ZOLA COMING TO AMERICA.

The First Announcement of the French Novelist's Amazing Plan.

AN ADVANCE OUTLINE OF "ROME."

A Long and Important Talk With the Greatest Writer in France. How He Lives and Works—His Horrible Youth.

(Copyright, 1895, for The Times.)

PARIS, June 4.—Zola, "the man of the iron pen," "the pitiless," "the master," "the teacher," "the animal," "the only one who sees life as life is," "the mountebank," the "sublime"—Zola sat in a low chair in his billiard-room, talking earnestly.

He is not the large man whom we have been taught to expect to see. His head only is big. He is barely of medium height, and a heavy stoop—like that of a man who has been bent by a great weight of heavy work—lowers his shoulders and makes him appear even shorter than he really is. His face—with its pallid yellow, in front of which the still very dark beard stands forth with almost startling emphasis; with its painfully deep and clearly defined furrows running across the brow and down at the side of the round, blunt nose; with its deep eyes sunk in hollows, like those of a man who does not sleep well, and obscured by prodigious eye-glasses; with its nervously twitching and impatient lips—is the face of a man who worries about his work and worries about the world which that work deals with and concerns. His hands and feet are the small hands and feet of a delicate dilettante. His neck is the big neck of the hard worker. His frame, covered by clothes which fit better than those the ordinary Frenchman wears, seems to indicate strenghth which has been overtaxed—but still real and very great strength. A hasty glance makes Zola look more like a man who could run a great bank successfully than like a man who could teach great lessons in a novel. But the second glance reveals the novelist, after it has first revealed the more evident student and scholar. Also, if he looks like a banker he looks, too, like a banker whose bank has failed, and in failing, brought distress to the innocent through no fault of his own. His is not the face of a misanthrope, but it is the face of a man who sorrows. Perhaps this is the result of a life in which there has been little pleasure. Perhaps it is a facial deception—an expression as misleading as that of the thief who looks like a clergyman. At any rate it is impossible, while you are in his presence, to imagine Zola really happy. But I must emphasize the fact that the lines in his face are those of the man who is sad, not of the cynic or pessimist.

EMILE ZOLA.

HE WILL VISIT AMERICA.

"Yes, I shall almost certainly go to America," he said gravely, but with that great nervous rapidity which forces him, even when he is making a public speech, to go back and repeat words over which he has stumbled.

"Shall you add New York to the cities which are to be treated in your new series?" I asked, amazed at the possibility which his remark had opened up.

"I will not say yes, and I will not say no," he replied. "That series began with 'Lourdes.' Its next book will be 'Rome.' After that will come 'Paris.' Whether 'Paris' will be followed by 'London' and 'London' by 'New York' I cannot say yet. I have thought of it. If I decide to carry out this plan I shall make a very careful study of my field. I think I shall not make mistakes which will amuse you. I try to avoid mistakes. I study my subjects very minutely before I take them up, and am most careful."

And with that he dismissed what is apparently the most important piece of literary news of the year. Zola going to America to write a novel about New York! One wonders how this literary surgeon would vivisect the city which has stolen his books without even so much as "by your leave," and from which he has never received a penny—except $1,000 from the New York Herald for "Lourdes"—in pay. The literary piracy of American publishers is a sore spot with him.

HIS NEW BOOK "ROME."

The second book of this new series of his is almost ready to go to the publisher. He has not talked about it very much—he expects, I think, that it will create a greater stir than "Lourdes" did. He gave me permission to quote him thus concerning it, and these are really the first important words he has spoken on the subject:

"It took me eight months of definite study and research to gather the material for it, doing nothing else meantime. There will be forty characters moving through its sixteen chapters, and each chapter will be from fifty to sixty pages long. It will be as big a volume as 'La Debacle.'

"Leo XIII. will be the lofty figure in the book, as Napoleon III. was in 'Le Debacle.' I have treated Leo XIII. with the great respect which is due to him. I consider him to be an intelligence—an intellectual and moral force.

"My novel pictures Rome under three aspects: The Rome of the Palatine, the Rome of the Popes and the Rome of the Quirinal. I shall treat ancient Rome in a retrospective manner, for the action of the book is wholly modern. I was somewhat disappointed when I visited some of the ruins there, yet I have taken great pleasure in preparing this part of the book."

