The Ring of the Matterhorn

By John J. a'Becket

It is needless to remark that the descent of the redoubtable Matterborn was made as safely as the climb up had been. No prouder American girl lived than Florence Rodney when she reached the Hotel Mont Cervin.

The young fellow had been very charming. Coming down the Matterhorn is not as suited to conversational advances as a 5 c'clock tea, but it puts a man and a woman on infinitely more intimate and appreciative terms. A more tired mortal than Florence Rodney when she got back did not, to her mind, exist on the earth. Having done a deed which so few of her sex could emulate, she felt that she had earned the right to be very good to herself. This tired, healthy girl was an heiress presumptive to \$10,000 a year. Why shouldn't she be good to herself?

She took to her bed as soon as possible and fell into slumber as quickly as if she had dropped into it down a preci-

pice of the Matterhorn. Without exaggeration she slept for 36 hours. She would wake only to turn over on the delicious rest of her pillow and the balmy delight of a cornhusk mattress and return to sleep with gratitude for being able to again experience so delightful a sensation.

But at last she felt rested! She got up and took a cold sponge bath, as invigorating as possible, and prepared her self for breakfast with a warm eagerness to meet Stadley. What a fresh, eager, keen, healthy boy he was! She liked a young fellow who scaled the Matterhorn in that careless, offhand fashion. He was a man after her heart. Incidentally he was a florid, handsome youth. If those cool blue eyes were to ever quiver to love's expectancy, what burning beacons they would be! But Miss Rodney pulled herself up sharply at such a ridiculous thought. Nice way for a girl to feel toward a young man she had only known for a few hours, and that with a rope around their waists most of the time and clinging breathlessly to the shaky points of the shelly surface of the Matterhorn. Any little shopgirl could feel that way. And yet that is the way Miss Rodney felt. She was an honest girl, and she wasn't going to disguise to herself how much she was interested in this charming fellow. He had been so manly and considerate on the way down. And he joined his easy, athletic ability with such delightful grace, that perfect simplicity and self possession and thoughtfulness which mark the ideal gentleman. Still, Miss Rodney checked herself up when she felt that enthusiasm was getting the better of judgment. She would be nothing if not her cool, dignified self, which did not prevent her arraying herself in her best gown, and, brushing her hair very carefully, Miss Rodney had a conviction that at least she was the best looking woman

She did not see anything of her comely, ingenuous companion of the mountain. At last she inquired where he was. To her regret, and it was really a keen disappointment that she felt. she was told that Mr. Stadley had left the day after his return from the Matterhorn. He had received a telegram that had summoned him to London in hot haste. Miss Rodney then asked for her mail. It would have been so natural for him to leave some message for her. To her increased disgust there was nothing for her Well, she had climbed the Matterborn! That was safe. Nothing could rob her of this magnificent vindication of her womanly prowess. She sighed to think she was not the first. It would have been no harder to have been the pioneer than to have stood third on the list or fourth. However. the company was small enough to make it exclusive and a brilliant distinction to belong to it.

that had ever coquetted with the Mat-

terhorn, and in this she was not wrong.

Having downed the Matterhorn. Miss Rodney felt an inclination to return home. It was not pleasant to be trotting around by herself. It was too bad that the young man had been telegraphed for He might at least have left a message. Surely there was as much reason for his feeling an interest in her as for her having such a warm spot for him in her heart. She, a woman, and a girl at that, had done something that even he, a strong, vigorous, courageous man. had felt proud of achieving Miss Rodney headed straight for Lon-

don. She ran across the Vassar professor and her small following in Paris.

"How did you find your friend?" she

asked of Miss Rodney "Oh, I was received as well as I could have expected. But this friend is rather cold and keeps very much apart," she answered smilingly She certainly was not libeling the Matter-

In London she went into Low's Exchange to see who was registered there. and while in that quaint trysting place for drifting Americans met a young man from New York. He was an old ac-



"That," he answered, "in the Earl of Car-

quaintance. He invited her to go to the Lyceum and promised to call for her down stairs to the waiting earl. The at the Metropole that evening with his drawing room was empty, happily, save | e

mother and sister.

ter the young fellow proposed a supper at the Savoy. Miss Rodney, who felt like a laborer after a hard day's work when she reflected on her weary climb up the Matterhorn, was bent on restful pleasure and gladly assented.

It was a gay little supper with champagne. The American palate is nowhere more pleasantly entertained than at a well ordered dinner or supper.

