

A TEST OF COURAGE.

TORTURES WHICH INDIAN SCOUTS BORE WITH SMILING FACES.

It Was Up to Lieutenant Farrow Once to Emulate Their Example, but the West Pointer Used His Wits and Escaped the Ordeal.

The Indian scouts that joined forces with the United States army in 1878 to make prisoners of the Sheep Eaters in western Idaho were skeptical at first of Lieutenant Farrow's abilities to lead them into battle. They had never seen his courage tested and plainly intimidated by word and action that he had no intention of obeying his orders unless he should prove himself braver than any chief, subchief or buck in the command.

First they gave themselves up to all kinds of physical torture as a lesson to him. They slashed their bodies with knives without showing pain. They slit the skin on their chests, ran skewers thereunder and jerked off cutaneous and fleshy strips while smiling happily in his face. They split their ears, pierced their noses, lacerated their cheeks, butchered their arms and legs. Their stunts were so far beyond anything Farrow could inflict upon himself that the poor young lieutenant thought he "saw his finish."

Suddenly, while rivulets of cold perspiration trickled down his spine, the West Pointer recollected that in his schoolboy days he was an adept at driving a pin into the thick of his "vastus externus" without feeling pain and the joyful inspiration to thus illuminate his courage seized him.

The necessary pin was in the lapel of his fatigue jacket. Ruthlessly he slit the front of his breeches leg from pocket to knee, then his drawers till the front of the thigh was exposed to the wondering gaze of the Indians gathered close around. Then dramatically exhibiting the pin, an affair of an inch and a sixteenth, he reached for a flat stone and drove the harmless bit of wire down to the head in the unresisting muscle. His handsome face was as unclouded as when he helped to haze his first plebe.

The red men nodded approvingly, grunted, looked wise and sat down on their haunches. They had seen something new, but wanted something more convincing. Farrow realized this and was in the seventh heaven of despair as he smilingly pulled out the pin and held it aloft for inspection.

To show the white feather meant in that hostile country insubordination and treachery, involving Farrow's mysterious death. It was a moment to try a soul—and to fry it. The lieutenant whispered to his trusted sergeant: "I am going to take a desperate chance. I am going to shoot myself through the head with my revolver, but you stand beside your horse, and just an instant before I shoot you fire your rifle, yell 'Si-wash!' mount and make off through the woods as fast as you can ride. Don't forget to fire before I do, else I shall be a dead man."

Sitting upon a jagged rock, he explained to the Indians what he was about to do, and with great deliberation and some fine theatricals he cocked the pistol and placed the muzzle against his temple. The Indians were wrought up to a high pitch. They had never seen a man shoot himself through the head and live. Surely here was the bravest of all brave leaders. They would follow him through hell.

The sergeant, unnoticed, fired his rifle, his "Si-wash" woke the echoes of Shoshone and Bitter Root, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs rang down the Clear Water as far as Fort Lapwai. "Si-wash?" The Indians knew what that cry meant. In less time than it takes to tell it Farrow was alone. His forces had scattered to the four winds. In the course of a few hours all were united again, but the courage test was not renewed.

Twenty-two years after this exciting incident, on a certain evening in 1900, Farrow occupied a box in the Madison Square Garden when Buffalo Bill's Wild West was in full blast. Chief Joseph, the celebrated commander of the Nez Perces, whom Farrow had captured 22 years previously and whom he had not seen in the interim, led a wild, whooping, yelling, screaming mob of painted Indians out into the arena for a dash around the circle.

But the charge was interrupted—cut short. When Joseph reached the curve near the Madison avenue end of the amphitheater, he pulled his horse sharply to the right, cutting across the first file of warriors in most dangerous fashion. In a mad gallop he poked his charger's head into an arena box, straightened up in his stirrups, held out his hand and cried: "How! How! How!" The old fellow had caught sight of Farrow, and nothing could prevent him from riding up to salute his captor of 1878. It was a dramatic incident.—New York Press.

An Armless Wonder.

Bulwer in his "Artificial Change-ling" makes mention of one John Simons, a native of Berkshire, England, born without arms or hands, who could write with his mouth, thread a needle, tie a knot, shuffle, cut and deal a pack of cards, etc. This wonderful personage was exhibited in London in 1653.

