



CHATTANOOGA CANE MILLS

SELF-SKIMMING EVAPORATORS.

Buy the Best! Don't go it Blind! Examine before you Buy! Mills are improved for this season, and we again offer the Chattanooga Machinery at specially low prices and on easy terms.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

LADIES' GOODS STRICTLY! Plenty of Them, and the greatest Variety in Town, is to be found at the justly Popular LADIES' STORE.

Handsomeness Dress Goods, Fashionable Novelties, Ladies' Underwear, Fine Shoes, Stylish Millinery, Infant Caps and Cloaks. We invite you to come and see us. We are able to sell you...

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.

Always in the Market!

Flour, \$4.00 per Barrel, up to Finest Patent—every Barrel warranted. White Bread Corn, 63c per bushel. New Orleans and Muscadine MOLASSES. A full stock DRY GOODS and SHOES.

STANDARD FERTILIZERS AND ACID PHOSPHATES.

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.

2,000 Bushels Corn, 2,000 Bushels Spring Oats for Sale. Magnolia Hams, Harvey's Strictly Pure Lard, Dried Potato, Irish Potatoes for Seed, Northern Baldwin Apples at \$1.00 per bushel, Receive Fresh Groceries by every train.

B. F. CRAYTON & SON.

PALMETTO HOES!

TAYLOR & CO. are selling the Palmetto Hoe—the best Cotton Hoe in America—patented 1837. Come in and see them. We will keep up our stock of FAMILY GROCERIES—ALWAYS FRESH—guaranteed to sell as cheap as can be bought.

Still Increasing our Stock and can Show You SOMETHING NEW!

EVERY WEEK! Silver-Ware Department—Solid and Plated, WAS NEVER SO COMPLETE! A Finer Display of Gold Watches than Ever! YOU WILL FIND IN OUR STORE SIGHTLY PRESENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS! Beautiful Terra-Cotta Vases and Hanging Baskets. JOHN M. HUBBARD & BRO.

Anderson Intelligencer.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

The Amazing but Trying Experience of a Popular Minister of Augusta.

Angusta Chronicle. A popular minister of a prominent church in this city had a lively experience a short time ago. He has enjoyed reciting it to his friends, but, as his permission to publish it has not been asked, all names in the story are withheld.

A few evenings ago the minister in question was at work in his study when there came a ring at his door bell. He responded in person, and found a comely young woman at the door, who met him with the inquiry: "Do you baptize by immersion?"

He responded affirmatively, and the young woman went on to explain that a woman lay in the hospital at the point of death, or at least very ill, who desired baptism, but insisted on immersion. She had volunteered to go for a minister, and hence her presence. Could the minister go at once with her to the hospital? He expressed his readiness to do so, and they set out on the way together.

As they proceeded the young woman explained that she did not stay at the hospital, and that her failure to find several ministers at home whom she had first called on had consumed a good deal of time, and that through the dusk of evening was fast settling over the city she was a good way from home. To add to her discomfort she had a husband at home who would scold her for being out so late alone.

Prompted by his goodness of heart and chivalric nature the minister told her to wait at the hospital until he got through with the lady whom he was going to see there, and he would walk home with her and explain the circumstances of the case to her husband. The young woman gratefully accepted.

The minister was detained longer than he had anticipated at the bedside of the sick woman, and when he was ready to go it was nearly or quite nine o'clock. It gets late quite early these May evenings. To add to the interest of the situation, the minister now learned for the first time that the home of the young woman was down about May Park. He was in for it though, so, with ministerial resignation, he set out on the long walk, painfully conscious that every step was taking him further from home, and away from his supper, which had been for some time awaiting his return. The delay at the hospital had added materially to the apprehension of the young woman, who now began to express genuine concern at the reception she would meet with at the hands of her husband.

She declared that he was very jealous of her, and was unreasonable when his suspicions were aroused. She feared that he would doubt her story when she explained the cause of her absence from home at so late an hour. The minister began to think things were looking rather interesting for him. He knew that in all probability this late German had never seen him before, and if he was such a jealous Othello as the frightened little Desdemona at his side evidently believed him to be, there might be some trouble in making him appreciate the circumstances of the case. However, he put a bold face and confident tone on the matter, and told the young woman that he would see her husband and explain the case to him himself.