Near them at a table sat a man with a handsome young woman. The girl was a fine type of the British female at its physical best. There was a suspicion of coarseness about her, though she was a sleek, well groomed animal creature. The man was red faced, with a blotchy complexion, large nose and a scraggly mustache. His hair was thin and his general appearance dissipated and blase. He did not pay much attention to the girl. Every now and then he felt of his suggested the wandering mind of a Miss Rodney advanced quickly, but shattered good liver. He stuck his mon- with a dignity all her own. ocle into his eye and inspected Miss Rodney with a cool air of appraisal that made a slight bow, but without removbrought her American spirit to its legs | ing his hands from his pockets. in a moment. She gave one contemptuous glance at him, which did not have the effect of visibly disconcerting the a mocking inclination. man, although he transferred his atten-

"Who is that?" she asked in a low, wish to say to you. indignant tone of Mr. Ramsay.

sneering smile, "is the Earl of Carring- removing his hands. ton, one of the biggest blackguards in the United Kingdom. He had a stroke sulting nature of my aunt's proposiof something or other two weeks ago. tion, revolting enough to me even had Away up on the mountain side a fox and I am surprised to see him so much vou been a gentleman, until I saw you. on deck again. But it is hard to kill My answer the moment I heard her that sort of a reptile."

"Who is the girl with him?" inquired Miss Rodney.

"That is a young woman from the Gaiety named Ethel Camperdown. She used to do a skirt dance there very hadly. But she is, as you see, a very pretty girl. She is not doing the dance now." that sort of people in here," said Miss

Rodney disgustedly. "What! A lord and a well behaved to his head. That strange whirling senyoung woman who acts like a perfect sation in his brain, as if the top of his lady!" retorted Ramsay. "They are skull were off and his cerebrum was glad to have them. They add to the being flushed with a flux of icy liquid, general attractiveness.'

Miss Rodney could not refrain from stealing another glance at the man whom her aunt had proposed as her husband. Her detestation of him in the abstract, when she knew nothing of into the first hansom he saw and bade him but what rumor had to say, was the driver hurry to his lodgings in considerably enhanced by the spectacle | Duke street, Piccadilly. he presented. He was evidently a little the worse for liquor and was drinking champagne freely.

During the course of the conversation Mr. Ramsay spoke Miss Rodney's name clearly enough for the noble lord to hear it. He braced himself up and stared at her again with considerable interest. Miss Rodney chanced to look his way at the moment. He raised his champagne glass with a slightly unsteady hand, and, without withdrawing his glance, held it a moment and then raised it to his lips. He had the air of drinking to her.

With a curl of her lip Miss Rodney turned away her face with a fresh movement of disgust. They were through, to her relief, and Mrs. Ramsay rose. As they passed the table where the earl and his companion were sitting, Miss Rodney carried herself with a hauteur which seemed to afford the noble lord not a little amusement.

With some remark to the girl, he rose and followed them. He spoke to a man in the hall, and then returned and told his ruddy faced Gaiety girl something which he and she both found rather laughable.

The man to whom he had spoken tock it on himself to open the carriage door for Mr. Ramsay's guests, and heard, naturally, the order he gave the driver to go to the Metropole.

The next morning at about 10 a servant brought Miss Rodney a card. She picked it up with that pleasant interest one feels in a caller when one is in a foreign land. Her cheek grew hot as she read it. Then, acting on an impulse, she tore the card in two and said coclly to the servant:

"You can take the card back. That is the only answer."

About 20 minutes later the servant brought her a note, written on the hotel paper. The address was in a loose, scrawling hand. She opened it and glanced at the name at the bottom. Her temper was not improved by seeing that it was once more the hated name of Carrington. Her first movement was to treat it as she had the card, but the curiosity of a woman led her to read it Dear Miss Rodney-Don't see why you are so devilish rude to a fellow. Your aunt put it in

your way to make a tidy pot of money by marrying me. If I refuse, it is to go to you. I wanted to let you know that I don't refuse. I will marry you any time you like. You've got to make up your mind in the next six or seven months. If you refuse, I get it, so you see I'm only doing the decent thing in showing my willingness to take you. We don't have to do any lovemaking, you know, though I should be charmed to do a little of that too. You ought to let me know what you want to do. Yours, if you want me, CARRINGTON.

Miss Rodney shook with passion as she read this low, insulting note. The man evidently realized that he would be no loser if he should be rejected. He would inherit then. This letter was an attempt to force her to repulse him. It was only too evident that he preferred stitched plaits at the side and a watteau the money without herself. The girl plait at the back. The triple bolero is had never felt such a blinding rage as at this moment. She glanced around and the triple pelerine is adorned in the the room hopelessly, beating the ground impatiently with her foot. Oh, how Miss Rodney longed to be a man!