Quite a Relief.

Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can't swear. Wife—No; but I can think with all my might and main what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.—New York Weekly.

A Girl's Good Recipe.

There was a modicum of sense in the response to a request made by a young lady as to what would keep her hands white and soft. "Soak your hands three times daily in dishwater while mother sits on the sofa."—Boston Transcript.

USING ANÆSTHETICS.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM AND ETHER.

Evil Deeds Are Not Easy to Do With the Aid of These Drugs—Some Popular Misinformation on the Subject Corrected.

A curious case of robbery under chloroform which was decided in London not long ago was followed with great interest by writers on medical jurisprudence. Hitherto many such writers have expressed great doubt about these cases, for the process is by no means so easy of use as people think.

Very extravagant ideas prevail among the public as to the power of anesthetics, owing perhaps to the license employed by novelists when they describe "fancy" cases in their books.

One reads, for instance, of a man in a railway carriage waving a handkerchief before the face of a fellow traveler and producing instantaneous unconsciousness. This is absolutely impossible. Another imaginative writer recently described a murder carried out by pushing a towel saturated with a powerful anæsthetic under the bedroom door of his sleeping victim. This also is nonsense.

In another tale the more feasible plan is carried out of entering the sleeping man's chamber, pouring the anæsthetic on the bed, the murderer standing by and watching his victim die. But even this is stretching the truth rather severely.

The true facts about chloroform and its companion anæsthetic, ether, are as follows:

First, with regard to administering the drug during sleep, doctors have made very exhaustive experiments, for it would be of great advantage to a patient on whom an operation has to be performed to chloroform him while asleep and save him the horror which so many people have of the inhalation, and they sum up the results, showing that very rarely can chloroform be administered to a sleeping person without awakening him. Grown people are, with the rarest exception, awakened by the irritating fumes. If a man were tired and if his nose were naturally insensitive to unpleasant odors, and especially if he were under the influence of drink, it might be possible to make him unconscious while asleep. But not even every doctor could do it. The operation would require the highest skill, and the most skillful administrator would succeed only once in a hundred times.

If we take the case of spilling the chloroform in a room and thus impregnating all the air of the room, the thing is out of the question. Yet not only do novelists assert that this can be done, but many people have been actually charged in real life with doing it—for the purpose of blackmailing them, for injuring them or perhaps to throw off suspicion from the pretended victim who has committed the robbery himself. If the room measures, say, 12 feet square and is 9 feet high, it would probably take a gallon of chloroform spilled on the floor to make a man unconscious. All the chinks and crannies would have to be stopped up first, moreover, and the operator himself would have to be poison proof or he also would succumb.

As a matter of fact, the only way to render a person unconscious by the use of chloroform is in the way practiced by surgeons in the operating room. And this is by no means an easy task. There are several ways of doing it. The chloroform may be dropped on a handkerchief, which is then held over the face at some little distance, or it may be dropped on a sponge, or it may be used in one of the innumerable machines invented for the purpose. But the vapor must be mixed with air before it is breathed. That is the reason the handkerchief or the sponge is held some inches from the face. As a rule it takes from five to eight minutes to make the person unconscious, and during this time he generally struggles very violently.

It is probable that many of the charges of chloroforming which have been made are false. Sometimes the pretended victim asserts that he has become unconscious immediately. But it has been shown in evidence that the time necessary to bring about this result is at least four or five minutes. Sometimes he says he could not cry out, yet he describes all the circumstances of the administration minutely. Now, the first effect of the chloroform is to produce confusion of the mind, while, on the other hand, the patient can cry out almost up to the last. He becomes mentally confused before he loses the power of speech. These few facts are sufficient perhaps to demonstrate that some charges of possible chloroforming are necessarily untrue.—London Mail.

A Popular Prince. Prince Henry of Prussia is in every way the exact opposite of his brother the kaiser. A quiet, modest, unassuming young man, he makes friends everywhere he goes. He is idolized by his brother officers in the navy and by the men also, who do not forget that on two occasions he dived from the quarter deck to rescue drowning sailors. His devotion to his mother in 1889 was most marked, and, in embracing and blessing his sailor son on the occasion of his marriage with Irene of Hesse, Frederick the Noble pressed into his hand a slip of paper (for he could not speak) on which was written, "You at least have never given me a moment's sorrow and will certainly make as good and true a husband as you have been a loving son."—London Globe.

