

THE RAILROAD SCARE

ODD EFFECTS OF THE FIRST SIGHT OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

Some of the People of the South Had Behind Trees in 1833, When the Iron Horse Went By—The Country's Earliest Railroad.

America cannot lay claim to the first locomotive or the first railroad. That great honor lies with England. Yet Yankee genius was not very far behind her, for, when George Stephenson launched his first real locomotive, the Rocket, on the Liverpool and Manchester road in 1825, the first spike had been driven on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, July 4, 1823, by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

But the south can claim the honor of completing the longest railroad in the world at that date, being the old Charleston and Hamburg road, now a part of the South Carolina and Georgia system, which was begun in 1830, and by October, 1833, it had 137 miles of track in operation. In a letter from Mr. Samuel C. Clarke of Georgia, a kinsman of the writer, who attained the extreme age of 91 years and who had seen the beginning and the completion of this road, he thus gives his experience upon first sight of a locomotive:

"One day while going down to Charleston with a party of gentlemen to attend the races as we approached the city we saw in the distance the new railroad, finished some 10 or 12 miles out of Charleston. It was built upon piles, longer or short, according to the nature of the ground. Sometimes in crossing a ravine the rails were 20 feet from the surface. Our track ran near this elevated road, and soon a horrid shriek as from 20 panthers was heard in the woods. By this time we were nervous. Elephants and lions we had heard of, and some of us had seen them, but what monster was this whose screams we heard? Presently it came in sight, flying aloft through the air and breathing fire and smoke, and our frightened steeds became unmanageable, and in fact I think that some of our party were as badly frightened as their horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods.

"A mile or two farther on we came to a broken wagon by the side of the road, and near it sat a Georgia cracker smoking his pipe. On being asked what was his trouble he replied, 'Well, stranger, I've often heard tell of nullification, and now I reckon I've saw it for true.'"

It is somewhat amusing now to read of the superstitious dread with which the inhabitants looked upon the building of these first railroads. Some thought the smoke of the continual passing trains would cause a pestilence or destroy all the crops along the road. Others were afraid to ride on the cars for fear of having their breath taken away, and the people in the cities objected to the railroad being built because they feared the smoke from the engines would soil the clothes which were hung out to dry.

Many are yet living who looked upon the terrible, screeching iron monster with awe and trepidation. Mr. Nat McGee of Ivy, Albemarle, tells a joke upon himself that when he heard the train coming he jumped from his horse and got behind a tree, where he viewed it for fear of being run over. Mr. W. T. Prout, who was taking a wagon load of produce to Richmond, when he reached Gordonsville heard the whistle and terrible noise of the approaching train, and he and his companions were so scared that they sprang out, leaped the fence and ran across the field to a safe distance, leaving the wagon and team to its fate, but when the train appeared it was only an engine and one coach.

The first roadbeds were formed, as has been stated, by driving piles in the ground, upon the top of which were placed wooden stringers, in which were cut a groove for the wheels to run. These were called "wooden railroads" and at a distance appeared like the elevated railroads in the cities of the present day. The honor of this invention was contested between John Hartman of Scottsville, Va., and John Williams, an engineer of Ohio, but it did not prove a bonanza to either, for the wheels were constantly bouncing out of the groove, and the piles soon after gave place to solid dirt embankments, and strap iron rails were substituted for the wooden groove. But the grading was very imperfect and uneven, which made riding on one of these primitive railroads like going over a corduroy road in a springless wagon, with the cars bouncing over these rough rails to the jingling music of the windows.—Richmond Dispatch.

Swallowed Two Pounds of Stone.

Stones do not form part of the recognized diet of the cormorant, but one of these birds in the National Zoological park in Washington had a craving which could be satisfied only by eating two pounds of stones. The keeper's attention was attracted to the bird because after having once sat down it couldn't get up. He was picked up, and then the stones were heard rattling inside of him. An official connected with the park decided that something must be done, and he promptly cut the cormorant open and relieved him of his burden. One of the stones, of irregular shape, was 3/4 inches long. The incision was sewed up, and for five days the bird got along all right, the wound healing finely, but at the end of that time the cormorant grew restive and pulled out the stitches with his hooked bill. As a consequence of opening up the wound he died.