Her eye fell on her riding crop. For one moment an almost irresistible desire invaded her hotly beating heart to give the miscrable end who had with such studied insolance insulted her womanbood one 1-ssen which should be a fitting answer as well. She discarded the wild idea clinest instantly with a shud- haps we had tother see he does not be-

She burrielly received at once went

for the detestable figure sitting with He did so, and Miss Rodney enjoyed long legs stretched out and hands thrust | in: the evening thoroughly. After the thea- into pockets. With her head well in the



With a muttered oath he clasped his mustache in an absentminded way that air and her eyes fixed steadily on him

Carrington lounged to his feet and

"You are the Earl of Carrington?"

"Then, when you have removed your tion for half a moment to the rest of hands from your pockets, there are a few words which, for my own sake, I

"That," he answered with a half a lady," he said sarcastically, slowly

"I have never fully realized the inunseemly condition was 'No.' Even you must see that it is 'No' now more than ever. Never presume in any way to address me again. You are a libel on

She turned, and, without waiting to hear the words with which he resented her cool contempt, walked steadily from "I shouldn't think they would let | the room. As she disappeared Carrington sank suddenly into a chair, and, with a muttered oath, clasped his hand had come upon him again. He staid there for a few moments, his teeth set and a horrible scowl on his face.

Then, with tight clinched hands, he rose, and, walking unsteadily out, got

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLANNEL WAISTS.

Colors and Styles For the Newest

French flannels now come in every variety of color and shade, instead of being confined to a few tones of red, pink and blue, as was formerly the case. They are greatly used for shirt waists, and this is true for warm as well as cold weather. since at the seaside and mountains it is always necessary to be pre, .. red for changes of temperature.

Embroidered flannels show a dot or a fleur-de-lis in white or black on a colored

The genuine shirt waist of flannel is made without a lining and is much less full than such waists have heretofore been. Sometimes there is hardly any fullness at all at the collar, and the back is now quite plain. The sleeves also are



scant, and are not always of the regulation shirt style, with a cuff perfectly plain, tight sleeves being now often preferred. The advantage of an unlined shirt waist is that it can be washed, and as some of the prettiest are of white or cream flannel this is important.

The costume illustrated is of navy blue serge. The skirt is plain in front, has ornamented with cords of white cloth, same manner. The tight sleeves have lines of stitching. The sailor hat of white straw is trimmed with white quills and $\boldsymbol{\epsilon}$ large chou of pale blue tulle. JUNE CHOLLET.

Leader.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

EFFECT OF THE AWFUL SOLITUDE WHEN FIRST EXPERIENCED.

The Awe Inspiring Stillness Makes Sleep an Impossibility For Many and Brings Visions of Terror to Haunt the Tired Senses.

The awe inspiring stillness of the first night in camp! You lie on your back vainly courting sleep. Vainly, I say, because of the very intense stillness which should woo it, but does not, as you are unused to it. Your guide lies motionless, only his heavy breathing denoting that he is alive. It is second nature to him to sleep in the heart | lynching bees and other harrowing an of the wilderness, and his tired body no more than touches the sweet scented pine boughs when he slumbers.

It will be so with you when you have accustomed yourself to the preternatural quiet so different from the rumble of passing vehicles over paved streets as in the palatial Pullman sleeper of and which affects you not. But tonight | the great transcentinental lines, and 1 your eyelids are opened wide, and in-"At your service." he replied, with stead of the blissful forgetfulness which you anticipated, your every sense is on the alert to catch and divine the meaning of the strange noises which fill the woods of northern Maine.

In front of your rude camp, which "I am glad to see you are so much of | is left open, the smoldering fire smokes and crackles, each snap of charred embers sounding to your ears like the report of artillery. It is a strange sensation, this first night in the woods. barks. The weird howl echoes and re-echoes down the mountain side until it seems to reach the lake and float | to coffee beans while they are roastover its glasslike surface until it is swallowed up in the dark water.

your already troubled mind by perching on a big pine not a hundred feet away and sending forth a screech that curdles your blood until you realize what it really is. Directly back of you is the lake shore.