Paralyzed. Judge—Pat, to save time I suppose you will admit that you were drunk? Pat—Burr, sir? On wor so sober, or, that me niggers, that Oh wor dead and wor dead and dead a wake over me, sir.—

THESE CLOTHES FIT.

SINGLE PIECE SUITS THAT ARE SPUN UPON THE BODY.

A Remarkable Tale of the Remarkable Garments of Silk That Are Worn by Some Remarkable South American Indians.

Probably no country on earth is more interesting to the traveler on the look-out for queer things and unusual experiences than the silvas of the Amazon, and here is a story about an Indian tribe of that region told by Arthur Axtell, an American traveler, that can hardly be beaten.

These particular Indians were continually bent on discovery and experimenting, says Mr. Axtell. Somehow they had come into possession of some silkworms. These worms were not known before in that country, and most of them died before the natives found out how to raise them. But they persevered and by feeding them on the tender leaves of some native plants produced a good quality of silk, not so good as the Chinese product by feeding the worms on white mulberry leaves, but nevertheless a strong, serviceable silk, certainly good enough for the dusky bodies of these savages, for this silk has not yet become an article of commerce.

Their method of obtaining the silk and transforming it into garments was crude. When the moths laid the eggs, the natives carried them in great quantities in belts about their bodies, thus giving the eggs the body heat. At the end of winter the eggs were hatched, and the result was an army of caterpillars. These were trained to crawl over the naked bodies of the natives. This was their home. They knew no other and seemed quite contented.

During eight weeks the savage is covered with these yellow crawlers. It would seem that thousands of creeping caterpillars over one's body from head to foot would tickle one to death. Certainly a white man would find it unbearable, but it must be remembered these natives of Brazil are scarcely human. To them it is intensely interesting to train these worms in the way they should go. Small bits of leaves are stuck on the bodies of the natives in regular rows, and round and round the worms go, feeding on the way. The natives help each other in the placing of the bits of leaves and in confining the worms to certain localities on the body.

These caterpillar covered niggers, as Dr. F. A. Marsh, who was of our party, called them, sleep on their backs at night and are careful not to turn over in their sleep. That would be a sad calamity. When we came to their village, there were ten Indians, men and women, in the act of raising silk caterpillars by this unique process. They were a sight to chill the blood. I know the blood stopped flowing in my veins. I stood still and shuddered. Yet there was a fascination about it, for I had been told what the object of it was, and I admired the savage ingenuity.

After the worms have become dizzy with playing the "merry go round" on the bodies of the savages they quit eating and commence spinning the outer covering for the cocoons. When this labor is done, the natural process of silkmaking is interfered with. The savages had found out that when the cocoons were finished they would burst or the worms would eat their way out. In either case the silk was destroyed. So the worms are prevented from making the cocoons. Instead the fiber for the outer covering is destroyed, and the poor caterpillars stop in perplexity. But they doubtless conclude the savages are right, and the worms are in debt to them for eight weeks of feeding, so they start soon to the spinning of the silk.

The natives are now in ecstasy. They make the worms bustle around them as they have been taught during all their little lives and spinning as they go the fine filaments of shining silk. Round and round crawl the worms, each one spinning 1,000 to 4,000 yards of silk thread around the swarthy, savage neck, around each naked arm, around the chest and abdomen and the lower limbs. The work of the worm is over.

And the result is a remarkable transformation. From a nude savage figure, loathsome and repulsive, with thousands of yellow worms crawling, twisting, writhing, squirming, to a conquering, proud native of Brazil, clothed in a perfectly fitting garment of rich silk. He has toiled not, neither has he spinned—he has only bossed the job—yet is he clothed in raiment as beautiful as the lilies of the field. What a feeling of supremacy he must have! He has interfered successfully with a divine plan. He has turned aside the course of nature and stands erect—in his own mind, at least—a man to be greatly admired.—Philadelphia Times.

Don't neglect yourself to do work for others that is ineffective and only a bother to them.—Aitchison Globe.

An Aldermanic Bull. Some time ago a follower of one of the city aldermen cast covetous glances upon a desirable newsstand under the elevated railroad stairs. Straight he went to his friend, the alderman, and made known his wishes, which were that the news dealer should be evicted from the locality.