Noncooking Restaurants.

Odd as it may appear to dwellers in small cities, some of the downtown restaurants of New York are in buildings in which no cooking is allowed. Some of the busiest of the midday restaurants purchase all their meats and stews already cooked and merely heat them through again before serving them to patrons. This branch of the restaurant business has reached such proportions that the mere operation of cooking for such places has become an established business, and owners of ovens thrive at it.—New York Sun.

SIGNALING TO MARS.

The Difficulty of Doing So by Means of Light.

The very largest city that this earth has ever known would be altogether too small to be visible to a being dwelling on the planet Mars, even if that being were endeavoring to see it with a telescope as powerful as the greatest and most perfect instrument in any observatory on this globe.

If the whole extent of Lake Superior were covered with petroleum and if that petroleum was set on fire, then, I think, we may admit that an inhabitant of Mars who was furnished with a telescope as good as that which Percival Lowell uses at Flagstaff might be able to see that something had happened. But we must not suppose that the mighty conflagration would appear to the Martian as a very conspicuous object. It would, rather, be a very small feature, but still I think it would not be beyond the reach of a practiced observer in that planet.

On the other hand, if an area the size of Lake Superior on Mars was to be flooded with petroleum and that petroleum was to be kindled, we should expect to witness the event from here not as a great and striking conflagration, but as a tiny little point of just discernible light. The disk of Mars is not a large object, and the conflagration would not extend over the three hundredth part of that disk.

It is sufficient to state these facts to show that the possibility of signaling to Mars is entirely beyond the power of human resources.—Sir Robert S. Ball in Independent.

BLUNDERS IN FICTION.

The Queer Mistakes That Are Sometimes Made by Authors.

We smile as we read and pass swiftly by the stories of maidens that wander in "lonely woods" at unearthly hours of night, always clad in "a soft, white clinging gown." Now, every girl knows that the average maiden is too much afraid of tramps and snakes to wander in "lonely woods." The weather, too, appears to perplex our novelists, for not infrequently they begin a chapter at dawn, there are a few moments' conversation, and then the "sun sets in lurid banks behind the distant emurpled mountains."

I am reminded at the outset of an English story written by an author of repute where the heroine in one scene was made on one page to stoop down and tie her shoestring, while three pages farther on, directly following, it was said of the same girl that she had remained barefooted the entire day. In another story a blind woman is made to view the hero through spectacles before the tale is ended.

In a French novel—and we generally consider French such literary masters—a heroine is clearly made to go direct from her bed to the breakfast table, out shopping, to an afternoon tea and to dinner in her robe de nuit! Cousins suddenly transformed into brothers without a moment's warning are numerous in this detective's library. Thus one is amused to find the most marvelous mistakes in books which we think we have carefully read.—Modern Culture.

Golf in the Old Days.

Centuries back golf was a pastime of the royal family, though they usually played in Scotland. The Stuart family was very fond of the game, and the first English club was established at Blackheath in 1608 by James I. His eldest son, Henry, frequently played and on one occasion nearly struck by accident his tutor with a club, whereupon he coolly remarked, "Had I done so I had not paid my debts." Charles I was playing golf when he received the news of the Irish rebellion. James, duke of York, afterward James II, was another ardent player. Golf is frequently mentioned in ancient Scottish records and in the fifteenth century was prohibited because it interfered with the practice of archery. Strutt considered it the most ancient game at ball requiring a bat.—London Chronicle.

The Squirrel Hunter's Weapon.

The cream of squirrel hunting is enjoyed by the man who uses a light rifle of small caliber and medium power. The ".22 long" as now turned out by our leading makers is an excellent weapon—in fact, the best in the world for the purpose. Though not of sufficient range to be dangerous to people or stock at a distance, it throws lead with surprising accuracy to the tops of the tallest trees. Good rifle shots always aim for the squirrel's head both to add to the difficulty of the sport and to avoid spoiling meat. And be it known that a squirrel's head at a range of 40 or 50 yards is no easy mark. If a reader doubts this, let him go to the woods for a day, keep all empty shells, and at the end of the day let him try to make the dead squirrels and the empty shells tally.—E. W. Sandys in Outing.