Suddenly comes a soft tread over dried brush. Surely some one is stealing up to your camp. You rise to a sitting position and await the marauder's next move. Then once more you hear the snap, snap, snap of his feet as he cautiously draws near. Louder and louder, you cannot be mistaken this time; this is no trick of the imagina-

Now he must be directly beside you, with nothing but a wall of boughs between. You can stand it no longer, and, with a half suppressed yell of excitement, you seize your gun, spring to your feet, dash aside the light canvas that falls over the front of the camp just enough to keep out the smoke and run out prepared to shoot on sight. There is a mad scramble, a crackling of twigs, a mad splash, and-the head of a very badly frightened muskrat can just be seen on the lake's surface as it frantically pushes its way into

You creep softly back to your boughs rather ashamed at yourself and glance furtively at the guide, who sleeps peacefully through it all. At last nature asserts herself and gradually you feel the drowsiness of approaching slumber steal over you. You slightly raise your head to take one last look at the flickering log that splutters away outside.

Hist! What's that? Two fiery eyes set in the framework of impenetrable gloom beyond the fire seem staring directly at you. Like coals, they burn and the words of your guide, "Oh, yes, thar's plenty of bar ro'n yere,' come back to you with awful import. Then you hear the tread of his cushion padded feet moving here and there, but those awful eyes never once turn from you. They burn you with their hypnotic, baleful glare, and with a calmness you would not have believed you possessed, you softly reach for your rifle.

A muskrat may be a joke, but a hungry bear prowling within 20 feet of you is an unsafe guest. You know you are as white as a sheet, and your hands tremble as you bring the piece to your shoulder and aim directly between those awful greenish yellow eyes. Suppose you miss; but, no, you will not. Your finger presses the trigger.

The roar of your rifle sounds like a clap of thunder, and its reverberations roll and chase each other over the tops of the pines and spruces and startle a thousand sleeping creatures who render night hideous with their frightened cries as they scurry or fly away from your vicinity. It's a rude way to awaken a man, and no wonder your guide jumps up yelling like a Comanche Indian and nearly knocks out the back of the camp as he runs against it.

When he finds you pale and trembling and hears you declare that you have shot a bear, he mutters incredulously and, lighting a lantern, goes out to investigate. You hear a loud French-Canuck laugh as he returns carrying by the tail a headless chipmunk, which he tosses at your feet. "You wan good shot, m'sieur. You heet him square 'tween de eyes. No shoot better meself, but ah tink you narve, what you call, onstring, you better take wan good dreenk 'n go to

So are sounds magnified in the silence of a first night in the Maine woods.-Portland (Me.) Express.

They Spilled Over.

Marjorie never cries when any little mishap befalls her and has been known to sustain without shedding a tear severe bumps that have rapidly acquired The Bank President Are you aware a black and blue aspect. But the other the eashier has taken a half interest in day Araminta, her dearly leved and tenderly cherished dell, fell into the The Con(denimi Adviser-No. Per- epen grate and received a confusion of der that he could debuse her to such a come a fell fielded slapper todays contemplate. Marierie winked very hard for a few plantes, and tuen, runting with Ler injured Araminta to her at "if I mother, she buried her head in her lap. solding, "Ch, mamma, I don't want ed his to cry, but my tears have all come unfastened."

No Wild and Woolly West.

Easterners have an erroneous impression about the vast plains country that stretches eastward from the flanks of the Rockies to the wheatfields of the far less numerous in proportion to population than they are in the densely settled regions of the eastern and middle states.

If the sombreroed ruffians with pistols and knives in their boots and cartridge belts around their waists are not in the cattle country, where, then, are they to be found? Where are those Alkali Ikes, Lariat Bills, et al., who fire at the decanters in barrooms and at the silk hats of tenderfoot straugers-the villainous desperadoes whose ecdotes make up considerable of the stock in trade of our eastern comic illustrators? I do not know.

For many years I have wandered through the great northwest on horse back, stagecoach and in cances, as well have never discovered any of the flerce. bewhiskered dime novel heroes. During all my travels in the Dakotas. Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia I have never seen a man hurt or witnessed any sort of row. and I would feel much safer to strike across the mountains or plains alone on a broncho and unarmed than I would to walk up Clark street at night in Chicago-St. Paul Globe.

A Coffee Hint.

A French housekeeper says that in her country it is an invariable rule to add a little butter and powdered sugar ing. A very small piece of butter is needed to the pound, a bit perhaps as A night owl makes bold to disturb | large as a hazelnut, and not more than a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. This treatment is the secret of the pleasant burned sugar flavor in French coffee.

> Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.-Lord

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.



