FOES IN AMBUSH

By Capt. Chas. King, U.S.A.

Copyright, 1893, by Charles King
(Continued from last Wednesday.)

And so they had on one road, but there are others, better guarded, better run. The sun is well over to the west again, Chicago is resigning itself to another night of horror, when from the suburbs there comes gliding in to the heart of the city the oddest looking railway train that has been seen for years, a sight at which a host of riotous men break away from the threatening front, dragging with them those "pals" whom drink has either maddened or stupefied; a sight at which skulking blackguards who have picked up paving stones drop them into the gutters and think twice before they lay hand on their revolver butts. No puffing engine hauls the train; the motive power is at the rear. First and foremost is a platform car—open, uncovered, but over its buffer glisten the barrels of the dreaded gatling gun, and around the gun—can these be soldiers? Covered with dust and cinders, hardly a vestige of uniform among them, in the shabbiest of old felt hats, in hunting shirts of flannel or buckskin, in scout worn trousers and Indian leggings, but with their prairie belts crammed with copper cartridges, their brawny brown hands grasping the browner carbine, their keen eyes peering straight into the faces of the thronging crowd, their bronze features set and stern, the whole car fairly bristles with men who have fought tribe after tribe of savage foes from the Yellowstone to the Sonora line, and who hold a savage mob in utter contempt. Here by the hub of the gatling's wheel stands old Feeny, close at the elbow of dark faced Drummond. C troop's first platoon, "mans" the gatling gun, and under its old leader of the Arizona campaigns "leads the procession" into the Garden City of the antebellum days. By Drummond's side is a railway official gazing ahead to see that every switch is properly set and signaling back to the engineer when to "slow," when to come confidently ahead. Behind the platform car come ordinary baggage and passenger coaches, black with men in the same rough, devil may care scouting rig. All, except their horses and horse equipments left with the quartermaster at Kinsley station, the battalion has been run to Chicago exactly as it came from the plains, and Chicago's "swells," who would have booted and spurred, perhaps at sight of polished brass and dandy uniforms, recoil bewildered from this gang of silent and disciplined "jayhawkers." Steadily, silently, ominously, the train rolls along. As it is rounding a curve several ugly looking fellows are seen running at speed toward the switch lever

Steadily, silently, ominously, the train rolls along.

at the next street crossing. Excitedly the railway man clutches Drummond's elbow and points. Two troopers are kneeling close at hand.

"Shoot if they touch that switch," says Drummond, and instantly the locks click as the hammers are brought to full cock. The foremost runner is almost at the iron stand; his hand is outstretched to grasp it when a gasping, warning cry reaches his ears. Glancing back, he sees his fellows scattering to either side, and one look at the smooth rolling car reveals the cause; two carbines are leveled at him, and that he throws himself on his face and rolls to one side amid derisive laughter from the strikers themselves. A little farther on a knot of surly rioters are gathered on the track. No warning whistle sounds, and the clanging bell is too far to the rear to attract their attention. "Out of the way there!" is the blunt, roughly spoken order. No time this for standing on ceremony. Vengeful and scowling the men spring aside, some stooping to pick up rocks, others reaching into their pockets for the ready pistol, but rocks are dropped and pistols undrawn as the train whirls rapidly by, and wrath gives place to mystification. Who—what are these strange, silent, stubbly bearded, sun tanned fellows in slouch hats, flannel shirts and the worn old black belts over the shoulder? Even the engine has its guard, and half a dozen of them, perched upon the tender, have leveled their carbines to flank and rear, ready to let drive into the crowd the instant a brick is heaved or a trigger pulled.

And so into the great stone station they roll, and here they find the platforms jammed with citizens—some drawn by curiosity, some active sympathizers in the strike, and many of them prominent leaders of the mob surging in the crowded thoroughfare without. The train has hardly come to a stand when from every direction the mass of outsiders is heaving up around it.

"Now, Feeny, clear the platform to the left. Take the other side, Wing," says Drummond quietly to the officer at the front door of the next car.

In the very fraction of a second the first sergeant and a dozen men have leaped from the deck, and straight into the heart of the crowd they go. "Back with ye! Out o' this!" are the stern, determined orders, emphasized by vigorous prods with the heavy carbine butts. Astonished at methods so prompt and decided, there is only such resistance as the weight and bulk of those in rear can offer, and that is but momentary. The sight of those gleaming gatling barrels, the stern, brief orders and the rapid, confident advance combine to overcome all idea of resistance. On both sides, at the head of the train, the huge crowd, halt laughing, half suffocating, is heaved back upon itself and sent like a great human wave rolling up to the iron lattice at the office end. Meantime, without an instant's delay the battalion springs out from the cars, forms ranks on the north platform, counts fours, and then, arms at right shoulder, away it goes with swinging, steady tramp around the rear of the train, across the parallel rows of rails, and in another moment, greeted by tremendous cheers from the occupants of long lines and high tiers of stores, offices, business blocks, the grimy, dusty, war worn campaigners come striding down the crowded street. Heavens, how the people shout! Staid old burghers, portly business men, trot panting alongside, waving their hats and cheering themselves hoarse. "Them fellers hasn't no bouquets in their guns," is the way a street gamin expresses it.