It would be impossible to give a better idea of Zola's methods of work than he himself gives in this description of the way he has written and is writing "Rome." In a sense his physical hard work stops when he gets to the point where he can actually begin to write—when he has amassed his material. This point reached, he only works three hours a day. In those three hours he produces, on an average, 1,500 words—not a very great task, one thinks, but a moment's computation will show that it means 54,750 words a year, for Zola works every day. "A line for each day," is the motto in Latin which is carved in letters of gold over his mantelpiece at Medan. And it is this method of regularity in his work, set above mere energy, that has enabled him to realize the greatest ambition accomplished by any writer living to-day. His Rougon-Macquart series, consisting of more than twenty great volumes, was completed when he wrote "Finis" at the bottom of the last page of "Doctor Pascal," and he had never wavered from this system since the day when in his twenty-eighth year he made up his mind to attempt the great task. He was fifty-two when it was finished.

HIS VAST TASK JUST COMPLETED.

It was Balzac's vast series—the Human Comdey—which aroused Zola's ambition to himself produce a great series. From his earliest youth he had loved certain branches of science, and of these physiology was dearest to him. It was through his studies of physiology that he decided that the greatest problem which confronts the human race—the one thing which prevents it from absolutely controlling its own destiny—is heredity. He theorized that if marriages were contracted on a rational instead of a purely sentimental basis—if men and women stopped to consider whether or not they were mentally and physically fitted to live together and produce children before they mated, and made the selection of their life partners accordingly—then the race would gradually become a race of giants in brain and body. To the teaching of this lesson he devoted his whole great series. He had no other end in view. That alone was the sermon which he wished to preach, and he preached it with a terrible fidelity to the facts of life—the hard, immovable facts—which, while it won him the admiration and esteem of many, while it made him rich, and made him powerful in some quarters, still called down on him the curses of thousands more, damned him in the minds of some of the greatest of the time as a sensualist of the grossest type, and has, so far, shut him out of the French Academy—that haven of all havens in which the French literary man wishes to be permitted to cast his anchor before he dies. No one can accuse Zola of having done what he has done through a low desire to pander to the tastes of a certain public. He has never made vice attractive. Indeed, on the contrary, he has often sacrificed much in order that he might cling to his convictions. One may think what one likes of his convictions, but one cannot accuse him of being a time-server.

HIS HORRIBLE YOUTH.

Up to the time when he began the Rougon-Macquart series his life had been a horrible one. His father was an Italian, his mother a Frenchwoman. Zola pere was interested in a canal. It is to this day called the Zola Canal in Provence, where the family lived at that time. It was during one of their flying trips to Paris on business connected with it that the novelist was born. The father died, leaving his family with only a big lawsuit for a legacy. They removed to Paris permanently in order to be better able to fight this lawsuit out. They lost. At twenty the young man who is now the great writer was thrown absolutely on his own resources, and his resources were meagre indeed. He had been a spoiled child. Whatever his poverty-oppressed mother could humor him in, she had humored him in. No youth was ever less fitted to battle with the world.

He made a hard fight of it.

"Often," he said to me, "I went hungry for so long that it seemed as if I must die. I put forth superhuman efforts to secure meals of bread and cheese. I scarcely tasted meat from one month's end to another's. I lived two days on three apples."

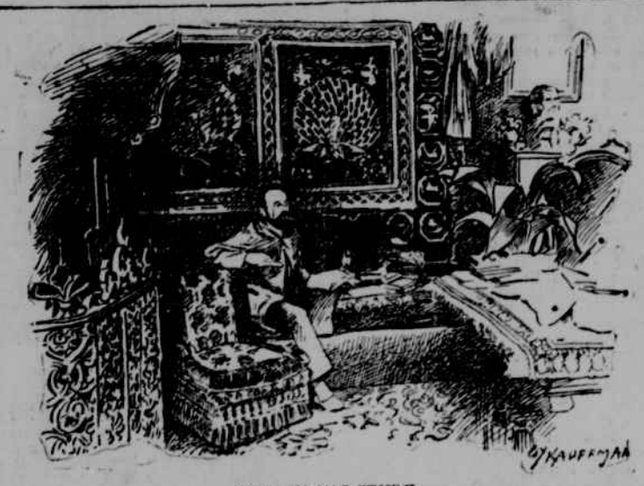
Yesterday I was told by a man who knows him well that he several times sustained life only by snaring sparrows

ZOLA ON A LOCOMOTIVE CAB.

on the window sill of his garret room and eating them.

"Oh, it was horrible!" Zola continued. "Fire was undreamed of, even on the coldest nights. If I could secure a candle by whose light I could study after nightfall I considered myself the happiest man in Paris. But I rarely had cause for such joy. It seemed to me that it would never end. I remember distinctly some of the tasks which necessity forced me to perform in order that I might escape starvation. One New Year's Day a publisher to whom I had applied with a letter of introduction for literary work said he could give me no writing to do, but that I might earn four francs by delivering his New Year's cards at the houses of his friends. I jumped at the chance, and that night I feasted. By and by the publisher gave me work as a clerk. Encouraged by this, I submitted a volume of poems to him. He rejected them, but said there was some good in them, and asked me to write a children's story for him. I did so, and he declared that it was revolutionary and impossible, throwing it out absolutely.

"But after that I obtained newspaper work, and managed to get a serial accepted now and then by one of the daily journals. I earned about $25 a week, and was comparatively comfortable until after I had begun the Rougon Macquart series. Then I met disaster again. I had promised to furnish two of the novels each year. But, instead, it took me a year and a half to write one. I ran into debt, and was sold out of house and home by bailiffs. This new money distress lasted perhaps two years. Then I contrived to reach a point beyond which poverty has not troubled me."



ZOLA IN HIS STUDY.

LIVES LIKE A PRINCE.

Zola lives like a prince now. His mansion on the Rue de Bruxelle is of imposing size and magnificent furnishings. Where Sarah Bernhardt has lined her lower entrance way with skins and grotesques in copper, he has beautified his with wonderful marbles which he collected during his recent visit to Rome. Even the office of the concierge is fitted up with fine old prints and copies of rare journals. His dining room, his billiard room, his drawing room and his study are marvels. The last is, of course, the most interesting of all the rooms, for it is there that he does the work for which the world waits with an anxiety which it vouchsafes, perhaps, to the writings of no other living author.

ENTHRONED IN HIS STUDY.

Zola writes seated in what might be almost called a throne—a chair elaborately carved and so large that when the novelist sits in it he seems quite dwarfed. His table is long, wide and massive. A fine tapestry covers it, and its elegance is incredibly neat. Zola does not work amid disorder, as so many writers do. Even his notes are orderly and carefully arranged in books. He never has occasion to tear up what he has written, and has no waste-paper basket in his study. His daily task of 1,500 words is so carefully and slowly written that it is rare that he makes a single correction. He has never become reconciled to the use of blotting paper, and dries the wet ink on his manuscript sheets by sprinkling sand over them, as did our great-grandfathers.

I had heard many strange stories of the way in which Zola collects the minute details which he invariably uses in describing the lives of the lower classes. They will tell you in the cafes, as they told me, that it is the novelist's plan to actually become a part of the life of any class of which he proposes to write before he touches a pen to paper concerning it.

"Absurd!" he exclaimed, when I asked him about it. "No man could do that. Of course, I have never lived and worked with the miners or other folk about whom I have written. I have visited the mines, yes; and questioned all sorts and conditions of people connected with them. I have talked with miners and with mine owners; with trammer girls and with rich women who devote philanthropic effort to that unfortunate class. I have gone down into the mines and looked around and studied, but never in the guise of anything except myself. I have ridden on a locomotive, and I have visited tenement houses, but I give very little time to these matters. Two or three days will generally suffice for the gathering of such material as I need. It would be as sensible to say that I could never faithfully depict a female character in my books, because I have never been a woman, as it would be to say that I could never write truthfully of a miner's life unless I had actually handled a pick and shovel.

"Why do you not stop, M. Zola," I inquired, "and take a rest?"

"No, I think I shall never do that. I have said to myself that I would do certain things, and these things I shall do, I suppose. I presume that I shall drop in the harness. 'Rome' has tried me greatly. I was granted no facilities by the Church. I tried to see the Pope, but was refused. No, I secured no documents which will throw light on any existing problems. It is more my province to gather data already existing and weave it into a picture which shall strike the average reader. Rome is a vast subject. There are many places which I could not see. I had to depend upon the words of persons who had seen—to get my information second hand. The hard work comes often in the condensing—in the shortening into a page whole aspects of history, and in doing it in a sort of hidden way, because I am not writing a history, but a novel.

