By WOLOOTT LE CLEAR BEARD.

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CHAPTER II.

WHICH SPIDER SAVES HIS ENEMY'S LIFE Back of the narrow flat that bordered the river rose a cliff of shining, black esalt, forming the edge of the tableland, or mesa, as it is called, which etretches away for hundreds of miles, a weeless, arid plain that reaches out of the United States nearly half way through Mexico. On the edge of this mesa our camp had been made, and here on the morning set for the crossing the great herd was gathered.

Since long before daylight the cowboys had been riding hard, galloping



He waved his hand as he passed me. and shouting madly as they brought errying in the stragglers that had endered up or down the river. Every man was trying to do the work of three men. Mounted on a gentle pony, and sening hard on ore stirrup to ease the sther foot, I tried to help, but with an in a sling and an ankle incapaciated one does not succeed well in strding cattle.

A couple of cattie had broken away hase them back. I failed signally. I could not follow their twists and turns, account of my ankle, which was burt by the pressure against the stirrup the direction in which he was going. I and nearly given up when Spider, his cook up the pursuit. He waved his and as he passed me and tried to hout, but his throat was filled with ust, and the nearest he could come to his usual shrill cheer was a sort of

casely reunited with the herd. I never seen Spider work with cattle. and his ready skill surprised me. Cerainly he showed none of the awkward of which the Ballet Girl had comsined. I was returning to the herd, when Spider emerged from the cloud of st that surrounded it and cantered ward to meet me.

ok a-yer!" he cried in a tone of authority as soon as he was close ugh to be heard. "You ain' got no ess here. You ain't no good, noow, in the shape like you are, an you'll only do yourself up worse. Go up on that there little rise, where you can see everything an won't hurt yer-celf. Me'n the boys, we'll tend ter the eattle all right."

Spider's command that I should reire was so plainly prompted by a solicitude for my welfare that I could not have resented his tone even had it not amused me as it did. Besides, he was perfectly right. I was of no use what-, ever in the herding. Evidently intendng to see that his orders were fully carried out, Spider rode by my side as l lowly cantered toward the rise that he had pointed out to me. Though the stirrup leathers of the borrowed saddle were far too long for him, though they were pulled up as far as they would go, and though the saddle itself was so large that it would have had room in it for several boys of Spider's size, still Spider rode superbly. I saw that when he was after those cattle. The pony he was riding on was one of my own. and though Spider had had the choice of several he had chosen the most unmanageable animal of them all. Cappy Lee was the last man who had attempted to ride the brute. He had beer promptly sucked off. He told me afterward that he had turned a somersault so quickly that he had seen the canvas patch that decorated the back of his trousers.

"How does the pony carry you, Spider?" I asked as we rode along together.

"Like a bird. Concho an me's ol frien's. He like some. He won' try no funny business when I'm ridin 'm." relied Spider, with a happy grin, as he leaned forward and patted the pony's neck. Concho generally carried his ears pointing directly toward his tail. He rolled the whites of his eyes in acknowledgment of the caress and cocked his ears for an instant: then he laid Shem back again. To me his conduct | rock, and hurriedly covering the forewas not reassuring.

"If I were in your place. I wouldn't try any of those tricks of yours," said I was speaking only of tricks of rsemanship, but Spider misunderstood

"You ain't seep me doin no tricks terday, I reckon," he said in a tone that showed that he was rather burt at what I said. "You ain't a-goin ter see none, neither. I'm herdin now. It's business, an I'm in it fer all I'm worth. You watch'n see'f I ain't. I mus' go back now." Wheeling around on his hind legs, Concho bucked himself toward the herd as I mounted the rise to which I had been bound.

The lean, hungry looking cattle gathred on the plain were blended into an

that filtered through the dust was reflected from a tossing horn. With intervals between them, cowboys galloped around the herd, half of them going in one direction, balf in the other. They passed in front of the herd and then vanished around its back, when they could only be distinguished by the pillar of dust, thicker than that overhanging the herd, that followed each man as he

A little to one side the foreman sat on his horse, with Spider close by him. Then, evidently directed by his chief, Spider galloped over the plain and passed into the gorge that made a passage between the cliff and the river flat. The foreman cantered up to me.