Early Birds.

The green finch is the earliest riser. It pipes as early as half past 1 in the morning. The blackcap begins at half past 2. It is nearly 4 o'clock before the blackbird appears. It is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. The house sparrow and the tomtit take the last stage of the list.

Artificial Stone.

Quarrymen and stone dressers will probably be gradually crowded out of their occupation by the use of artificial stone. In the manufacture of this stone the sand is heated and the cement added to the amount of 12 per cent of the mixture. The steel molds are filled with the dry material and moved into an immense cylinder, which is closed and bolted. Boiling water is then turned in under pressure sufficient to force it all through the sand in the molds. The cement slacks, but the steel molds do not permit any expansion to occur, and the stone is formed and dried under an immense pressure. The result is a very hard stone, which can be supplied in shapes desired and much cheaper than the natural stone.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, had the curious property of turning red every ten years owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

THE TALE OF A DOG.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE OF CANINE TENACITY AND SAGACITY.

As the Story of the Feat Was Related by a Preacher Who Was a Party to the Incident No Further Testimony Is Necessary.

A certain Nashville statesman is about one of the best story tellers in Tennessee, and his repertoire includes a lot of good ones, fish and otherwise. On the truthfulness of some he will stake his reputation for veracity, but he tells one which he always prefixes with the statement that it was told him by a minister of the gospel, Dr. Bardwell, who will be remembered here by the older inhabitants as the assistant of Dr. Edgar of revered memory, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian church during the latter years of General Andrew Jackson's life and attended the old hero in his last illness. The story tells said:

"Dr. Bardwell used to visit my father's house when I was a boy, and the story I am about to tell you was related to me on the occasion of one of these visits. We were out on the veranda smoking one evening after supper. The doctor was fond of dogs and was a pretty good sportsman and naturally the conversation turned on this subject.

"Speaking of dogs," said Dr. Bardwell, "reminds me of a dog which belonged to a friend of mine in Mississippi. I had been invited to hold services at a church near this friend's house and wrote him to meet me at the station, some six miles from his house, on the Saturday afternoon before Sunday, the day of the appointment.

"He was on time with horses, and we started to his home. I noticed that a very handsome bird dog followed us, and, having heard that some one in that neighborhood owned an especially well trained trick dog, I asked my friend about it.

"That's the dog," at the same time pointing at his dog, which had run ahead of us and was waiting at the forks of the road.

"I asked him to make him perform a trick. He got down from his horse, called the dog and, taking out his pocketbook, held it to the dog's nose. He then took out a silver half dollar and, walking some distance into the woods, raised up a large rock and put the money under it. We then resumed our journey, and when probably half a mile away my friend called his dog and told him to go back and get the money.

"The dog, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and, my friend explained, as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money, and he would not probably get home before we reached there, it then being about three miles farther on to his house.

"However, when we reached home the dog was not there. We ate supper, and still the dog did not come, nor had he put in an appearance when we retired at about 10 o'clock.

"The next morning we got up about daylight, and, hearing a noise outside, my friend opened the door, and the dog rushed in dragging with him a pair of pantaloons, which he dropped on the floor.

"Of course we were both mystified, but had not long to wait an explanation, for shortly afterward a man who lived several miles from my friend's house rode up on a mule and inquired if a dog with a pair of pantaloons in his mouth had come into the house. The dog at this moment came out on the porch, and the man said, 'Why, there's the dog now.'

"My friend told his caller that the dog had really brought a pair of pantaloons home with him, but he did not understand it himself.

"The man said that late in the afternoon the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road and, thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and, to his surprise, found a half dollar on the underside.

"He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper. At night when the family retired the dog was put on the outside, but he kept up such a racket that no one could sleep on the place, and when the man opened the door to drive the dog off he rushed into his bedroom and at once became very quiet, lying down near the foot of the bed, where he slept all night.

"Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his pantaloons in his mouth and, jumping out of the window, fled.