"All right, me boy; leave it to me," said the city father and began to pull wires. Finally he got an order directing the newsdealer to show cause why he should not get out, but that obstinate individual still remained. Then he drew up a formal complaint, which was duly laid before one of the judges. The complaint, after telling how the newsdealer had been ordered to leave and had not done so, concludes: "And now we have to complain, your honor, that not only is this same stand still there, but the defendant has replaced it by a bigger one."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

WILD BILL'S FIRST BATTLE.

Story of the Most Remarkable Conflict in Border Annals.

Forty years ago, in December, ten men on bay horses galloped across the dry bed of Rock Creek, skirted a little clump of cottonwoods, and drew rein before the bars of the Overland Stage Company's horse corral on the California trail a few miles north of Manhattan. Bill McKandlas, jumping from his horse, put his hand on the top bar. A tall, slender young man stepped to the door of the dug-out a few yards away with a gun in his hand, and eyed the McKandlas gang with dark disfavor. He called out with some emphasis that he would shoot the first man who took down a bar, and made some comments on their parentage.

A few hours before they had gone by his quarters jerking an old preacher at the end of a lariat. As they passed they announced that they would come back for the stage horse in the corral at three o'clock in the afternoon. The young man with the gun had replied that he would be there when they came back. He was paid to feed, harness, and protect the company's property, and intended to earn his money. The ten visiting gentlemen tied their horses to the corral, and turned to the more cheerful duty of exterminating the imprudent and forward young watchman. He retired into his dug-out domicile, barred the door, and stood waiting with a rifle in his hand. Even then he had the habit of not shooting until the occasion really demanded it. The highwaymen hunted up a log from the cottonwoods, and with praise-worthy industry proceeded to batter down the door. Jim McKandlas, with a revolver a bowie-knife, a whoop and a yell leaped across the threshold and into eternity. As the others rushed through the door the man inside fired three shots, with that accuracy of aim for which he was so much admired in the years that were to come. The six somewhat startled horse thieves who remained alive swarmed across the dug-out floor, and piled upon the young station keeper with revolvers and bowie-knives. One beat him over the head with a gun, and Bill McKandlas struck with a bowie-knife, only to bury it in the table, and with a bullet in his heart, to suddenly terminate a career which had furnished an infinite variety of interest for the sheriffs and vigilantes of several counties. The rusty stove fell from its insecure foundation across the surging combatants, mixed in inextricable and sanguinary confusion. Outside a horse broke his hitching strap and galloped away. The little table broke down beneath the weight of a thousand pounds of shooting, stabling, swearing frontiersmen. The fattest bandit rolled toward the door, and catching a glimpse of the brown prairies outside, which looked good to him, suddenly reached the conclusion that he did not really need any stage company horses in his business and bolted.

By this time the affair had ceased to have for the other four horse fanciers that enticing interest which had drawn them into it. As he afterwards expressed it, the young man in charge of the stage station had "gone wild." Covered with wounds and freckled with bullet holes he had lost every thought and instinct except the lust of death and victory. As they fought he struck the sixth man in the throat with the bowie, and the man fell across the little pile of blankets. The three who were now on their feet retreated through the door and toward their horses, their host staggering after them with the gleam of battle-still in his blue eye. That morning his associate in the company's service had gone hunting, to return on the run barely in time to witness the close of the tragedy. Doc Mills, the associate, had lost a golden opportunity. While he was out shooting quail, Fame had knocked at the dug-out door, handed laurel to James Butler Hickok, and passed on. Hickok wrested the gun from Mills's hand, and killed another of his fleeing foes before they were fifty yards away. One, badly wounded, sped down the little creek, found his way to Manhattan, and died within two days. The ninth more fortunate, mounted a horse, and died with the fat deserter across the prairie.

When the stage from the East came rumbling in, half an hour later, they found this hero of the most savage and the most remarkable conflict in border annals insensible and at the point of death. The floor of his dug-out looked like the deck of a viking's warship after a glorious triumph. Six months elapsed before he recovered. He had beaten ten men in a fair fight, killing eight of them, but he had won his fight, saved his employer's property, and henceforth he was "Wild Bill" for all time.—E. C. Little in Everybody's Magazine.