"I recken we better get this here job done about as quick as we know if we're goin ter do it." he said as he came within speaking distance. "We'll have ter drive 'em all ter once too. The river's risin, an ther won' be no time ter split 'em up in o bunches, an then get 'em over one bunch at a time like we oughter. Can't say how far the water'll rise er how long it'll stay riz, now it's started. I jus' sent the kid ter look at a watermark I set an hour ago. Here he comes, now." As he spoke Spider

"Here's yer stake," said ho, holding the notched stick up for inspection. "Water was a han an a half over it when I got there. Stake was clean outer sight, an I had ter hunt for it."

"Ye see," said the foreman, turning to me. "We'll sure have ter go er get stuck here. Reckon we'd better get things a-movin. Whatjer think?"

There was but one thing to do. I nodded assent, and, followed by Spider, the foreman galloped back to his charge.

Then there were shouts from the men: the cattle moved slowly forward, and, like a great serpent, the herd strung itself across the plain and through the gorge that led to the river, halting for a moment on the flat below.

"Now string 'em out an get 'em to runnin, so's they can't stop theirselves," commanded the foreman. When you're gettin 'em inter the drink, ride on the down stream side all you can, so's they can't head that way Try'n have a little sense, if yer can. Now, then, ready? Let 'er go!"

The waiting cowboys put spurs to their horses and started. After a moment's hesitation the great mass of cattle moved slowly toward the river. The men behind them urged them on with shots and blows and cries. Darting to the head of the herd, Hollis wormed his way in, and with the heavy honda or loop ring of his lariat flogged the leading cattle, patriarchal old bulls that were accustomed to move with deliberation. Determined not be outdone by his enemy, Spider dashed forward and arrived an instant later. The nimble lit-'le cow pony slid in among the cattle In a very few minutes the cattle an instant, while his rider whipped. and was here, there and everywhere in purred and yelled like a madman

A sort of clumsy ripple that remirded me of the movement of logs jammed in a river passed along the length of the berd: then the cattle broke into a lumbering gallop. The gallop was much faster than it seemed. First Hollis and then Spider broke through the head of the herd, and, riding diagonally forward, tried to get to one side of the rush. I could see that their horses were going at a rate that they could hardly have bettered if their lives had been depending on their speed.

Hollis was ahead, with Spider immediately behind and trying to pass him, and, aided by his light weight, Spider succeeded in passing. He reached the outside of the path pursued by the herd. and, wheeling his horse, swooped down on the flank of the body of cattle, still yelling and flogging as he urged it on.

Hollis also had nearly passed out of the danger line when his horse lurched forward and fell, throwing his rider some distance from him, directly in line of the rushing herd that was bearing down upon them. He had stepped into a badger hole. The horse scrambled to his feet and galloped on, but for a moment Hollis, apparently stunned, lay where he had fallen.

No one could do anything to helpthere was no time. In another instant Hollis rose unsteadily to his feet. There



Covering the foremost bull of the herd, he

was a bowlder a few feet distant, and he made for it in a limping run. He drew a pistol as he knelt behind the most bull of the herd, now terribly close to him, he fired. The bull plunged headlong against the bowlder and lay with his body jammed across it.

The cattle were not quite stampeded. If they had been they would have piled themselves one on top of another over the bowlder and the dead buil that rested against it until, with their combined weight, they would have almost crushed the rock itself. As it was they turned to one side and the other as they reached the impediment, and left a little open space around it, as though the rock were

a candle and the space the light it shed Another moment and the herd had passed, followed by a cloud of flying dust. This cloud was peopled by cowboys who waved their hands to Hollis indistinguishable mass by the thin cloud | as they went by him and shouted words of dust that hung over them, thrown of ironical consolation or counsel. One up by their hoofs as they pawed the of the men advised him to engage se sand. Here and there flashed a Spider as a riding teacher. Hollis was glist of dull light, where the sunlight | not pleased. He made this plain in his

repnes to the rough jokes that were showered upon him. He was not at all the sort of person that could enjoy a joke when at his own expense.