The young woman eagerly accepted this further courtesy at the hands of her escort, but was still far from being at ease, and the way in which she continued to discourse upon the unassuming jealousy of her husband was not calculated to add to the perfect happiness of her new found friend. Just at this point they arrived at a small corner store, and she told the minister to wait outside and she would go and see if her husband and that night might still be there. She soon came back with the information that the clock had been rattled and won by her husband on a chance which he had reserved for himself. She was greatly pleased at this, for they were quite poor, and had thus kept the clock and gotten the money from the raffle besides.

Even this stroke of good fortune did not long dispel her anxiety, however, and as they approached her home she renewed the recital of her apprehensions about their reception. Presently the front gate was reached, and through the open window the minister discovered a big, broad-shouldered, honest-looking Dutchman, who might be a rather uncomfortable man to have a misunderstanding with. He was not anticipating any misunderstanding though, and with a bold air mounted the steps and knocked at the door. In a moment the husband confronted them. He had been cooking supper, and the stove key which he carried in his hand had rather an ominous look. When he discovered the well dressed gentleman before him in company with his wife he demanded rather unceremoniously: "Who's you?"

This was not a very reassuring beginning, but, clothed in the righteousness of his cause, the minister responded promptly: "I am Mr. —, a minister of the gospel." He then proceeded as briefly as possible to relate the circumstances under which he happened to be with his wife, the delay which had occurred at the hospital, and the fact that he had come home with his wife because she was afraid to go alone through the streets after dark.

He was congratulating himself upon having gotten through the interview so happily when the German ejaculated: "I don't know about dot story; you don't look like a minister; you looks like dot drummer." This was a paralyzing surprise. The minister had come at once from his study in undress uniform, as it were, and he glanced inwardly that there was nothing strictly clerical in the cut of his garments.

"But I assure you, my good man, I am a minister. I'll show you my card." He dived into his pocket for a card, and, as fate would have it, there were in his other coat. He hadn't a letter or a single thing by which he could identify himself. "Where does you preach?" demanded the suspicious Dutchman. "I am the pastor of the — church on — street," responded the minister. "Ven does you preach dere agin?" "On Sunday next, morning and night."

"I will be dere Sunday vide to hear you, if you breach den it's all right, but if you don't (turning to his wife) I gifs you dander and blitzen."

This ended the amusing but rather trying interview, and the minister laughed to himself at the singular experience, and wondered if that German really meant to come to hear him preach on the next Sunday night. But all doubts were removed when the time arrived, for when he went into the pulpit there sat the suspicious husband of the young woman whom he had escorted home a few nights before.

The sequel of the story is that the other day when the old German was taken sick he sent for the minister, whom he had suspected, to come and see him. The minister has since basted himself trying to get work for the German, who is very poor, but who has letters highly commending him as a skilled workman, and the little incident proved the means of making a strong friend for the minister, and probably of securing work for a deserving man.

The Spirit of Cameron's Pass.

In the summer of 1882 W. C. Hart, the geologist, and two other enthusiastic collectors of specimens, were encamped near the lava beds between the headwaters of the Cache de la Poudre River and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and the desolation was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hope of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentlemen to the uncanny spot, for every one averred that Cameron Pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter. Joe Shepler, a well-known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost and promised his companions that they should view the strange apparition before returning to their homes. He said the spirit was a thief, and frequently stole food and furniture from the camps of hunters who ventured within the precincts of her uninviting domain. At dinner August 12, 1882, Shepler calmly announced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving towards the camp. The emigrant came to within five hundred yards of the men, and seizing a haunch of venison which had been placed on a stone ran with it. Hart picked up his rifle, and calling on his comrades to follow, started in pursuit of the thief. She—they were sure it was a woman—led them a lively race directly toward the lavabeds. Being close pressed, the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of a cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange robber and found the warm body of a dead woman. The fright and exertion had killed her. The corpse was that of a woman about twenty-five years old. Her only clothing was a rude gown fashioned of skins. Her hair was very long and she was sunburned and barefooted. The remains were buried decently. An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and although there were cooking utensils about it, it was evident that they had never been used. The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meat and roots and leaves. She had dried meat for winter use. For several years the wild girl was thought to be a spirit.—Chicago Herald.

A singular freak of nature has presented itself in El Paso. On Sunday Mrs. J. Howard of that place witnessed a balloon ascent, and in succeeding Tuesday presented Mr. Howard with a nice little boy, which bears a singular likeness to the infant. It is nothing more nor less than a perfect representation of the balloon. The photograph, as it might be called, is located just above the eyes on the forehead, and every outline of the balloon is boldly portrayed in purple lines in the skin of the infant. Even the patch on the air ship can be seen being reproduced by a patch of white skin. The photograph is perfect. Mr. Howard and wife went to El Paso with the Mexican theatrical company, and are well known to the profession.—Trinidad (Cal.) Advertiser.

Blood Humors. Boils, pimples, blotches on the skin, eruptions, etc., evidence the fact that the blood is not in a good condition. These symptoms result from the effort of nature to throw off the impurities, which she cannot be assisted by Swift's Specific. This will remedy the disturbance, and bring speedy and permanent relief by forcing out the poison, and will build up the system from the first dose.

After recovery from a severe attack of congestion of the brain and stomach, my little son had a number of bad ulcers and running sores to come on his head and body, which lasted for four years. I tried all the doctors and many remedies which were recommended by other parties, but the sores grew worse, until I did not expect him to recover. My friends were confident that if the sores healed it would kill him. I at length quit all other treatment and put him on Swift's Specific, and less than three bottles cured him sound and well, and he is to-day a sound and healthy child. S. S. S. also cured a sore on another of my children. R. J. MCKINNEY, Woodbury Texas.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga.

Mr. H. S. Briggs, of Sammy Swamp, tells us last week while walking in his field he saw a black snake about four feet long in the act of swallowing a rattlesnake about half that length. The struggle for life and death had taken place before Mr. Briggs had arrived on the scene of action, and the black snake was leisurely enjoying the fruits of his victory. It took him five or six minutes to finish his feast. Mr. Briggs will in the future kill no more black snakes.—Morning Times.

Mr. E. Slatery, of Delhi, La., says he was, 14 years ago, and had a dire full time with ulcers, sores and blotches which followed without benefit. After using many remedies without benefit, she gave him Swift's Specific, which cured him sound and well.

We have sold S. S. S. since the first day we commenced the drug business, and we have heard some wonderful reports of its effects. Many use it with best results to cleanse malaria from the system, and for blood poison, scrofula and such diseases as it is without a rival.

COLDERWOOD & Co., Moore, La. —A number of sugar factories will be started in Kansas this year, and the sugar product will be many times greater than it was last year in that State.

Mr. W. A. Tibbs is a printer in the office of the Jackson, Miss. Cotton Ledger. He says that three years ago he was a victim of bad blood, which deprived him of health and threatened serious consequences. He further says that he took S. S. S., and has been subject to painful boils and carbuncles over my body during the spring season, and after much suffering and much useless doctoring I found a permanent cure in Swift's Specific. It is the monarch of blood medicines. P. WILLIS, Augusta, Ark.

Warning to Ice Cream Makers.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 15.—An investigation has just been concluded by the Connecticut State Board of Health in the matter of the poisoning of over one hundred persons last month from eating vanilla ice cream at a church festival in Glastonbury. The result should be a warning to amateur ice cream makers. The poisoning was variously attributed at the time to impure vanilla extract, to sour milk and to the action of the cream on the corroded zinc and lead surfaces of the freezer.

The chemists found that the extract was pure, the corrosion unimportant, and that the real trouble was with six quarts of the milk used. This was not cooled after milking, but remained in a cool place in a covered pail for two hours. Such treatment as this, the chemists find, is favorable to the generation of tyrotoxin, so named by Professor Vaughan of the University of Michigan, who detected the poison while investigating an ice cream poisoning case in his State.

In the Glastonbury case the tainted milk was mixed with other milk and after the curd was made the whole mixture was left five hours before freezing, thus charging the entire mass with tyrotoxin.

The chemist cite in support of their finding that the lady who made the ice cream ate some of the curd before freezing it and suffered slightly from its effects. They claim that no milk that is tainted or has not been properly cooled should be used in ice cream, especially such milk as this, which was in process of decay.

Brother Brown.

Mr. J. R. Spence, of Carrollton, Ga., relates a true war story, as told him by an old soldier whose veracity cannot be denied. The story runs thus: A way back in the forties T. J. Brown, one of the pioneer settlers of Carroll county, and who is remembered by many of the old timers, moved to northern Mississippi. When he reached his place of destiny he had nothing, with the exception of a pony and yoke of oxen. He bought a farm on credit and went to work. Fortune smiled on him so abundantly that when the war came up he was the owner of a large farm, mill, a big ginny and a magnificent mansion; and, moreover, had managed to lay up about a peck of gold.

Everything moved along quietly until Sheridan made a raid through that part of Mississippi. Brown, as a true patriot would have done, sided with the South, but one of his nearest neighbors was a unionist. Brown's union neighbor was so kind as to inform some of Sheridan's men that Brown was in peaceful possession of a vast quantity of gold. It was not many days before they called on him for his gold, but Brown in the meantime had taken the precaution to hide his precious metal. Time and again did they demand his gold, but finding that demands were of no avail they burned his ginhouse, together with forty bales of cotton, in order to bring him to terms. Becoming exasperated at his obstinacy, after riding his dwelling of all its valuables, including accounts, notes and land deeds, they submitted it to the flames.

As Brown was not to be induced to tell where his hidden treasure was by the confiscation of his property, they determined, as a last resort, to swing the old man (for he was then seventy years old) up to a limb. Taking him to an oak that stood in the yard, they swung the old man up to a limb three times but he was not to be brought to terms—not even by fear of death. His wife stood near and begged him to tell where his gold was hidden. She would have told herself, but, as it happened, she did not know where it was. Brown, in speaking of the matter afterwards, said that he would have died rather than told them; not that he prized his gold so highly, but that he was determined not to be forced to do a thing by his enemies. On letting him down the third time, his persecutors left him senseless on the ground. They gave him up as a hopeless case, and left.

Brown soon recovered, and heard a continual firing for a few minutes in the direction they had gone. Brown walked out that way after the shooting had ceased, and found the dead bodies of several of the men who had been his tormentors, and in the pockets of one of them he found his notes and land deeds. After leaving Brown's they had met some confederate soldiers, who had made it hot for them.

Brown belonged to the Primitive Baptist church, which denomination does not tolerate profane swearing, debauchery, etc., while the federals were destroying his property, Brown could not refrain from making use of a few oaths. For this the good old brethren had him assigned in their ecclesiastical court. Brother Brown, in making his acknowledgment, said: "Brethren I did curse them, I do not deny it. I am not sorry for it either; I felt just like I were doing God's service." The brethren readily decided that the brother was excusable for cursing under the circumstances.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cararrh Can't be Cured

With local application, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Two of the largest individual owners of sheep and cattle live in Texas, and are women. One of them, the Widow Callahan, owns about 50,000 sheep. The other, Mrs. Rogers, is worth \$1,000,000.

The dog tax of France yields an annual revenue of about \$1,500,000. Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fungus Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

Sherman's Buried Treasure.

It has just leaked out that a citizen of Charlotte has been hunting around for some of Sherman's buried treasure, and a good deal of digging and ploughing in South Carolina soil has been done, but unsuccessfully, so far as raking up the hidden gold is concerned.

A news reporter got hold of the story yesterday, and it is worth publishing because it is true, and because \$27,000 in gold and silver coin, stolen by Sherman's raiders, lies buried in the soil not many miles south of Charlotte. When Sherman was on his famous march to the sea, he collected as he passed through South Carolina, seventeen wagon loads of gold and silver coin, jewelry, gold and silver table ware, etc. These wagons were placed in charge of a special guard. One night while the guard was camped the sergeant who was in charge of the guard entered into collusion with his squad, and they stole from a wagon \$27,000 in gold and silver. In addition to the gold pitcher, that was voted to John C. Calhoun by the South Carolina Legislature, and which had been gobbled up by Sherman's raiders, they carried their booty to a negro burial ground, and buried it in a hole. That night, after the sergeant's guard had been relieved, the sergeant sneaked off to the graveyard, dug up the treasure, and buried it somewhere else, expecting by this move to eventually secure it all for himself. A week later he was bushwhacked and mortally wounded. He was attended by a Federal surgeon, to whom, just before he died, he related the whole circumstance of the hidden treasure, giving him at the same time as good a description of its hiding place as possible. After the war, the surgeon spent months and months trying to find the hiding place of this gold and silver, but had to give it up. Finally, not long ago, he communicated the facts to a friend in Charlotte, and this friend has been trying to find the treasure, but without avail. The Charlotte man found the deceased sergeant's name on the army register at Washington, visited his family in Massachusetts, and gained all the information possible, but has not yet been able to locate the place where the treasure is concealed. The \$27,000 in gold and silver is buried within half a mile of the grave yard, but the exact spot has not yet been located. In case it is dug up by the Charlotte man, Calhoun's gold pitcher will be restored to the State of South Carolina.—Charlotte, N. C., News.