Hester's Cotton Statement. New Orleans, June 7.—Secretary Hester's analysis of the cotton movement for the nine months of the season from Sept. 1 to the close of May inclusive shows the amount brought into sight by groups of States as follows:

Texas and Indian Territory 3,606,430 bales, an increase over the same time last year of 1,078,358.

Other Gulf States 2,690,980, a decrease under last year of 28,238.

Atlantic States 3,395,722, a decrease under last year of 171,242.

Total crop in sight at the close of May 9,693,140, an increase over last year of 878,879.

London, June 7.—Another of Britain's great racing trophies has been captured by America. Foxhall P. Keene having won the Oaks with Cap and Bells II., ridden by Milton Henry. The owner, horse and jockey are all thoroughbred Americans, so the victory was not diluted as it was in the case of the Derby. Yesterday long odds were obtainable against the American horse but the odds shortened this morning until Cap and Bells II. stood at the head of the list started at 9 to 4 against. The hollowness of the victory detracted from the interest in the race. Lord Ellesmere's Kilwarlin-Sabra was second and Richard Croker's Minnie Dee third.

The Duke de Lilla, who runs an extensive silk farm in Southern Italy, is going to try the experiment in South Carolina.

NOT BURIED AT SEA.

The Humane French Boatman and the Dead Englishman.

A long expected French lugger was seen making for the roadstead, and the Lowestoft free traders were on the alert, anxiously seeking an opportunity for communicating with her crew. While they waited for a lapse of vigilance on the part of the excise-men, a boat was lowered from the lugger and rowed toward the shore. A curious crowd of beach men and excise-men assembled to meet her, and as she came in on the crest of a roller it was observed that she contained a coffin.

The French boatman had a mournful tale to tell. On board the lugger had been an Englishman suffering from an illness which soon proved fatal. In his last moments of consciousness he had begged the captain not to bury him at sea, but to keep his body until a resting place could be found for it under the green turf of a churchyard in his native land. Sympathy with his sad fate and the knowledge that the lugger was not far from the English coast had induced the captain to consent, and now he had sent the body ashore for burial. In spite of his broken English, the Frenchmen's spokesman told his tale well.

Both excise-men and beach men—especially the latter—loudly expressed their admiration of the captain's conduct. A parson was summoned, and in a little while a mournful procession made its way from the beach to the churchyard. Even the chief officer of the excise-men was present and is said to have shed tears.

That night the local "resurrectionists" were busy, and at dawn the churchyard contained a desecrated grave. A little way inland, however, in the midst of the marshes, a smugglers' store received the addition of a coffin filled with silks and lace!—"Highways and Byways in East Anglia." W. A. Dunn.

Atlantic Coast Line.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND A



GUSTA RAILROAD. Condensed Schedule Dated April 8, 1901.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns for No. 55, No. 25, p.m., a.m., and stations: Leave Wilmington, Leave Marion, Arrive Florence, Leave Florence, Arrive Sumter, Leave Sumter, Arrive Columbia.

No. 54 runs through from Charleston via Central R. R., leaving Charleston 6 25 a.m., and 8 02 a.m., Manning 8 50 a.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

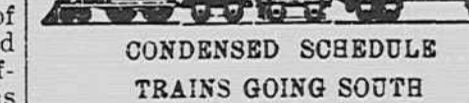
Table with columns for No. 54, No. 24, a.m., p.m., and stations: Leave Columbia, Arrive Sumter, Leave Sumter, Arrive Florence, Leave Florence, Arrive Marion, Arrive Wilmington.

Daily, except Sunday. No. 53 runs through to Charleston, S. C., via Central R. R., arriving Manning 8 02 a.m., leaving 8 43 p.m., Charleston 8 30 p.m., Florence 8 20 p.m., arriving Conway 1 30 p.m., returning Conway 3 40 p.m., arrive Charleston 5 20 p.m., leave Charleston 5 35 p.m., arrive Broad 8 10 p.m., returning leave Broad 8 40 a.m., arrive Charleston 11 2 a.m. Daily except Sunday.

R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager. J. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent.

Atlantic Coast Line

North-Eastern R. R. of S. C.