The herd reached the river and the yellow spray was flung high in the air. Then they slowed and stopped, heaving to and fro. They were prevented from breaking down stream again by the cowboys, who stood ready to foil every such attempt, and try as they might they could not return-but not an inch forward would they stir. The river was rising fast, and more short handed than ever, now that Hollis was unhorsed, it was all that we could do to hold them where they were.

Far in the van of the herd stood Hollis' pony, girth deep in the water. Hollis caught sight of him. Retarded by his cowboy boot heels, three inches high, Hollis walked laboriously through the deep, soft sand toward the herd that stood bunched together, half in, half out of the stream. Going up to the nearest cow, Hollis put his hands on her shoulders and vaulted neatly astride of her lean back, and before the astonished animal had time to remonstrate in any way he had swung from her back to that of another which was standing next to her. From this one he swung to a third, until at last he reached a part of the herd near the middle where the animals were so packed together that they were almost incapable of movement. Then he rose to his feet and started to walk, stepping from one backbone to the next.

It was a crazy thing to do. Once before I had seen a man attempt to swing from back to back, and it was a dangerous feat enough. Such a feat as Hollis was now attempting was ten times as dangerous. Should he fall between the cattle they would close over his head and almost certainly drown

For some distance Hollis succeeded well enough. Each back winced as his foot pressed it, and the head belonging to the back would toss angrily. The heads were all pointing in one direction, and in order to avoid them Hollis passed diagonally across the herd in much the same manner that a boat beats to windward. He completed his first tack. With one foot on the back of a cow, the other pressing the spinal column of a vicious cream colored bull, Hollis tried to turn. The bull threw up his head and attempted to plunge. He was too closely confined to succeed in this, but he unbalanced Hollis, who, withdrawing his foot from the back of the bull, placed it on the creature that stood directly behind him, tottered for an instant, then regained his balance and brought his foot forward once more, replacing it on the bull's back. Just at this time Spider came galloping down the bank. Pulling his horse almost on to its haunches, he stared in blank amazement. He would not have been re astonished, he told me afterward, if Hollis had appeared in the guise of an angel flying over the herd and he 'couldn' think er nothin more unlikely'n that.'

Hollis saw Spider at the same moment. Once more he tried to turn, and this time he succeeded. As he did so his foot slipped. He made a couple of quick steps to recover his balance. He more than recovered it. He threw it the other way and fell backward at full length between the cattle.

Hollis' struggles to rise probably frightened the cattle even more than his fall had done. They heaved and surged frantically to clear themselves of their burden, and in an instant had opened a space between them through which Hollis dropped with a scream that I heard, distant as I was, far above the noise of the cattle and the shouting. Then the space closed over his head.

Not for a moment did I suppose that I should again see Hollis alive—not once in a thousand such occurrences would I have had an opportunity. As it was, by a miracle of good fortune, he came up near the heads of the cattle between which he had fallen. I saw his hand clutching at a horn. The head to which the horn belonged bellowed and tossed in its efforts to free itself. Twice it broke his hold, and twice Hollis reappeared, grasping for his life at the nearest support.

Spider instantly turned his horse and spurred straight into the press of cattle. striking and shouting and trying to scatter it. Only on the edge of the herd did he succeed. The rest of the cattle were packed too closely, and the vas not time for them to move. Still spurring. Spider snatched his lariat from where it hung on his saddle, closing the loop in order to increase its length. He swung it and cast. The rope fell fair and true across the neck of the steer to which Hollis was clinging. Hollis grasped it instantly

The cattle heaved and pushed as they felt the strain of the tightened line over their backs. Spider tried desperately to bring the end of his lariat to the saddle horn, where he could secure it, but he was forced away by the cattle until the rope would not reach. Then the cattle gave back a little. Hollis tock in the slack afforded by this movement, and opening the loop with one hand, tried to get it over his head and shoulders.

"Le' me have it!" shricked Spider. 'Le' me have the slack-- I can't get the rope t' the horn 'less you do. I can't pull y'out with jus' my han'. Le' me have it—quick!'