"Whither are they going?" "What have they first to do?" is the cry. Police officials ride now with the captain temporarily in command; a carriage has whisked the colonel over to headquarters, but haste! haste! is the word. On they go, silent, grim, with the alkali dust of the North Platte crossing still coating their rusty garb. A great swing bridge looms ahead; a dozen police deploy on either side and check the attending crowd. Over they go at route step, and then, turning to the right, tramp on down a roughly paved street, growing dim and dimmer every minute with stifling smoke. Presently they are crossing snakelike lines of hose, gashed and useless; passing fire apparatus standing unhitched and neglected; passing firemen exhausted and listless. Then occasional squads of scowling men give way before their steady tramp and are driven down alleyways and around street corners by reviving police. Then the head of column turns to the left and comes full upon a scene of tumult—a great building in flames, a great mob surging about it defying police interference and bent apparently on gutting the structure from roof to cellar and pillaging the neighboring stores. Now, men of the—th, here's work cut out for you! Drive that mob, bloodlessly if you can, blood letting if you must!

The colonel is again at the head. All are on foot. "Left front into line, double time!" the first company throws its long double rank from curb to curb, Drummond, its commander, striding at its front, Wing, his subaltern, anxiously watching him from among the file closers. Already they have reached the rearmost of the rioting groups, and with warning cries and imprecations these are scurrying to either side and falling into the hands of the accompanying police. Thicker, denser grows the smoke; thicker, denser the mob.

"Clear this street! Out of the way!" are the orders, and for a half block or so clear it is. Then comes the first opposition. On a pile of lumber a tall, stalwart man in grizzled beard and slouching hat—evidently a leader of mark among the mob—is shouting orders and encouragement. What he says cannot be heard, but now, tightly wedged between the rows of buildings, the mob is at bay, and yelling mad response to the frantic appeals and gesticulations of their leader at least 2,000 reckless and infuriated men have faced the little battalion surging steadily up the narrow street.

"You may have to fire, Drummond," says the colonel coolly. "Get in rear of your company." Obedient, the tall lieutenant turns and follows his chief along the front of his advancing line so as to pass around the flank. He is not 50 paces from the pile on which the mob leader, with half a dozen half drunken satellites, is shouting his exhortations. Just as the lieutenant's arm is grazing grim old Feeny's elbow as he passes the first sergeant's station, a brick comes hurtling through the air, strikes full upon the back of the officer's unprotected head and sends him, face forward, into the muddy street. In the yell of triumph that follows, Wing's voice for an instant is unheard. Obedient to its principle, "Never load until about to fire," the battalion's carbines are still empty, but all on a sudden C troop halts. "With ball cartridges, load!" is Wing's hoarse, stern order. "Now aim low when I give the word. Fire by company. Company, ready!" and like one the hammers click. But no command "Aim" follows. "Look out! Look out! For God's sake don't fire! Out of the way!" are the frantic yells from the throats of the mob. Away they go, scattering down side streets, alley ways, behind lumber piles, everywhere—anywhere. Many even throw themselves flat on their faces to escape the expected tempest of lead. "Don't fire," says the colonel mercifully. "Forward, double time, and give them the butt. We'll support you." Down from the lumber piles come the erstwhile truculent leaders. "Draw cartridge, men," orders Wing in wrath and disappointment. "Now, butts to the front, and give them h—l. Forward!" And out he leaps to take the lead, dashing straight into the thick of the scattering mob, his men after him. There is a minute of wild yelling, cursing, of resounding blows and trampling feet, and in the midst of it all a single shot, and when Wing, breathless, is finally halted two squares farther on only a dozen broken headed wretches remain along the street to represent the furious mob that confronted them a few minutes before. Only these few and one writhing, bleeding form, around which half a dozen policemen are curiously gathered, and at whose side the battalion surgeon has just knelt.

"He's shot through and through," is his verdict presently. "No power can save him. Who is he?"

"About the worst and most dangerous ringleader of riot this town has known, sir," is the answer of one of the police officials. "No one knew where he came from either—or his real name."

And then in his dying agony the fallen demagogue turns, and the other side of his twitching face comes uppermost. Even through the thin, grizzly beard there is plainly seen an ugly, jagged scar stretching from ear to chin.

"This isn't his first row by any manner of means, if it is his last," says a sergeant of police. "Look at that! Who shot him anyhow?"