CONDENSED SCHEDULE

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

Table with columns for Dated, No., No., No., No., and stations: Leave Florence, Arrive Kingstree, Arrive Lanes, Arrive Charleston, Leave Charleston, Arrive Florence.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns for No., No., No., No., and stations: Leave Charleston, Arrive Lanes, Arrive Kingstree, Arrive Florence, Leave Florence, Arrive Charleston.

Daily, except Sunday. No. 51 runs through to Columbia via Central R. R. of S. C. Trains Nos. 78 and 32 run via Wilson and Fayetteville—Short Line—and make close connection for all points North. Trains on C. & D. R. R. leave Florence daily except Sunday 9 50 a.m., arrive Darlington 0 15 a.m., Hartsville 9 15 a.m., Cheraw 11 30 a.m., Wadesboro 2 25 p.m., leave Florence daily except Sunday 7 55 p.m., arrive Darlington 8 20 p.m., Bennettsville 9 17 a.m., Gibson 9 45 p.m., leave Florence Sunday only 9 30 a.m., arrive Darlington 10 05 a.m. Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 6 00 a.m., Bennettsville 7 00 a.m., arrive Darlington 8 00 a.m., leave Darlington 8 50 a.m., arrive Florence 9 15 a.m. Leave Wadesboro daily except Sunday 3 00 p.m., Cheraw 4 45 p.m., Hartsville 7 00 a.m., Darlington 6 29 a.m., arrive Florence 7 00 p.m. Leave Darlington Sunday only 8 50 a.m., arrive Florence 9 15 a.m. R. KENLY, JNO. F. DIVINE, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Sup't, T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager, T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT.

Wilmington, N. C., May 20th, 1901

Fast Line BETWEEN Charleston and Columbia and Upper South Carolina, AND NORTH CAROLINA,

CONDENSED SCHEDULE

Table with columns for Going West, In Effect Jan'y 13th, 1901, Going East, No 52, No 23, and stations: Charleston, S. C., Lanes, S. C., Sumter, S. C., Columbia, S. C., Prosperity, S. C., Newberry, S. C., Clinton, S. C., Laurens, S. C., Greenville, S. C., Spartanburg, S. C., Winesboro, S. C., Charlotte, N. C., Hendersonville, N. C., Asheville, N. C.

*Daily. Nos 52 and 53 solid trains between Charleston and Greenville, S. C. H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent. J. R. KENLY, T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Manager, Traffic Manager.

South Carolina and Georgia Extension R. R. Company

Schedule No. 4—In effect 12.01 a. m., Sun

December 24, 1899.

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

WEST. EAST.

Table with columns for 2d cl, 1st cl, 33, Eastern time, 1st cl, 2d cl, 33, and stations: Camden, DeKalb, Westville, Kershaw, Great Springs, Pleasant Hill, Lancaster, Riversdale, Springdale, Catawba Junction, Leslie, Rock Hill, New Port, Tirzah, Yorkville, Sharrow, Hickory Grove, Snyrna, Blacksburg.

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

WEST. EAST.

Table with columns for 2d cl, 1st cl, 33, Eastern time, 1st cl, 2d cl, 33, and stations: Blacksburg, Barle, Patterson Springs, Shelby, Lattimore, Mooreboro, Henrietta, Forest City, Rutherfordton, Millwood, Golden Valley, Thermal City, Glenwood, Mariou.

West. Gaffney Division. East.

Table with columns for 1st Class, 15, 13, EASTERN TIME, STATIONS, 1st Class, 14, 16, and stations: Blacksburg, Cherokee Falls, Gaffney.

Daily except Sunday. Train No 32 leaving Marion, N. C., at a.m., making close connection at Blacksburg, 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. at Yorkville, S. C., at 8 45 a.m., and connects at Camden, S. C., with the Southern's train No 75, arriving in Charleston, S. C., at 11 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. 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. S. TRIPP, Superintendent. A. B. LITTLE, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad

Company of South Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE

In effect January 13th, 1901.

Table with columns for SOUTH, NORTH, No., No., and stations: Darlington, Elliott, Sumter, Creston, Orangeburg, Denmark, Augusta.

Daily, except Sunday. Trains 32 and 35 carry through Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars between New York and Macon via Augusta. H. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager. J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.