRA FINE BARRED PLYMOUTHS

Also Eggs for Hatching 15 for \$2.00 Nicely Packed in New Baskets JOHN A. CULLOM, Ridge Spring, S. C.

Teacher—Johnny may stand up to recite. Now, Johnny, suppose I borrow \$50 from your father and agree to pay \$5 a week, how long will it be before he gets his money? Johnny—Just one week. Teacher—Oh, think again; that's not right! Johnny—Yes, it is. I know my father. He'd have you up in the courts by that time.—New York World.

The Byzantine princes played a game which differed very little from our modern polo.

PLANNERS CUBAN OIL cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Rheumatism and Sores. Price, 25 cts Sold by Hogson-Ligon Co

The Gentle Art of Winking. "When you have mastered the gentle art of winking," said Lord Beaconsfield, "you hold the key to success in your hands."

Every one's personality is made up of trivial failings and trivial talents. Foster the good qualities in your friends and subordinates and wink at those failings so dear to their possessors. Not to see everything is a rule which will strengthen friendships and help you to get the best results from your fellow workers.

"He is no good," said the great Napoleon of one of his officers. "He is continually looking into the private's stew pot!"

"I want a man who can keep his eye on the ultimate result and ignore little failings, never mind how aggravating," said Nelson. And General Gordon once remarked that the man who lost his temper because a private's boot lace was tied loosely on the day of battle did more to lose the day than all the enemy's guns.

"Not if It Were My Boy." Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Bismarck's Appetite. Among other amusing reminiscences of the late Prince Bismarck appearing in Herr John Booth's "Memoirs of the Iron Chancellor" is one relating to the latter's gargantuan capacity for eating and drinking. He told the author that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered 25; then, as they were very good, 50 more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred, to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then 26 and had just returned from England.

It Looked Suspicious. "Isn't your neighbor Blinkinoff a drinking man?"

"I wouldn't like to give an expert opinion on the subject. I'll admit, however, that I saw him the other night trying to drive a spigot into an ash barrel, thinking that it was cider."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If Man Were a Flea. Snyder, the calculating barber, had not opened his lips for fully four minutes, and it was plain to be seen that he had something on his mind. Finally he swallowed twice, breathed hard for a moment and gave vent to his feelings in this manner:

"I've been thinking what I could do if I were only a flea. I read in a scientific paper the other day that if a man were built on the same lines as a flea he could jump from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in one leap. I mean, of course, if he had all the power of a flea increased in proportion to his size. Think how quickly he could circumnavigate the globe. It might be possible to get around the world in an hour. The distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburg is 354 miles, and the equatorial circumference of the earth is 24,902 miles.

"A simple calculation in mental arithmetic will show you that this would be a fraction over 70 leaps. It surely wouldn't take a minute for each jump, judged from the liveliness of the flea. Think of coming in here, with three or four customers ahead of you, and, instead of sitting down and waiting, just taking a few jumps around the world to kill time. There you are, sir. Witch hazel or bay rum?"—Philadelphia Record.

Grainland's Comparison. Laurence Grainland, the socialistic writer who ended his days in New York, was a thorough pessimist. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked: "It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?" "Not quite. The former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

FOR SALE. EXTRA FINE BARRED PLYMOUTHS

Also Eggs for Hatching 15 for \$2.00 Nicely Packed in New Baskets JOHN A. CULLOM, Ridge Spring, S. C.

"COTTON Culture" is the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet which should be in the hands of every planter who raises Cotton. The book is sent FREE.

Send name and address to GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

South Carolina and Georgia Extension R. R. Company.



Schedule No. 4.—In effect 12 G. 1. a. m., Sunday, December 24, 1899.

Between Camden, S. C., and Blacksburg, S. C.

WEST.		EAST.	
2d cl	1st cl	1st cl	2d cl
*35	*33	*32	*34
		ESTERNO TIME.	
p m	p m	STATIONS.	p m
8 20	12 50	Camden	12 25
8 50	1 15	Dekalb	11 22
9 20	1 27	Westville	11 50
10 50	1 40	Kershaw	11 35
11 20	2 10	Heath Springs	11 20
11 35	2 15	Pleasant Hill	11 15
12 30	2 35	Lancaster	10 55
1 0	2 40	Riverside	10 40
1 20	3 00	Springfield	10 30
2 30	3 10	Catawba Junction	10 20
2 50	3 20	Leslie	10 10
3 10	3 40	Rock Hill	10 00
4 10	3 55	New Port	9 35
4 45	4 2	Tirzah	9 30
5 30	4 20	Yorkville	9 15
6 00	4 35	Sharon	9 00
6 25	4 50	Hickory Grove	8 45
6 35	5 00	Smyrna	8 35
7 00	5 20	Blacksburg	8 15
p m	p m		a m

Between Blacksburg, S. C., and Marion, N. C.

WEST.		EAST.	
2d cl	1st cl	1st cl	2d cl
*11	*33	*32	*12
		ESTERNO TIME.	
a m	p m	STATIONS.	a m
8 10	5 30	Blacksburg	7 48
8 30	5 45	Earle	7 32
8 40	5 50	Patterson Springs	7 25
9 20	6 00	Shelby	7 15
10 00	6 20	Lattimore	6 55
10 10	6 28	Mooresboro	6 48
10 25	6 38	Sherietta	6 38
10 50	6 55	Forest City	6 20
11 15	7 10	Rutherfordton	6 05
11 35	7 22	Millwood	5 55
11 45	7 30	Golden Valley	5 40
12 05	7 40	Thermal City	5 37
12 25	7 58	Glenwood	5 17
12 50	8 15	Marion	5 00
p m	p m		a m

West. Gaffney Division. East.

1st Class	EASTERN TIME.	1st Class
15 13	STATIONS.	14 16
p m	a m	a m
1 00	6 00	Blacksburg
1 20	6 20	Cherokee Falls
1 40	6 40	Gaffney
p m	a m	a m

*Daily except Sunday.

Train No 32 leaving Marion, N. C., at 5 a. m., making close connection at Blacksburg, S. C., with the Southern's train No 36 for Charlotte, N. C. and all points East and connecting with the Southern's vestibule going to Atlanta, Ga. and all points West, and will receive passengers going East from train No 10, on the C & N W R R., at Yorkville, S. C., at 8 45 a. m., and connects at Camden, S. C., with the Southern's train No 78, arriving in Charleston, S. C., at 8 17 p. m.

Train No 34, with passenger coach attached leaving Blacksburg at 5 30 a. m., and connecting at Rock Hill with the Southern's Florida train for all points South.

Train No 33 leaving Camden, S. C., at 12 50 p. m., after the arrival of the Southern's Charleston train connects at Lancaster, S. C., with the L & C R R., at Catawba Junction with the S. A. L. going East, at Rock Hill, S. C., with the Southern's train, No 34, for Charlotte, N. C. and all points East. Connects at Yorkville, S. C., with train No 9 on the C & N W R R., for Chester, S. C. At Blacksburg with the Southern's vestibule going East, and the Southern's train No 35 going West, and connecting at Marion N. C. with the Southern both East and West.

SAMUEL HUNT, President.

A. TRIPP, Superintendent.

S. R. LUMPKIN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK