By Jove, Gordon, I don't know that to make of you!" exclaimed Tom Pairleigh, drawing on his gloves, with siderable show of vexation. "Amy pburn's happiness is dear to me. In et, I came here tonight to tell you at I love her".

"To tell me!" broke in Gordon. Why don't you tell her?"

"Wait, can't you? Let me finish. I eve told her, and she has declined me. was done very gently and with the preatest possible regard for my feelings, at nevertheless I was declined. Don't ink me a fool because I come here ad make a confession which can be othing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake.

For Amy's sake?" echoed Gordon. "Yes; I want to see her happy, and are the man to make her so. She d me on your account. Of course knew long ago that you were my that you were the successful one. aren't worthy of her and don't deber, but don't think for a moment at I believe myself more worthy or airleigh walked to his friend's side and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I a't understand what you mean by ding Amy to believe that you care ber while all the time dividing attention with Nell Forthdyke.

cold you be inhuman enough to cold a heart as loyal as Amy's?'
"Don't get tragic, Tom. I'm not go-g to break anybody's heart. Nell is

"And so are you," sneered l'airleigh. king hurriedly to the door and laythis hand on the knob. "but Amy m is poor. Society dares you to with poverty. If you love Amy. be you man enough to take the dare? the Hepburns, reflect upon the cause their downfall in fortune and then me see if you are strong enough to is Brahminical barrier of caste."

With this parting shot Fairleigh d quickly out of the room and ed the door behind him. Harry erdon gave vent to a long whistle. lled himself back in a chair and nightfully lighted a cigar.

"That was quite a jolt." he mut-red. looking upward through the rling wreaths of smoke. "'How appy could I be with either were dear charmer away! It's as are as can be that I love one and fancy the other. But who will unravel the ian knot? Which is it to be-Amy

A knock fell on the door, not on the fession to make to you. My father once closet. Farry Gordon stirred uncomtably in his chair, a vexed look cominto his eyes as he fixed them upon the closet door. After a brief interval of silence the knock was repeated.

"Now, what in the world aroused you?" cried Gordon.

"Business is business," came a holw voice from the other side of the oset door "I'm here for a purpose, and I I do not make that parpose manifest once in awhile you'll forget all about

This remark was followed by a clanking, cachinnatory outborst that seemed o grate harshly on Gordon s ear. "Well what do you want?"

"I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little cular demonstration won't come amiss, I take it. Romember, I'm showing conderation for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the com. But I didn't. I rapped."

"Can't you put it off? Come out tonorrow. I've got something else to think about now.

"The high and mighty order of family skeletons are not in the habit of laying second fiddle or taking back ceats for anybody. I'm coming at once." "All right, then," groaned Gordon,

squaring himself about in his chair. Come on.

The closet door flew open and a well developed skeleton strode out and dropped with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressiveto Gordon. For him also there was comething sarcastic in the grin of the feshless jaws.

"Dust me off." said the skeleton. "I want to show up as frigatful as possible tonight."

The request presented itself to Gordon as a command which he was powerless to disobey. Picking up a feather duster, he plied it vigorously about the gleaming white bones.

"Achoo!" he sneezed, dropping the duster and falling into his chair. "You ought not to neglect me," said

the skeleton. 'I'm one of the family and should be treated as such. Now, then, let's have a chat.

The skeleton crossed its bony legs and settled back comfortably.

"Will it do me any good to have a chat with you?" queried Gordon.

"That remains to be seen. It used to do your father good. Why, it was my custom to visit him every night. As he at before that table there writing I'd meak out of that closet, come quietly ap behind him and put an arm caressingly about his neck." The skeleton laughed, working its bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that made Gordon shiver. 'How it used to etartle him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperatiot, and we had a wrestle all about the roan, overturning chairs, tables and overything else that came in our way."

"You succeeded well in shortening my father's life." returned Gordon gloomily. "Under your tyranny he sank into his grave long before his time."

"So he did. so he did. and he passed me on to you with the rest of his property. "eal and personal. It was a rich inher tance, my dear boy, even though had to be dragged at its heels. Yet for t accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the

stein, he built me up, bone by bone, and was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and had breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then, in order that I might not afflict his sight, he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing. Is it not true that he was nevertheless the author of his own downfall?"

"Your logic seems to be as merciless as it is correct," answered Gordon, with knitted brows. "Still, there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?

"The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think, then, how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like an Old Man of the Sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons, my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the board of trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way.

"And who was this bear?" asked Gordon.

"A man named Hepburn."

"Amy Hepburn's father?" murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

"Yes. Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrons wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy and, unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and cihldren must struggle on as best they can. However," and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet, "it is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself deliver ing a homily. I'll just take my depart-Au revoir, my dear fellow!'

Halting at the closet dcor, the skeleton waved its adien and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned its if out between his fingers.

At last he got up and shook his broad shoulders as though freeing himself of a disagreeable burden.

"Society has dared me," he muttered. "but I know my heart, now, and I'll do as I please!"

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon Harry brought his bride up stairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

"My dear," he said, "I have a conside door, but on a door leading into did your father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world by undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this." A look of astonishment came into Am 's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw

> "What in the world are you looking for, Harry?" she asked as he returned to her side.

open the door and go rummaging about

"I'm looking for comething that does not seem to be there + the Cordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in 15 years it is not to be found in that

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting itself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

"There it is!" cried Gordon. "What's the matter with you, old chap? Here, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife."

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets

"I'm done for," it groaned. "You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say goodby forever. But don't introduce me to your wife. We've met be-

"That's so, Harry," said Amy. "I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you. my dear, " and she threw her soft arms about his neck. "Let the dead past bury its dead. If we are happy, isn't that enough?"

"Enough, yes!" And he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forthwith it began to fade into thin air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wrack behind.

Playing Poker by Wire. Yew outside the brotherhood of the key are aware, that operators often play poker over the wire. It is, nevertheless, a fact, and the diversion is fairly common.

"When I was working on the

Blankety-blank line at a little railroad station in Illinois," said an ex-operator the other day, "business was very slack toward early morning, and we used to get up a four handed game regularly. The players were myself and three other operators at different points along the line. We would call each other up, and then every man would deal himself a hand, making his diseards and 'helping' as desired. Of course, we had to trust to mutual honor as to cheating, but I think everybody was on the square. All played freeze out, and the loser had to treat when we got together at headquarters, which was about once a month. I must confess that the action was a little slow, but the game was more exciting than one might imagine. Almost all the old operators have played cards by telegraph at some time or another." - Chicago Chronicle.

Good Lesson Early Learned. "Twenty-five cents was the foundation of my fortune."

"Who gave it to you?" "Nobody. I tried to borrow it and couldn't."-Chicago Record.

HUMAN BRAIN CELLS.

THEY REFUSE TO WORK UNDER TOO HIGH A PRESSURE.

Put on Too Much Steam and These Minute Organisms Go on Strike. Why Men Go Crazy or Become Absentminded.

Keeping pace with scientific thought and progress certain problems which in the past have been shelved for want of light being thrown upon them have been taken up again one by one to undergo further examination by the aid of improved science.

The newest revelation in this direction tends to the science of the mind and includes the following problems: Why does a man act queerly when

he is intoxicated? Why is a man absentminded on oc-

casions? Why does a man sometimes become violently insane, often a dangerous,

raving lunatic?

Such questions as these have puzzled our immediate fathers, who have hardly ever satisfactorily explained them away or indeed thrown much reliable ight upon them. The human brain is composed of cells, and each cell is a simple bit of nerve substance, from one end of which, like an octopus, spring a number of tentacles, while from another part arises an arm different from them and of great length. The long arm is intended for transmitting impressions from one portion of the brain system to another, it being made to touch the tentacles or short arms of the next one to it, the latter in its turn effecting contact with a third cell, and so on.

Thus a message is conveyed and the mind gets its news. The entire brain is made up of these cells, whose number is legion and whose full strength is grouped in systems, these systems in turn being arranged in communities, the communities in clusters and finally the clusters in constellations, by which divisions they are known to physiologists.

So long as the mind is in a healthy condition each little cell, or brain octopus, attends to its business faithfully and gives no trouble, but as man generally is an animal who usually refuses to live the life spanned out by nature and adopts instead the life laid down by the modern artificial process of living, instituted for sooth by civilization, mental disturbances frequently arise through the brain becoming abused in various ways, from overwork and alcohol principally.

great deal of abuse from you, but if you should go a little too far it rebels and refuses to work any longer by breaking contact with its companion cells, which it can do by withdrawing its long arm and getting itself out of circuit. But this rebellion is conducted by whole groups of cells acting together in full harmony.

Now, the object of this "strike" is simply to avoid overwork, for each tiny cell has stored within its minute space only a certain amount of energy, but if you put on the high pressure this is easily consumed by the operation of the brain, and the organism breaks down from exhaustion. Now, take the first of the problems just stated. When a person takes too much to drink, the cells in those patches of the brain that are responsible for the conduct of muscular movement become affected and the man staggers.

When the dose is very large, the cells, which, although stupefied, have tried to keep their master on his legs, now cease working, and the man sleeps like one dead. Finally, if more than enough of alcoholic drink be taken, the effect on the cells is to paralyze them, and the unfortunate man dies.

There is some relation between extraordinary activity of the mind and insanity. Geniuses are apt to exhibit symptoms of mental alienation, and, singular to relate, their children are usually inferior to those of average

For instance, not to go out of England for example, Cromwell was a hypochondraic and had visions, Dean Swift inherited insanity and was himself not a little mad. Shelley was called by his friends "Mad Shelley," Charles Lamb went crazy, Johnson was another hypochondriac, Coleridge was a morbid maniac, Milton was of a morbid turn of mind, nearly approaching insanity (modern ideas of hades are largely formed on the description evolved by his diseased imaginati " and Byron said he was visited by

This mental alienation occurring in the foregoing cases shows that certain specific groups of brain cells have come under the baneful influence of the guiding spirit called talent or genius, which has used up all the energy stored in each cell and each group of cells, to the detriment of the whole, with the result that their ceasing work has brought about various types of insanity as depicted or, to phrase it more softly, induced disturbance of the mental equilibrium.

The remaining problem is absentmindedness. This is produced by a temporary disjunction of certain groups of cells. A man becomes so absorbed in his study of some particular subject and lends his whole mind to thought that the hard thinking disorganizes the groups of cells employed in the process of reflection. their tentacles being turned all one way, to the detriment of mental action generally, and so the man with streets lost to all observation or mental inception and does all manner of queet things because he is not conscious of what he is doing .- Pearson's Maga

One good thought generously received always attracts another.

SHAVING ACCIDENTS.

THE BARBER DISCUSSES THEM WITH THE MAN IN HIS CHAIR.

Chances to Cut Throats That Are Not Often Taken Advantage Of-Narrow Escapes From Serious Mishaps-A Father's Dream.

"Did it ever strike you," asked the little barber, "how easy it would be for the man that shaves you to kill

The man in the chair sat up quickly and looked carefully at the barber who was feeling the edge of the razor with one finger. The barber smiled to reassure his customer and said:

"It seems a queer question, I know but it is a wonder to me that there are not a number of people killed in that way every year. It would be the easiest thing in the world for the barber as he wielded his razor to make one sweep with it and sever the jugu lar vein, and you would be dead almost on the instant. Suppose, for instance. that the barber should go insune. There would be nothing to prevent his doing such a thing, and you would have no warning nor any opportunity to save yourself.

"There is always a chance of a serious accident happening to the man in the chair. I have seen a number of such accidents and have a horror of even nicking the man I am shaving. In fact, such an occurrence makes me feel out of sorts for the rest of the day. It was only a few days ago that I almost had an accident that gave me a great fright and completely unnerved me. I was shaving a young man, and ia passing from one side of the chair to the other a button of my waistcoat caught in his bair. It pulled a triffe, and he moved his head suddealy just as I went to put the blade to his face. I came within an ace of slashing him, and only a quick jump back saved him. The perspiration stood out on me, and I had to call one of the other men to finish shaving my customer.

"But the worst accident I ever saw in a barber shop occurred while I was working in a small town in the west. One of the patrons of the place was a business man whose 8-year-old daughter was lying at the point of death. Her father put in most of his time at her bedside. One : noon while she was asleep he ame in here to get shaved. He was so exhausted through lack of sleep that he fell asleep immediately after he had taken his seat in the chair next to the one behind which I was at work.

"He dreamed that some one had come into the place to tell him that paratively easy to pluck him."-Chier Your octopuslike brain cell is a liv- his child had died. With a cry of go Tribune. ing little thing, and it can endure a alarm he started up just as the barber laid the razor against his neck. Into the flesh it sank. He was not yet thoroughly awake, and as he imagined that some one was holding him back from his child he threw out his hand to free himself, and his fingers closed over the blade of the razor. So dazed was he that he could not realize what had happened, but sat there in the chair, with the blood streaming from his throat and fingers.

"The man who had done the cutting was the first to act, although half crazed. He hurried for a doctor while we stanched the flow of blood the best we knew how. Even as the doctor was at work sewing up the wounds a messenger came to say that the little girl had died suddenly in the greatest agony, calling for her father just before she died. He was under the influence of ether at the time and did not know, but afterward, when he heard of the circumstances attending her death, he insisted that he had heard her call as he lay there asleep BARREDP YMOUTHS in the chair and that it was her cry that had caused him to make his sud-

den movement. "For years after the accident he continued to shave in the same shop where it had occurred, and it was never mentioned. He carried a reminder of it for the remainder of his life. In addition to the scar on his throat, the fingers of his right hand were all drawn up and useless.