"I did," is the cool, prompt answer, and Sergeant Feeny raises his hand to his carried carbine and stands attention as he sees the surgeon kneeling there. "I did, and just in the nick of time. He had drawn a bead on our lieutenant, but even if he hadn't I'd have downed him, and so would any man in that company yonder." And Feeny points to where C troop stands resting after its charge.

"You knew him then?"

"Knew him instantly, as a deserter, thafe, highwayman and murderer—knew him as Private Bland in Arizona and would know him anywhere by that scar."

A policeman bends and wrenches a loaded revolver from the clutching, quivering fingers just as Wing comes striding back and shoulders his way into the group.

"Is he badly hurt, doctor? That was an awful whack."

"It is the lieutenant, sir," says Feeny respectfully, but with strange significance in his tone as he draws a policeman aside. "Look!"

And Wing, bending over, gives one glance into the dying face, then covers his eyes with hands and turns blindly, dizzily, away.

That evening a host of citizens are gathered about the bivouac of the battalion at the waterworks while the trumpets are sounding tattoo. A few squares away the familiar notes come floating in through the open windows of a room where Jim Drummond is lying on a most comfortable sofa, which has been rolled close to the casement where every whiff of the cool lake breeze can fan his face, and where, glancing languidly around, he contrasts the luxury of these surroundings with the rude simplicity of the life he has lived and loved so many years. Gray haired George Harvey, kindly Mrs. Stone, his sister; blissful, beautiful Fanny Wing with burly baby Harvey in her arms and her proud, soldierly husband by her side, and a tall, lovely, silent girl have all been there to minister to his needs and bid him thrice welcome and make him feel that here, if anywhere on earth, he is at home. And here the battalion surgeon and the family physician unite in declaring he must remain until released by their order, and here for three days and nights he is nursed and petted and made so much of that he is unable to recognize himself, and here sister Pass comes to cry over and kiss and bless him and in her turn to be made much of and forbidden to leave, and then, after her big brother's return to duty with the battalion, now being fed and feted by all the North Side, he must needs come over every evening to see her, and, now that presentable uniforms have arrived and the rough beards have been shaved and the men of the old regiment look less like "toughs," but no more like American soldiers as our soldiers look in the field of their sternest service, her sisterly pride in her big brother is beautiful to see—so is her self abnegation, for, somehow or other, though he comes to see her, he stays to look at Ruth Harvey, shy, silent and beautiful, and soon, as though by common consent, that corner of the big parlor is given up to those two, the tall, stalwart trooper and the slender, willowy girl. And one evening he comes earlier than usual in manifest discomposure, and soon it transpires that important orders have reached him. Fanny turns pale. "Are you—all—ordered back?" she cries and is for an instant radiant at his assurance that the order involves only himself. He is called to department headquarters to report in person to the general commanding, who is about to

Wing gives one glance into the dying face.

make a tour through the mountains in northwestern Wyoming and wants Drummond with the escort. She is radiant only until she catches sight of her sister's face. It is not so very warm an evening, yet she marshals the household out on the steps, out on the back veranda—anywhere out of that parlor, where, just as the faint notes of the trumpets are heard sounding their martial tattoo, and just as Lieutenant Wing, returning from a tiptoed visit to his sleeping boy and escaped for the moment from the vigilance of his wife, now happens to go blundering in—there is heard from the dimly lighted corner near the piano the sound of subdued sobbing, the sound of a deep, manly voice, low, soothing, wondrously happy, the sound—a sound—indescribable in appropriate English, yet never misunderstood—a sound at which Wing halts short, pauses one instant irresolute, then faces about and goes tiptoing out into the brilliant sheen of the vestibule lamps, into the brilliant gleam of his fond wife's questioning, reproachful eyes.

And for all answer, it being perhaps too public a spot for other demonstration, Wing simply hugs himself.

That night, under the arching roof of the great railway station, the comrades, so long united by the ties of such respect and affection as are engendered only by years of danger and hardship borne in common, and now so happily united by a closer tie, are pacing the platform absorbed in parting words.

"Jim, think what a load I've had to carry all these five years and forbidden by my good angel to breathe a word of it to you."

"I can't realize my own happiness, old man. I never dreamed that, after she got out into the world and saw for herself, that she would remember her girlish fancy or have another thought for me."

"I know you didn't. Yet Fan says that ever since the voyage in the Newbern little Ruth has never had a thought for anybody else."

There is a moment's silence, then Wing speaks again:

"There has not been time for mother's letter to reach me. I had to write, of course, and tell her of the fate that at last befell him. Do you know I feel as though after all it was my hand that did it."

"How so?"

"Feeny says he knew him the instant that side of his face was turned toward him—the side my knife laid open years ago. That was a fatal scar."

THE END.

ONE BETTER.

Very Good For New York, but Chicago Takes the Palm.