Hollis strained the rope harder than ever. Though he could not get the loop over his shoulders, he did get one arm through, and then, clutching the lariat in his hand, he jerked the line dangerously as he struggled to rise between

"Slack off till I c'n fast the rope!" called Spider despairingly "I can't hol' ter my saddle else.

The rope was strained until it sung like a harp string. With a quick turn of his wrist Spider wrapped the end of the lariat around his hand and held on with all the strength of his tough little body. Clinging to the horn with his left hand, he was dragged farther and farther out of his saddle. Finally his hold on the horn was broken, his pony dashed riderless up the bank, while Spider hung by the rope, counterbalanced by

Hollis at the other end.

"Let go!" I roared to him as I pushed my horses down the bank in order to attempt the assistance that I knew I could not give. "Let go the line and get out while you can! Don't you see they're closing around you? Let go!"

Spider heard and shook his head. He had no intention whatever of letting go. Dragged upward by Hollis' superior weight, he was hanging with his feet just touching the water. In spite of his desperate hold the lariat was slipping through Spider's hands. His face was getting white under its tan, but his teeth were set and still he held fast.

"Let go! Let go, now!" I called again. Spider did not let go, and then it was too late. A bunch of cattle, confused by the stir, that were lumbering aimlessly about, crowded against him and hemmed him in. As I rode I drew my pistol and fired three shots in napid succession. It is a distress signal that is universally known, and if it was heard it could not fail to bring the men back to Spider's aid.

For a moment no one answered. There was no time for an answer. But I did not realize that then. I rode at the cattle and fired three more shots, this time straight into them, and three of them rolled over into the muddy water. I was so close that I could not miss, and I would cheerfully have sacrificed the whole herd just then if it world have helped Spider out. But my pistol was empty, and all I could do was to try, with the able assistance of the little bay mare I rode, to scatter the cattle that held him into the herd. Indeed the mare did far more than I in the minute that followed. Seeming to realize the situation, she plunged, kicked and even bit as she tried to force

The press got thicker and thicker. The little mare could only struggle faintly against it. I was quite close to Spider now, but I might as well have been a mile away, for I could not reach him. I caught sight of his red head only once. The rest of the time I could see nothing but the strained line that hummed between the bc. ...d the heavy man that was trying to climb by it. I cculd still yell, and I did. Three shots came back in answer, and in another moment help had arrived.

The cattle that held us into the herd were scattered. One of the cowboys caught my mare by the bridle and led her, protesting against the indignity, up the bank. As we went I turned my head in time to see that Cappy Lee had picked Spider up bodily by his belt and that he looked more spiderlike than ever with his legs and arms flourishing in the air as he was lifted to a scat in front of his rescuer. At the same time another man cut Spider's rope. Then, carrying the loose end to his saddle horn, he took a quick turn and galloped away. Of course the strain on Hollis' arm must have been terrible. No man could have held on, even though his life depended upon it, but Hollis had secured the loop around his wrist and had no choice but to come. Bumping over the back of one cow after another and yelling frightfullly as he came, Hollis at last dropped with a splash into the shallow water near the shore. The cowboy cast loose the rope from his saddle horn and cantered after

Released from control, the cattle scattered and soon, except for the three dead ones, there was not a cow in sight. Another attempt to cross the river then was impossible We had done our best and had failed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fixed the Gas Company.

"I'll fix 'em," said a Capitol Hill citizen when he got his gas bill a couple of months ago. "Nine dollars and eighty cents, hey, when we've been out every night with the exception of two or three for the past month! I'll move, that's all, at the end of the month, but If I don't make that gas meter of mine work overtime between now and the day I move it'll be because I run out of matches, that's all! I'll eat up about \$40 worth of gas and then let the darned gas company keep the \$5 I've got on deposit!"

So from that evening on as soon as twilight fell the Capitol Hill man made a tour of the house and lit every jet from cellar to garret.

"I'll teach 'em to bunko folks!" he said to himself savagely as he started all the burners a-going.