"Sudden movements while in the barber's chair are always apt to be attended with serious results, and I could recall dozens of instances where it has been only the merest chance that has prevented serious if not fatal mishaps. Nine times out of ten where the person getting shaved receives a nick and lays the blame on the barber he should thank the wielder of the razor that it was no worse. The probabilities are that it was quick action by the barber that prevented a bad cut. A slight nick often would have been a case for the doctor or coroner were it not for the watchfulness of the barber. Here esterday I happened to draw blood from a young fellow's face mar his ear, and he made a great fuss about it, until I showed him that it was only the sudden withdrawal of the razor which resulted in the slight nick that prevented him losing a good part of his ear. Then he was grateful and thanked me, besides promising to be more careful in the future.

"But there are other ways the barber has of getting even," continued the little barber after relathering one side of his customer's face. "There is no need of his slashing a man. He can inflict injuries that will make his victim decidedly uncomfortable, and at the same time the latter will not be aware of what is being done." What the barber meant by this last remark his victim did not ask .- New York Sun.

His Company.

Mark Twain, meeting Charles Guththe tentacles of his brain cells turned rie, a prominent British lawyer, in Viin the one direction passes along the enna, asked him if he smoked. "Somewas the reply.

After a pause came a second question: "You're a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?" "I am, Mr. Clemens."

"Ah, then, Mr Guthrie, you must be

a very heavy smoker!"

His Modest Luncheops.

"The ordering of my luncheon used to be a great nuisance," said a lawyer yesterday. "I would go into a cafe perhaps pretty hungry, but two o tree minutes' study of the huge ment would put me in an uncertain, irritable mood, and no matter what I'd order I wouldn't enjoy it on account of the thought that I might have ordered something different and better. It was like going into a public library to read With so many books there, it is impossible to sit down and read one book contentedly, as you can at home. But now I have an arrangement that makes my luneneon a joy. I said to my waiter one day:

"'What I eat here at noon costs me. on the average, \$1.25, and my average tip to you is 20 cents. Now you ought to know what a nice luncheon is better than I do, so I make you this proposal: Serve me every day a lunch of my usual number of courses, and whatever under \$1.25 it costs you can keep.'

"The waiter jumped at that. He brings me every day now a better meal than I would think of ordering myself, and he makes from 20 to 30 cents by keeping down the price. It is a splendid scheme, and I wonder why I never thought of it before."-Philadelphia Record.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The blood of five races flows in the veins of the Boer.

Only one person in every four of the inhabitants of Lendon earns more than a pound a week.

In Sweden good hotels are erected by the communities in places where it is thought tourists would like to tarry.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel, Naples alone consuming 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from \$16 to \$20 per ton, the national consump-

A large class of Mexicans, commonly called peons, wear a kind of sandal. These are called "guaroches" and consist of a simple sole of leather held to the feet with strings which pass between the toes and are tied about the

·tion being 700,000 tons.

The oldest tree on earth with an authentic history is the great Bhootree of Burmah. For 20 centuries it has been held sacred to Buddha and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall they are carried away as relies by pilgrims.

As to Feathering Nests.

"My experience," said the reformed confidence man who had played th races frequently in his day, "is that is hard to pick the winner, but con-

The Wrong House. Minister's Wife Wake up! Ther are burglars in the house, John. Minister-Well, what of it? Let ther find out their mistake themselves. Woman's Journal.

Teacher- How do you account for the

phenomenon of dew? Boy Well, you see, the earth r volves on its axis every 24 hours, an in consequence of this tremendous pacit perspires freely London Tit-Bits.

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TRAINS GOING NORTH.

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al R R of S C Trains Nos 78 and 32 run via. Wilcon auc ayetteville-Short Line-and make close nnection for all points North.

Trains on C. & D R R leave Florence ally except Sunday 9 50 a m, arrive Darling on 10 15 a m., Hartsville 9 15 a m. Cheraw 1 30 a m., Wadesboro 2 25 p m. Leave Storence daily except Sunday 7 55 p.m., arive Darlington 8 20 pm, Bennettaville 9 17 m, Gibson 9 45 p m. Leave Florence sunday only 9 30 a m. arrive Darlington

Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 603 m, Bennettsville 7 00 a m, arrive Darling. on 8 00 a m, leave Derlington 8 50 a m, ar- Box 12. sily except u day 3 co p m, Cheraw 4 45 m, Hartsville 7 00 mm, Darlington 6 29 m, arr ve Florence 7 00 p m. Leave Darnatua Senday only 6 50 a m, arrive Flortice 8 15 a m

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Train No 33 eaving Camden, S C, at 12 50 p m, a ter the arrival of the Southern's Charleston tra n 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 tharlotte, N , and all points Ea t C nneces at Yorkville, S C, with train No 9 on the C & N W R R for Chester, " C. At Black burg wi h the South rn's ve tibul go ng E st an the Southern's train No 55 goi g West, and connecting at Marion N C with the Southern both East and

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