Let your anger set with the sun, but never rise with it. The Queen of England makes her own tea when traveling. The Bank of England building, London, covers eight acres and employs 1,000 persons. A head of cabbage, grown by George Berry, near Pensacola, Fla., measured twenty-five inches in diameter. Many a man forgets the evil deeds so swiftly that he is honestly surprised when any one else recalls them. The order of railway conductors has decided to build a national home somewhere in Iowa, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A Maryland hunter has timed wild duck and geese in their flight and found that both can make seventy-five miles an hour when they travel on business. Idlers are not wanted in this busy world of ours. Young men should learn that there is nobility, true manhood and real independence in honorable work. What divorced an Indianapolis couple was the fact that the husband insisted on calling the baby Beelzebub. The judge said that such a man had no business with wife or children. In case of burning the hand, which often occurs when one is cooking, at once spread a thick covering of common baking soda over the injured part, then tie a cloth over it. It gives speedy relief. In consequence of the decline in the supply of gum arabic the postoffice department has been obliged to abandon its use as a sealer of letter envelopes. In lieu of gum arabic a foul tasting compound has been substituted. Fifty counterfeit \$10 bills were presented and stopped at the banks at St. Louis during one recent day. The counterfeit is a dangerous one of the series of 1885. It is supposed that at least 5,000 of these bills are now in circulation.

A Woman's Love

Will undoubtedly improve a man mentally and morally; but when the man is needing a good blood and liver medicine, nothing will take place of Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic. It contains those properties which serve for a thorough purification of the blood and improvement of the working of the liver—that most important of all systematic functionalities. In malarial districts it is a sine qua non for all disorders attendant on living in such places, for the calisaya bark, the basis of the best known anti-periodic medicines, which it contains, does a thorough work and frees the blood from all malarial poison. It is sold by all druggists.

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, of New York, has just made an addition to his large land holdings in Buncombe County, N. C., by the purchase of the Patton farm for which he paid \$87,500 cash. So far Mr. Vanderbilt has positively declined to divulge his plans and intentions in connection with his land purchases in North Carolina. He now owns several thousand acres of the most productive and beautifully situated land in Buncombe County.

Syrup of Figs

Presented in the most elegant form the LAXATIVE and NUTRITIOUS JUICE OF THE FIGS OF CALIFORNIA, Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the

kidneys, liver and bowels. It is the most excellent remedy known to cleanse the system effectually. When one is bilious or constipated PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH and STRENGTH naturally follow. Every one who uses it and all are delighted with it.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR SYRUP OF FIGS MANUFACTURED ONLY BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Paints, Paints, Paints.

Brushes, Brushes, Brushes. Strictly Pure White Lead. Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Machine Oils, Etc.

ALMOST any color in painting line you desire. We guarantee our Paints to be first class, and to give satisfaction. Ready Mixed Paints we don't recommend, and therefore only keep a small quantity in stock. Give us a call before you buy.

WILHITE & WILHITE.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

— AT — SYLVESTER BLECKLEY CO'S.

BIG STORE!

For the next Thirty Days.

Eureka Side Harrows and Cultivators, Josh Berry 14-Finger Grain Cradles, Single and Double-foot Plow Stocks, Heel Sweeps, Hoes, Shovels, Forks, &c.

RUBBER BELTING,

Large stock, well assorted, and of the best quality.

Ready-Made Clothing, Straw Hats, Ladies' Hats, in endless variety.

We extend a special invitation to the Ladies to call and examine our immense stock of—

DRESS GOODS,

And make their headquarters at our Store when in town.