"The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

"Hearing this story, my friend got the pantaloons and on searching the pockets found the half dollar which he had hid under the rock the afternoon before."—Nashville Banner.

THE ALPHABET'S MEETING.

The alphabet met and said that "they were not arranged in a proper way." A had stood at the head too long; it was not right; it was utterly wrong. "For you all know and can plainly see that place belongs to me," said G. "You take the head, indeed!" said J; "That place is meant for my dear K." "Tut, tut, tut! Well, well, well! I'll stand there myself then," said L. "Excuse us, please, we think that we have a word to say," said B, C, D.

"Suppose you have," said F as he softly whispered a word to E. "Who'll prevent, I'd like to know, standing head M, N or O?" "We've listened in silence to all of you and now will 'head' you," said P and Q. "Our impression is, you had better try," then angrily spoke both H and I. "How rude and coarse!" said R, S, T. "The 'first of some,'" said U and V. "Would drive one mad," said W, X, Y, Z. But, after all, the letters still stand A at the head, at the foot &c.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TALK OF MARRIAGE.

It Is Proper For the Man, but Not For the Girl, Apparently.

A man may remark on his intention to marry at some indefinite future time, when prudence or other considerations may make it possible or advisable, without having, as a rule, to run the gantlet of a chorus of impertinent and stupid would be witty remarks. But should a girl be bold enough, or rather, natural and simple enough, to say the same thing what would be the result? Why, every one knows that she would be promptly sneered out of countenance.

And why? Is it immodest for a woman to express a determination to enter into a state which we are being continually reminded is a natural and honorable state, while it is modest and proper for a man to do so? Such a distinction would never be drawn except for the "cheapsness" to which reference has been made.

If a man wants to marry, he can marry. If the first woman he asks refuses him, he has only to ask a second or perhaps a third or fourth. It would be safe to guarantee that within a month any man of fairly respectable life and position and appearance who cared to make the experiment could marry in his own class, could marry probably a woman much superior to himself.

But what about the girl who intends to marry "some day"? Is she not in a very different position from the man? Here is a girl of good character—much better than the man's, probably—average intelligence, average good looks. Theoretically she is free to marry whom she will, but is she? If she receives one distinct offer of marriage, she has had more than her share, according to the probable average.

The fact that by an unwritten law a woman must not take, and, indeed, does not want to take, the initiative has very little to do with the extremely limited choice which modern conditions impose upon English women.—Nineteenth Century.

A VERY CURIOUS BIRD.

The One Young Mark Twain Sprung Upon the Scientists.

Mark Twain's father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discovered a rara avis it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquiries and had noted the delight the old men took in discussing a new found specimen. One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster, he substituted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared, he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The rare specimen was put before them. The discussion was long and learned. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swayed by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no further. The feathers came out. There was a quick closing of a door. Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few moments. I will see Samuel first and explain later."

EATING FISH.

It is not good form to ask for a second helping of fish. It is considered extremely bad form to use a knife in dissecting fish.

A little modern fish knife, with an ingenious fork arrangement on one side, is now made.

A bit of lemon is served with broiled and baked fish, and it is in correct form to use the fingers in expressing the juice.

Potatoes are considered a proper accessory to the fish course.

Sliced cucumbers, with plain French dressing, are also served.

With a boiled fish the potatoes are also usually boiled, cut into bits or scooped out and garnished with a little melted butter and chopped parsley.

Never use the fingers to separate the bones from the edible portion of fish. The bones must be evaded with such dexterity as one can command without other aid than such as a bit of bread held in the left hand may furnish.

A Confederate Prison Lodge.