HE RIDES A BICYCLE.

"Work three hours a day, beginning at 9:30 or 10 in the morning. My best work is done in the first hour. There I differ from Daudet and Goncourt. I have almost no recreations. No, I do not often play billiards, despite the fact that I have a billiard room. That is for my friends whom I receive every day. I ride a bicycle, however. That is for exercise. I am a great believer in the healthful influence of the bicycle. Within fifty years I believe that it will be considered a necessity in every household. All will ride—father, mother, daughters and sons."

ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS.

"If you were to epitomize the best advice you could possibly give to young writers, what would you say, M. Zola?" I asked.

He hesitated. Finally he remarked slowly:

"Very little. Only this: Be yourself. That is the great point. Be a worker. Look about you. Observe. Write as you see and feel, irrespective of everybody else. Avoid traditions and avoid formulae."

HIS HOME LIFE.

Mme. Zola is a sweet-faced lady—younger than her husband. She dresses quietly in subbued colors, and her face, like his, is sorrowful in expression. His private life is that of a most moral man. He lives like a bourgeois. When an American once told him that it was the impression there that in order to write his books he must, himself, be a gay and frivolous Frenchman, he held up his hands in unassumed horror.

"What! Another wife that my own!" he exclaimed with righteous indignation. "It is incredible!"

His country home is at Medan, a little town on the left bank of the Seine, near Poissy. There he has what is now a beautiful villa. He paid only 9,000 francs for it originally, but has expended a fortune on it since. Medan is a settlement of peasants, and Zola's is the only good house there. He lives there for about half of the year. He is immensely proud of two fine dogs which he keeps at his country place, and which he walks with every morning when he is living there. His study at Medan is a splendid room, 18 feet high by 36 feet long and 30 feet wide. Over it, reached by a narrow stairway, is his splendid library. Under it is a great portico, where he is fond of having his meals served in fine weather. He is an epicure, and has one of the best cooks in France. He receives an enormous mail, but scarcely writes a letter. It is not often that he even takes the trouble to answer the letters of his friends. As his habit is well understood among them, it does small harm. An island in the Seine, near his villa, has been beautified by him. On it is a tiny Swiss cottage. On pleasant days he sails out to his retreat in a little green boat which he has named Nana, after his famous novel, and spends whole days in solitude and quiet.

WHAT HE IS PROUD OF.

In speaking of his own career he said:

"The one thing of which I am really proud is that for twenty years I have stuck to one theory, and that I have carried my argument in support of that theory to a legitimate conclusion."

As he made this remark he carried his characteristic habit of jerking his foot from right to left to such a frantic extreme that his whole body shook with the motion. Zola almost invariably sits with his legs crossed, and one foot going like the pendulum of a clock.

Later as we spoke of music, he remarked:

"I have always wanted one of my novels put into operatic form. I should want the story to be sung to plain dramatic music—Wagnerian. I would not permit a single Italian aria, complicated chorus, or other musical fol de rol."

The day on which one of Zola's books is published in Paris is a gala time for the keepers of the little kiosks which take the place of the American news stands over here. The first day's sale is always enormous. The announcement that a book by Zola is to be placed on sale at noon, is enough to cause a crowd to gather about the places where it is to be obtained hours before the time of its apparance there, like the crowd which forms in line before the Metropolitan Opera House box office window on the morning of the day when a favorite opera is to be sung. There is great rivalry among buyers as to who shall secure the early copies. Great piles of yellow-bound paper books—all of Zola's novels are issued first in paper—are visible on every kiosk's counter. They disappear like magic, and practically all other business is suspended by the booksellers until the first Zola rush is over.

It is said that Zola's name is mentioned more in the newspapers of Paris than that of any other man. A few week's study of them will convince the stranger of the truth of this statement. Indeed, one gets to believe, after one has been in Paris for a short time, that Zola is the most persistently important man here. Friends and foes must alike admit, at any rate, that no man of the age has had a greater influence on literature than he.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

NO CIGARETTES FOR THE WOMEN.

An Original Idea for the Atlanta Exposition Side-Tracked by an Offer of Tea.

Mrs. Joseph Bradley Read, of New York, is chairman of the Woman's Department of New York City at the Cotton States and International Exposition to be held in Atlanta from Sept. 18th to Dec. 31st. Like all of her colleagues Mrs. Bradley is working hard to make the New York City room the most attractive in the Woman's Building. Recently she conceived an idea for a novel attraction for the room. At a meeting of several of her co-workes she said to them:

"Now here we have been trying to devise something unique for our room; why not have a place in it where women may smoke? We see in the newspapers now and then accounts of smoking parlors for women on Broadway; why can we not have one?"

The idea once broached met with favor. Mrs. Read and Mrs. Northrup the following day drove all over town in a hansom in search of the factory of a certain prominent cigarette concern. They found it at last and were met by a burly man in his shirt sleeves who introduced himself as the manager.

The ladies did not expect to meet a Chesterfield in a cigarette factory, but this man was so gruff and so unwilling to talk about "our company" that they were glad to escape with the name and telephone address of one of the officers of the company. They determined to call on this man the following day to detail their ideas to him. But they did not. Mrs. Reed explained why to a World reporter last night.

"Our plan," she said, "was to have a corner of the room where coffee and cigarettes could be served to such women as wanted them. Men were to be barred. The day after our search for the cigarette man we received a flattering offer from the Ceylon Planters' Tea Company, which decided us to give up the cigarette idea. The Ceylon Company have given us a tea service, and will agree to serve Ceylon tea to all visitors. They are now trying to secure the services of native Ceylon women to serve this tea.

"When we compared the tea plan with the cigarette plan, we decided in favor of the former, for, after all, our idea is to show woman what she can do, and not to smoke—particularly cigarettes."

The women on the various committees have succeeded in getting several handsome gifts from tradesmen of this city for the New York City room. A firm of art decorators has agreed to decorate the room in blue and white; a carpet firm whose name is to be kept secret yet awhile will donate the carpets; R. J. Horner & Co., the Twenty-third street furniture men, have given a number of pretty chairs, while Vantine & Co. have contributed bric-a-brac.

Number Seven.

He did not look like a man serving a life sentence in a State prison for manslaughter. True, the expression on his face was one of hardened indifference, yet there were times when those hard lines in his countenance would relax, and a yearning look, as if he longed for his liberty and was sorry for what had brought him to his present state, would take the place of the hopeless stare in his eyes.

Bos Murphy, who had charge of the gang in which he worked, said "he was a puzzle." And so it came to be an accepted fact among the prison officials that number seven, in gang number thirty-six, was a man above the ordinary run of convicts. When he was brought to the penitentiary he gave the name of Thomas Sanders to the warden, who wrote it in the prison register. Opposite his name had been written the number seven, and it was then that he lost his identity and became but a single unit among the many offenders locked in behind the big gray stone walls and the black iron bars. For five years he had been there, and yet he had not taught himself to forget the past. Every morning he was taken with the gang to the suburbs of the city where he labored in the granite quarries.

It was a hot day in August, one of those days when the mists gather before one's eyes, and the heat causes the brain to whirl. Number four, in gang thirty-six, had been grumbling all day, in fact he was always grumbling and looking for an opportunity to escape. It wanted just about ahalf an hour to sunset, and Boss Murphy looked at his watch and noted the fact with pleasure, and then he walked to the opposite end of the quarry in which the gang was working to get a drink of water. A cry caused him to drop the dipper from his hand and turn around in time to see number four make a bolt. In an instant his rifle flew to his shoulder and he shouted to the man to stop. No attention was paid to the warning, and just as number four ran past number seven there was a report and the latter fell forward on his face across the iron crowbar that he held in his hands. When they picked him up he was quite dead, and there was a small red hole on his shirt just over his heart. They gently laid him on a block of granite that he had helped to quarry out that day. Unbuttoning the collar of his rough woollen shirt they found around his neck a fine golden chain, from which was suspended a small locket engraven on which were the letters "M. S. to T. S." They opened it and on the inside was a small band of brown hair. "It aint no use talking," said Boss Murphy, "I always said he never was an ordinary convict."

J. A. W.

"Blood is Thicker Than Water."