	No. 3 Daily			No.12 Daily
7 25p 7 53p	7 00a 7 41a 8 55a 9 23a 10 15a	"Summerville" "Branchville"	11 10a 10 30a 9 10a 8 41a 7 55a	600p 533p
	11 45a 11 40a			3 00p 2 50p
9 30p	11 00a	ArColumbiaLv	7 10a	4 00p
8 20p 9 22p	9 15a 9 40a 9 50a 10 07a 11 00a	Lv Charleston Ar "Branchville" "Bamberg" "Denmark" "Blackville" "Aiken" Ar.Augusta un.d.Lv	11 10a 8 50a 8 27a 8 13a 8 00a 7 03a 6 20a	5 33p 5 19p 5 03p 3 55p

ton and Columbia, carrying elegant Pullman sleeping cars. No. 15 leave Charleston 11:00 p. m.; arrive Columbia 5:55 a.m. No. 16 leave Columbia 1:35 a.m.; arrive Columbia 5:55 a.m. No. 16 leave Columbia 1:35 a.m.; arrive Charleston 7:00 a.m. Sleeping cars ready for occupancy 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. No.15 No. 3 GREENVILLE. No.12 No.16

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10 55a	2 45p	Ar .	Abb	eville	Lv	11 29a	610p
11 40a	3 35p	Ar .	And	erson.	Lv	10 45a	4 45p
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Ar. Lexington..... " Chicago..... Ar. Memphis, (via Chattanooga) 7 10p 7 40a To Asheville-Cincinnati-Louisville. 3 00p 9 30p 4 45p 12 07a Lv. Columbia (Union Depot) 11 40a 7 55a
Ar. Spartanburg 3 10p 11 25a
" Asheville 7 15p 250p
" Knoxville 4 15a 7 20p
" Cincinnati. 7 30p 7 45a Lv. Charleston ...

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Cam	den S.	C., and Blacks	burg, a	s. C
WEST. EAS				
2d ci *35	1st cl *33	Eastern time.	lst cl ≉32	2d c •34
p m	p m	STATIONS.	рm	рn
8 20	12 50	Camden	12 25	5 3
8 50		Dekalb	11 02	4 5
9 20	1 27	Westville	11 50	4 3
10 50	1 40	Kerehaw	11 35	4 1
11 20	2 10	Beath Springs	11 20	31
11 35	2 15	Pleasant Hill	11 15	3 0
12 30	2 35	Lancaster	10 55	23
1 CO	2 50	Riverside	10 40	1 6
1 20	3 00	Springdell	10 30	12 4
2 30	3 10	Catawba Junction	10 20	12 2
2 50	3 20	Leslie	10 10	11 0
310	3 40	Rock Hill	10 00	10 4
4 10	3 55	New Port	9 35	8 2
4 45	4 02	Tirzah	9 30	8 C
5 30	4 20	Yorkville	9 15	7 30
6 00	4 35	Sharon	9 00	6 5
6 25		Hickory Grove	8 45	6 20
6 35	5 00	Smyrna	8 35	6 00

Between Rlockshorg S C and Marion, N. C.

Blacksburg

8 15

7 00 5 20

pm pm

WEST		EAST.		
2d cl	1st cl *33	Easters time.	let cl *32	2d c1 *12
a m	p m	STATIONS.	a m	pn
8 10	5 30	Blacksburg	7 48	6 40
8 30	5 45	Earls	7 32	6 20
8 40		Patterson Springs	7 25	6 12
9 20	6 00	Shelby	7 15	6 00
10 00	5 20	Lattimore	6 55	45
10 10	6 28	Morresboro	6 48	4 40
10 25	6 38	Henrietta	6 38	4 20
10 50	6 55	Forest City	6 20	3 50
11 15	7 10	Rutherfordton	6 05	3 23
11 35	7 22	Millwood	5 55	3 03
11 45	7 35	Golden Valley	5 40	2 50
12 05	7 40	Thermal City	5 37	2 45
12 25	7 58	Glenwood	5 17	2 20
12 50	8 15	Mariou	5 00	2 00
p m	p m		a m	pn

Gaffney Division. 15 | 13 STATIONS.

750 306 Blacksburg 100 600 Cherokee Falls 730 240 1 20 6 20 1 40 6 40 Gaffney 7 10 2 26 pm am

*Daily except Sunday. Train No 32 leaving Marion, N. C., at 5

for all points South,

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, 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

Train No 33 leaving Camden, S C, at 12.59 p m, after the arrival of the Southern's Charleston train connects at Lancaster, S C, with the L& CRR, 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

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