Brother J. T. Parker, of Webb Lodge, No. 182, in Sigourney, Iowa, tells the following interesting story of his connection with a Masonic lodge which was held in a Confederate prison:

In the fall and winter of 1864-65 it was my unhappy lot to be confined with a large number of Union officers in the military prison of Columbia, S. C., a part of the time in the lunatic asylum in the east part of the city. While there a number of us who were Masons consulted together and agreed, if we could get the privilege to meet in an upper room over the Confederate physician's office and post up, (as we had become somewhat rusty,) we would organize a lodge for instruction. The writer, with two others, were designated a committee to interview the doctor in charge. We did so, and he most cheerfully granted our request and promised to meet with us. The same evening some eleven of us, nine States being represented, met in the room spoken of. One of our number had a copy of the Great Light. It devolved on the writer to test the brethren. After doing so, and all found to be Masons in good standing, we proceeded to organize an informal lodge for instruction, our jewels being cut out of paper. Boxes, properly placed, formed the stations and altar. Having tools to work with, our great lights in place, we proceeded to elect officers. The writer was elected Master; Wardens, Secretary and Treasurer being chosen and all appointive places filled, one of our number was taken and initiated an entered apprentice and duly instructed.

What one of us was at a loss to give some brother could. Since that time I have often thought it was the most thorough initiation I ever witnessed. After the initiation (not being hampered by any Grand Lodge to the contrary) we proceeded to confer so-called side-degrees, and the victims, I have no doubt, were forcibly impressed with the ceremonies. Near morning we closed our lodge.

We soon met again, opened our Lodge, and, taking one of our number, proceeded to pass him to the second degree, and if anything was passed, necessary to fully make a fellowcraft, it was not our intention. After our regular work being through the Confederate doctor came up, was tested and found a bright Mason. For the next two or three hours all enjoyed themselves. The doctor had many so-called side-degrees that we were not in possession of, and he had as many victims as he could handle, and we, to reciprocate, taught the doctor some things not in his Materia Medica.

We closed the lodge near morning and soon met again. The moon, edicts or regulations didn't hamper us. At this meeting the third degree was our lesson, and the brother who acted as our candidate was of the opinion when we got through that he had been raised. I think our first meeting was in the first day of January, 1865. I have no record and have to trust to memory. We met quite often up to the time we left the prison, February 17, 1865. For some years after coming home I had the names of the brothers composing this lodge for instruction, but the list has been misplaced. I have not met one of them since we were exchanged. John M. Godown, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was one; Smith, of Vermont, another; a first lieutenant of the 2d Michigan cavalry, another. His name has passed from me, but he was the best posted of our number. He could take any part and do the work correctly. The others I cannot recall, but just remember how most of them looked.

I have made the claim that I am the only Mason in the United States that ever was Master of a lodge in a Confederate prison.

Life Insurance.

It is an interesting fact that, whatever the reason may be, life insurance is much more popular in the United States than in any other country. In proportion to their numbers the American people carry twice as much life insurance as the Britishers, five times as much as the Germans and eight times as much as the French.

This is partly explained by the large number of American policies issued to serve other purposes than mere provision for the families of the insured. The scope of what may be called business as distinguished from family insurance is constantly enlarging. A novel and interesting recent development of it is the insurance of the lives of Protestant ministers for large sums which are made payable at their deaths to their churches.—New York World.

Do Carpets Shorten Life?

Just think what a horrible receptacle of unclean things the carpet is in the rich English or French house! Where there are carpets, people should on entering be given slippers, as in the Netherlands, or the footbath, as at a Turkish mosque. Making servants sweep carpets is another proof that evil is wrought for want of thought. Fluorins attributed the prevalence of lung and throat diseases in England to carpeted rooms.—London Truth.

Sarcasm.

Art Dealer—Yes, that was painted by one of the old masters. But, I beg your pardon, sir, you must not touch it with your umbrella.

Old Mr. Hardplayer—What's the matter? Isn't it dry yet?

Twice as Black.

Sam Cole—Miss Yallerby done treat me scartious. She done tole me yestiddy dat I was black as de ace of spades.

Jim Crow—Dat's on'y half as bad as what she sez 'bout me. She tole me I was black as de deuce.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The penal code of the Chinese empire is at least 2,000 years old, and under its provisions about 12,000 persons are annually executed.

The first balloon ascent took place in the year 1783.

South Carolina and Georgia Extension R. R. Company.