The expression, "Blood is thicker than water," was first used by Captain Josiah Tattnall, U. S. N. This gallant officer, in June, 1859, conveyed United States Minister Ward to the Peiho River, China. Admiral Hope, in command of a British and French fleet, was attempting to ascend the river. A terrific battle took place. Tattnall, though a non-combatant, performed many acts of gallantry in rescuing British and French soldiers and sailors. He was greatly praised for his conduct in the whole affair. It is true that he had violated neutrality in giving aid to the English while they were at war with a nation friendly to us, and for this he was criticised. It was then that he made his famous reply:

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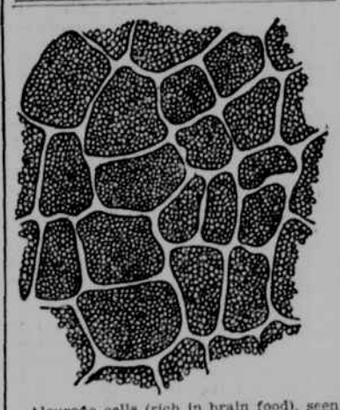

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S. A. L.	No. 403. Daily.	No. 23. Daily.
Lv. Richmond	12:33 A. M.	9:05 A. M.
Lv. Petersb'g—Union Station	1:05 A. M.	9:52 A. M.
Lv. Petersb'g—W'shington street	1:13 A. M.	10:02 A. M.
Ar. Weldon	2:48 A. M.	11:48 A. M.
Ar. Henderson	4:14 A. M.	1:45 P. M.
Ar. Durham	9:20 A. M.	4:09 P. M.
Ar. Raleigh	5:17 A. M.	3:34 P. M.
Lv. Raleigh	5:22 A. M.	3:40 P. M.
Ar. Southern Pines	7:10 A. M.	6:04 P. M.
Ar. Hamlet	7:54 A. M.	7:00 P. M.
Ar. Wadesboro	8:36 A. M.	7:55 P. M.
Ar. Monroe	9:22 A. M.	8:55 P. M.
Ar. Charlotte	10:25 A. M.	10:10 P. M.
Lv. Monroe	9:37 A. M.	9:15 P. M.
Ar. Chester	10:51 A. M.	10:43 P. M.
Ar. Clinton	12:04 P. M.	12:13 A. M.
Ar. Greenwood	12:48 P. M.	1:09 A. M.
Ar. Augusta	5:20 P. M.	9:35 A. M.
Ar. Abbeville	1:12 P. M.	1:40 A. M.
Ar. Elberton	2:01 P. M.	2:52 A. M.
Ar. Athens	3:03 P. M.	4:03 A. M.
Ar. Macon	7:00 P. M.	.....
Ar. Atlanta	4:00 P. M.	5:20 A. M.

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H. M. BOYKIN, City Passenger Agt., 836 east Main street.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND—UNION DEPOT.

9:00 A. M., Arrive Petersburg 9:31 A. M., Norfolk 11:25 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk, Va.

9:05 A. M., Arrives Petersburg 9:50 A. M., Weldon 11:48 A. M., Fayetteville 4:30 P. M., Charleston, 11:13 P. M., Savannah 1:19 A. M., Jacksonville 7:00 A. M. Connects at Wilson with No. 47, arriving Goldsboro 3:05 P. M., Wilmington 5:45 P. M. Pullman Sleeper New York to Port Tampa.

2:55 P. M., Local, arrives Petersburg 3:42 P. M. Makes all stops.

5:30 P. M., Arrives Petersburg 6:15 P. M., Norfolk 10:25 P. M. Makes all stops.

7:13 P. M., Arrives Petersburg 7:46 P. M., Weldon 9:27 P. M., Fayetteville 12:53 A. M., Charleston 6:00 A. M., Savannah 7:35 A. M., Jacksonville 12:30 P. M.

NEW LINE TO MIDDLE GEORGIA POINTS.—Arriving Aiken 7:22 A. M., Augusta 8 A. M., Macon 11 A. M., Atlanta 12:15 P. M. Pullman Sleepers New York to Charleston, Jacksonville, Port Tampa, Aiken, Augusta and Macon.

11:40 P. M., Arrive Petersburg 12:25 A. M., Burkeville 2:41 A. M., Lynchburg 4:50 A. M., Roanoke 6:55 A. M., Bristol 11:59 A. M. Pullman Sleeper Richmond to Lynchburg.