Along toward the end of the month he and his wife picked out another house and made arrangements for moving. The Capitol Hill man was delighted when the gas bill read \$29.60.

"This is one time they won't gouge me!" he shouted exultantly as he danced around with the bill in his band.

Three days before the day set for moving his wife was taken ill, and of course the moving had to be declared off. She is only now convalescing. The Capitol Hill man paid the \$29.60, and his friends are now telling him the story about the man who robbed his own trunk.-Washington Post.

Cannibalistic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that humor best which was of his own production. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism, and, having wound himself up to the proper pitch, he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was sitting near him, and asked: "Imagine! What would you do if you were to meet a canni-

"I think," Mr. Aldrich sweetly replied, "that I should stop to pick an acquaintance with him."

This rejoinder east such a gloom over Dr. Holmes that during the rest of the dinner his conversation was limited to monosyllables. - San Francisco Argo-

Poolis,

Books are sweet, unrepreaching companions to the miserable, and if they cannot bring us to enjoy life they will at least teach us to endure it .- "Vicar of Wakefield."

Out of Sight. An English cotton buyer in Memphis was talking with the clerk of one of the hotels the other day when a commercial traveler came up. "How you feeling, Bill?" said the clerk as he extended his hand. "Oh, I'm just out of sight," replied the drummer.

After the commercial man had been assigned his room the Englishman turned to the clerk and inquired what he meant by "out of sight." The clerk explained that he meant he was feeling fine, and the Englishman recorded it in his little book.

The next morning when he same down to breakfast the clerk, following his usual custom, asked how he felt. The Englishman thought it a good time to try some of his newly learned slang raises Cotton. and, with the air of one who has solved a difficult problem, replied, "Oh, you kaun't see me at all!"-Memphis Scimitar.

Motion and Color.

The relations between light and the eye are wonderful, and the rapidity of the vibrations of the atmosphere necessary to produce color sensations are amazing. To get the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 482,000,000 times in a second; of yellowness, 540,-000,000, and of violet, 707,000,000. So that the seven hued rainbow, whose firm and subtle flame is reared out of drops of water that are ever shifting, plays upon the human eye in a manner so astounding that the strongest mind might stagger beneath the awful revelation.-London Opinion.

Too Long to Wait.

"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday." said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game," replied the

tailor, "the clothes will not be done at

all."-Indianapolis Journal. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are red brick cities, red brick being the predominating building material. In Washington the sameness is

relieved by the granite public buildings and marble business structures.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.



Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 17, 1900.

No.11 Daily	No. 3 Daily	EASTERN TIME.	No. 6 Daily	No.11 Daily
5 58p 7 25p 7 58p	7 (0a 7 41a 8 55a 9 23a 10 15a	" Summerville" " Branchville" " Orangeburg"	11 10a 10 30a 9 10a 8 41a 7 55a	7 28r 6 00p 5 33p
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m.; arrive Columbia 6:00 a. m. No. 16 leave Columbia 1:30 a. m.; arrive Charleston 7:00 a. m. Sleeping cars ready for eccupancy at 9:00 p. m. both at Charleston and Columbia. These trains make close connections at Columbia with through trains between Florida points and Washington and the east. Connection with trains Nos. 31 and 32 New York and Florida Limited between Blackville, Aiken and Augusta. No. 31 leaves Blackville at 8:40 a. m., Aiken 9:29 a. m., Augusta 10:10 a. m. No. 31 leaves Augusta 6:25 p. m., Aiken 7.08 p. m., Blackville 7.55 p. m. Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers between Augusta, Aiken and New York.

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Ar. Memphis. (via Chattanooga).	7 10p	7 40a

To Asheville-Cincinnati-Louisville DASTERN TIME. Daily Daily Lv. Augusta..... " Eatesburg. 3 00p 9 30p 4 45p 12 07a Lv. Charleston . 7 00a 11 00p Lv. Columbia (Union Depot)..... 11 40a 7 55s Ar. Spartanburg

" Asheville

Lv. Augusta. " Batesburg. " Columbia (Union Depot)	8 00p 4 45p	9 30
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