Yours anxious to sell,

SYLVESTER BLECKLEY CO.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY

HEAVY GROCERIES CHEAP,

CALL AT OUR WAREHOUSE,

BACK OF OUR OLD STAND.

We will sell Groceries here for the next sixty days.

McGEE & LICON.

HIRAM W. DAVIS & CO'S.

FINE BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, WAGONS,

— AND — HARNESS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A CAR LOAD OF THE

Finest Buggies and Road Carts

Ever shipped to Anderson, and another Car Load to arrive in a few days. Don't you buy your Buggies and Harness before you see mine, as I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLED. I have been selling so long on time that I have got so I like it, and if you have not got the money you can get a good Buggy and Harness from me by giving a good Note.

The Hiram W. Davis & Co. Buggy is my leader. Tyson & Jones which is the finest in the land I also keep a full line of Buggies made in Columbus, Ohio. Don't forget that I keep—

A Full Line of Mules and Horses in Stock.

You will find my Buggies and Harness in the Store-room formerly occupied by WATSON & SON.

JOHN E. PEOPLES.

GRAND COMBINATION OF BARCAINS

AT C. A. REED'S EMPORIUM,

WHERE you will always find a good assortment of the best makes of Buggies, Carriages, Wagons and Harness, at LOW and HONEST PRICES.

Every one KNOWS that it is cheapest to buy a First Class SEWING MACHINE. I have exclusive sale for this section of South Carolina for the Leaders—such as NEW HOME, DOMESTIC, WILHELM, DAVIS, &c.

JOHN WHEELER & WILSON FAVORITE, AMERICAN and UNION, all sold under a five years guarantee. Don't be deceived into buying cheap and worthless machines. You will regret such poor economy.

After careful examination I am satisfied that I can offer my customers the Best and Cheapest—

PIANOS AND ORGANS

This or any other State affords, and I DEFY COMPETITION as to Price and Terms in First Class Instruments.

Church and Sunday School Organs a Specialty.

Correspondence solicited. Address, C. A. REED, Agent, Anderson, S. C.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE, IN EFFECT JUNE 9, 1888.

(Trains run on 75th Meridian time.)

Table with columns: Southbound, No. 55, Northbound, 54. Rows include Live Wallaha, Saco, Anderson, Spartanburg, Greenville, Laurens, Greenwood, Ninety-Six, Ferrisburg, Arr. Columbia, Augusta.

No. 54 makes close connection for Atlanta. No. 55 makes close connection for Augusta and Charleston at Columbia.

Jas. L. Taylor, Gen'l Pass Agent, 807 E. Main, Traffic Manager.

PORT ROYAL & WESTERN CAR OLINA RAILWAY

In effect Jan. 6, 1889—75th Meridian Time

GOING SOUTH.

Daily. Leave Anderson..... 4:00 p m 6:30 a m

Leave Savannah..... 4:30 p m 7:05 a m

Leave Charleston..... 5:00 p m 7:30 a m

Leave Mt. Carmel..... 6:25 p m 8:55 a m

Leave McCormick..... 7:30 p m 10:00 a m

Arrive Greenville..... 8:00 p m 10:30 a m

Arrive Spartanburg..... 8:30 p m 11:00 a m

Arrive Asheville..... 9:00 p m 11:30 a m

Arrive Augusta..... 10:00 p m 12:30 a m

Arrive Charleston..... 11:45 a m 2:00 p m

Arrive Savannah..... 6:15 a m 8:00 a m

Arrive Jacksonville..... 12:00 noon 1:45 p m

GOING NORTH.

Leave Jacksonville 1:15 p m 7:10 a m

Leave Savannah..... 8:20 p m 7:10 a m

Arrive Anderson..... 8:15 a m 5:40 p m

Arrive Asheville..... 8:30 p m 5:35 p m

Arrive Spartanburg..... 9:00 p m 5:35 p m

Arrive Greenville..... 6:30 a m 3:35 p m

Arrive McCormick..... 10:35 a m 7:30 p m

Arrive Mt. Carmel..... 11:35 a m 8:17 p m

Arrive Greenville..... 12:30 p m 9:20 p m

Arrive Starr..... 1:30 p m 11