Schedule No. 4—In effect 12 o'cl a. m., Sun

December 24, 1899

Between

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

Table with columns WEST, EAST, STATIONS, and times. Includes stations like Camden, DeKalb, Westville, Kershaw, Heath Springs, Pleasant Hill, Lancaster, Riversdale, Springdale, Catawba Junction, Leslie, Rock Hill, New Port, Tirtzah, Yorkville, Sbaron, Hickory Grove, Smyrna, Blacksburg.

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

Table with columns WEST, EAST, STATIONS, and times. Includes stations like Blacksburg, Paris, Patterson Springs, Shelby, Lettimore, Mooresboro, Henrietta, Forest City, Rutherfordton, Millwood, Golden Valley, Thermal City, Glenwood, Marion.

West Gaffney Division East

1st Class 15 | 13 | EASTERN TIME. STATIONS. | 1st Class 14 | 16

Table with columns p m a m, STATIONS, a m p m. Includes stations like 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 Charleston, N. C. and all points East and connecting with the Southern's vestibule going to Atlanta, Ga. and all points West, and will receive passengers going East from train No 10, on the C & N W R. R., at Yorkville, S. C., at 8:45 a. m., and connects at Camden, S. C., with the Southern's train No 78, arriving in Charleston, S. C., at 8:17 p. m.

Train No 34 with passenger coach attached leaving Blacksburg at 5:30 a. m., and connecting at Rock Hill with the Southern's Florida train for all points South. Train No 33 leaving Camden, S. C., at 12:50 p. m., after the arrival of the Southern's Charleston train connects at Lancaster, S. C., with the L & C R. R., at Catawba Junction with the S. A. L. going East, at Rock Hill, S. C., with the Southern's train, No 34, for Charlotte, N. C., and all points East. Connects at Yorkville, S. C., with train No 9 on the C & N W R. R. for Chester, S. C., at Blacksburg with the Southern's vestibule going East, and the Southern's train No 25 going West, and connecting at Marion N. C. with the Southern both East and West.

SAMUEL HUNT, President S. TRIPP, Superintendent. A. B. WILKINSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Northwestern Railroad.

TIME TABLE NO 3



In Effect Sunday, June 9, 1900

BETWEEN WILSONS MILL AND SUMTER

Table with columns Southbound, Daily ex Sunday, Northbound, STATIONS, and times. Includes stations like Sumter, Som Junction, Tidal, Pecksville, Silver, Millard, Summerton, Davis, Jordan, Wilsons Mill.

BETWEEN MILLARD AND ST PAUL

Table with columns 78 75, Daily ex Sunday, 72 74, P M A M, Mixed, Lv Millard Ar, 10 45 3 30, 3 15 10 25, Ar St Paul Lv, 10 35 3 20.

BETWEEN SUMTER AND CAMDEN

Table with columns 69 71, Mixed, 68 70, P M A M, Daily ex Sunday, P M A M, 4 50 10 00, Lv Sumter Ar, 4 20 9 00, 4 52 10 02, N W Junction, 4 18 8 58, 5 17 10 22, Dalzell, 3 50 8 25, 5 35 10 32, Borden, 3 25 8 00, 6 00 10 59, Remberts, 3 05 7 40, 6 15 10 59, Ellerbe, 2 55 7 30, 6 35 11 20, Sou Ry Junction, 2 40 7 10, 6 45 11 30, Ar Camden Lv, 2 30 7 00, P M A M, (S C & G Ex Depot) P M A M, THOS. WILSON, President.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of South Carolina



CONDENSED SCHEDULE

In effect January 13th, 1901

Table with columns SOUTH, No No, No No, 35 157, Lv Darlington Ar, 8 15, 9 33, Lv Elliott Ar, 7 50, 9 18, Ar Sumter Lv, 6 50, 4 07, Lv Sumter Ar, 6 24, 4 52, Ar Creston Lv, 5 34, 5 45, Lv Creston Ar, 3 50, 9 15, Ar Pagnalls Lv, 10 00, 5 16, Orangeburg, 5 10, 5 55, Deauxak, 4 35, 7 55, Augusta, 2 40, a m a m, p m p m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. Trains 32 and 35 carry through Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars between New York and Macon via Augusta. T. M. EMERSON, H. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt, R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.