12:33 A. M., Arrives Petersburg 1:05 A. M., Weldon 2:50 A. M., Henderson 4:04 A. M., Raleigh 5:17 A. M., Elberton 2:04 P. M., Atlanta 3:00 P. M. Pullman Sleeper Washington to Atlanta.

7:25 A. M., SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION, arrives Petersburg 8:18 A. M. Makes all stops.

4:40 P. M., SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION, arrives Petersburg 5:28 P. M. Makes all stops.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

3:40 A. M., From Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Atlanta, Macon, Augusta and Weldon.

6:40 A. M., Atlanta, Athens and Raleigh.
8:25 A. M., Lynchburg and the West.
11:05 A. M., Norfolk, Suffolk and Petersburg.

6:45 P. M., Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Goldsboro and Weldon.

7:00 P. M., Norfolk, Suffolk, Waverly and Petersburg.

8:35 P. M., Lynchburg and the West.
9:40 A. M., Petersburg Sunday Accommodation.

7:35 P. M., Petersburg Sunday Accommodation.

T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
J. R. KENLY, General Manager.
C. S. CAMPBELL, D. P. A.

N. & W. R. R. Norfolk and Western R. R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 12, 1895.

LEAVE RICHMOND (DAILY), BYRD-STREET STATION.

9:00 A. M., RICHMOND AND NORFOLK VESTIBULE LIMITED. Arrive Norfolk 11:25 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg Waverly, and Suffolk. Second-class tickets not accepted for passage on this train.

9:05 A. M., THE CHICAGO EXPRESS, for Lynchburg, Roanoke, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus without change. Also, for Pulaski, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and intermediate points.

7:13 P.M., For Suffolk, Norfolk, and intermediate stations; arrives at Norfolk at 10:25 P. M.

11:40 P. M., For Roanoke, Radford, Pulaski and Bristol. Connects at Roanoke with Washington and Chattanooga Limited. Pullman Sleepers Roanoke to Memphis and New Orleans. Dining Car attached. Also, for Bluefield and Pocahontas. Also, for Rocky Mount and all stations on Winston-Salem division. Pullman Palace Sleeper between Richmond and Lynchburg. Berths ready for occupancy at 9:00 P. M. Also, Pullman Sleeper Petersburg to Roanoke.

Trains arrive Richmond from Lynchburg and the West daily at 6:40 A. M. and 8:35 P. M.; from Norfolk and the East at 11:05 A. M., and VESTIBULED LIMITED 7:00 P. M.

R. W. COURTNEY, District Passenger Agent.
W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent.
General Office—Roanoke, Va.

ATLANTIC AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.

On and after June 15th, our passenger trains on the Buffalo Lithia Springs Branch will be operated under the following schedule:

Train No. 27—Leave Buffalo Junction daily except Sunday at 6:40 P. M.
Train No. 25—Leave Buffalo Junction daily except Sunday at 3:30 P. M.
Train No. 23—Leave Buffalo Junction daily except Sunday at 11:15 A. M.
Train No. 21—Leave Buffalo Junction Monday only at 8:10 A. M.
Train No. 20—Leave Buffalo Lithia Springs Monday only at 7:30 A. M.
Train No. 22—Leave Buffalo Lithia Springs daily except Sunday at 10:35 A. M.
Train No. 24—Leave Buffalo Lithia Springs daily except Sunday at 2:50 P. M.
Train No. 26—Leave Buffalo Lithia Springs daily except Sunday at 6:10 P. M.
Train No. 27—Arrive Buffalo Lithia Springs daily except Sunday at 7 P. M.
Train No. 25—Arrive Buffalo Lithia Springs daily except Sunday at 3:50 P. M.
Train No. 23—Arrive Buffalo Lithia Springs daily except Sunday at 11:35 A. M.
Train No. 21—Arrive Buffalo Lithia Springs Monday only at 8:30 A. M.
Train No. 20—Arrive Buffalo Junction Monday only at 7:50 A. M.
Train No. 22—Arrive Buffalo Junction daily except Sunday at 10:35 A. M.
Train No. 24—Arrive Buffalo Junction daily except Sunday at 3:10 P. M.
Train No. 26—Arrive Buffalo Junction daily except Sunday at 6:30 P. M.

WANTED—PARTIES DESIRING STEREOTYPING of ANY AND ALL KINDS, can have the work promptly and satisfactorily done by leaving their orders at THE TIMES OFFICE. Terms reasonable. mr8

RAILROADS.

R., F. & P. R. R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 24, 1895.

LEAVE BYRD STREET STATION

7:00 A. M., Daily for Washington and points North. Stops at Elba and local stations. Pullman Car.

12:00 noon, Daily except Sunday for Washington and points North. Stops at Elba, Ashland, Doswell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooke and Widewater. Parlor Car. Also connects with Congressional Limited at Washington.

7:10 P. M., Daily for Washington and points North. Stops at Elba, Ashland, Doswell Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooke and Widewater and other stations Sundays. Sleeper Richmond to New York.

ARRIVE BYRD STREET STATION

8:40 A. M., Daily. Stops at Widewater, Brooke, Fredericksburg, Milford, Doswell and Ashland, and other stations Sundays. Sleeper New York to Richmond.

3:45 P. M., Daily except Sunday. Stops at local stations and Elba. Parlor Car from Washington.

6:53 P. M., Daily. Stops only at Fredericksburg, Doswell and Ashland. Pullman cars from New York and Washington.

12:25 A. M., Daily. Stops at principal local stations and Elba. Sleeping Car. Connects with Congressional Limited between New York and Washington.

FREDERICKSBURG ACCOMMODATION.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

4:00 P. M., Leaves Byrd-Street Station.
8:30 A. M., Arrives at Byrd-Street station.

ASHLAND TRAINS.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

6:42 A. M., Leaves Elba.
6:20 P. M., Leaves Elba.
6:40 A. M., Arrives Elba.
6:04 P. M., Arrives Elba.

C. A. TAYLOR, Traffic Manager.
E. T. D. MYERS, President.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
(PIEDMONT AIR LINE.)

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 12, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND, VA.

12:05 A. M., SOUTHERN EXPRESS, daily to Atlanta, Augusta and points South. Sleepers Richmond to Danville and Greensboro; open at 9:30 P. M. Connects at Danville with the WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN VESTIBULE LIMITED (No. 37), carrying sleepers to Asheville, Chattanooga, Birmingham, Memphis, New Orleans, and Tampa, also, first-class day coach between Washington and Jacksonville. At New Orleans and Memphis connections are made for all points in Texas and California.

12:55 P. M., FAST MAIL, daily, for Atlanta, Augusta and points South. Connects at Moseley with F. & P. R. R., at Keysville for Clarksville, Oxford, Henderson, and Durham, and at Greensboro for Durham, Raleigh and Winston-Salem. Sleepers Danville to Atlanta.

6:00 P. M., LOCAL, daily except Sunday, for Amelia Courthouse and intermediate points.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT RICHMOND.

6:00 A. M. | 4:40 P. M. From Atlanta and Augusta, connecting closely with trains for West Point.

8:40 A. M.—From Amelia Courthouse.

LOCAL FREIGHT TRAINS.

Nos. 61 and 62, between Manchester and Clover, Va., and Nos. 63 and 64, between Clover and Neapolis, will also carry passengers.

YORK RIVER LINE, via WEST POINT.
LEAVE RICHMOND:

3:10 P. M., LOCAL EXPRESS, daily except Sunday. Stops at all stations. At Lester Manor connects with stage for Walkerton; with Baltimore steamer at West Point.

4:45 P. M., BALTIMORE LIMITED, daily except Sunday. Close connection at West Point with steamer for Baltimore.

Steamers leave Baltimore 5 P. M. and West Point 6 P. M., daily except Sunday.

Trains from West Point arrive at Richmond at 9:07 A. M. daily and 10:40 A. M. daily except Sunday and Monday, and 8:35 P. M. daily except Sunday.

6:30 A. M., LOCAL MIXED, daily except Sunday, leaves 23d st. for West Point and intermediate points.

Ticket office at station foot of Virginia street; open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. and 9 P. M. to 12:05 A. M.

City ticket office, 901 Main street.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager. W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Agent.
W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent.
N. J. O'BRIEN, Superintendent.
JNO. M. BEALL, Trav'g Pass. Agent, 920 east Main street, Richmond, Va.

C&O ROUTE Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

EFFECTIVE MAY 20