"By the way," said the drummer as he took a cigar out of his case and reached for a match, "this American nation has lost heaps of money by not knowing a good thing when it was crawling around in the grass."

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

"To this cigar case. Latest fad out—made of snakeskin and combines beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 200 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's snakeskin?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"No."

"Place on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake. The day I went in they had about 50 of them in a cage, and I was told to select the one I fancied most. I made my choice, and he was taken out, his skin slipped off, and in about 20 minutes I had this case. Very convenient, don't you know, and it's a strictly New York idea."

"I think we can beat it in Chicago, however," said the other man as he changed his knife to the other bootleg.

"Anything new there?"

"You bet! There's a restaurant on State street where they serve oxtail soup at 10 cents a plate, and they bring in the ox and cut his tail off right before your eyes. In that way there can be no deception. They use about 1,500 tails per day."

"Must make a big lot of bobtailed oxen out your way?"

"Oh, it does."

"And a bobtailed ox is not a thing of beauty."

"By no means, not until he is fixed."

"How fixed?"

"Why, as fast as they leave the restaurant they are taken over to a place on Randolph street and dehorned."

"And then?"

"And then they are sent east and sold as Jersey cows. You get your soup, your horns, your fad and your Jersey cow. All very simple and very convenient, you know, and it's strictly a Chicago idea!"

The man with the snake-skin cigar case sat and thought for awhile with a very serious expression of countenance and then suddenly said:

"I've tried and tried, but it's no use, and I might as well give it up."

"What's that?"

"Lying! The other fellow is always from Chicago and always beats me out of sight!"—Detroit Free Press.

Accounting For It.

The author of "Road, Track and Stable," like every lover of horses, goes about with his eyes open. Often, he confesses, when vexed by some legal problem—for he is a lawyer—he has looked from his office window and envied the teamsters in the street. In particular he has observed a certain negro who drives a very fine pair of jet black horses belonging to a coal merchant. These horses have taken many premiums at horse shows and bear the appropriate names of King Cole and Chloe. Evidently the negro is wrapped up in them. Once or twice at least every year he exhibits them at a show or fair, and on these occasions he has nothing to do except to talk. And I know of no machine that runs more easily and pleasantly than the tongue of a horseman under such circumstances.

I discovered accidentally one day that the very color of the horses is a source of pleasure to him. It was in winter, and the streets were heavy with snow and slush. The team pulled a big load of coal so neatly out of the slough that a bystander was moved to express his admiratien at their prowess.

"Huh!" exclaimed the colored man, grinning from ear to ear. "You see, mistah, them horses is black!"—Exchange.

Her Great Desire.

A lady who had reached the time of life when she began to resent every birthday as a personal affront was attending a sewing circle at the parsonage on day when the cry went up that there was a mouse in the room. Every lady in the room except this one fled, screaming. She remained in her chair as pale as death.

Hearing the uproar, the pastor, who was in his study, came in to see what was the matter.

"It's a m-m-mouse!" the pale lady gasped.

"Indeed! And why didn't you run with the rest? Aren't you afraid of mice?"

"I'm mortally afraid of them!"

"Then why, please, did you stay in the room?"

"I was in hopes," the lady faltered, "that I might be scared out of a year's growth."

JOHN L. ON SHAKESPEARE.

At One Time He Was All Right, but Now He Ain't In It. See?

"Not long ago," said a congressman to A. H. Lewis (Dan Quin), the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times, "I met John L. Sullivan, the ex-fighter. It was over in Boston. I had gone into a hostelry kept by one Paddy Reardon, I believe, who is also more or less famous as a sporting character. I looked at the big ex-champion with some interest. He was eating a lunch. There was enough of it for two men. About him hovered a buzzing swarm of admirers.

"Most of them were theatrical people. They were talking stage, of course. Very shoppy people, these actors. Sullivan was listening with a sort of condescension which was delightful. It was clear to any onlooker that the big pugilist regarded himself as quite as much of a histrion as any, and when he vouchsafed his views no kind of doubt remained.

"'Oh, I'll tell you ducks about Shakespeare,' he finally said as he sopped one tremendous hand in the finger bowl as if it had been a wash basin. 'Shakespeare was all right. That mug was all right in his day. Understand? But that was long ago. He's a has been. That's what Shakespeare is, and he'd know it if he was here himself. And he'd tell you blokes so—that's what Shakespeare would.

"'Now, I know something about this myself. See? I'm on the stage, and I'm taking in the boodle, too, you can bet your life. Now, I tell you mugs the people don't want these Shakespearin plays. They've got beyond it—that's what they have. We ain't got no Shakespearin actors now anyhow. That fellow Barrett was the best of 'em. That mug was Shakespearin. And he was on the level—that's what Barrett was. But he's dead. He ain't in it no longer. And now who can do Shakespeare? There's two or three trying it, but they're a lot of muckers—a lot of first class guys. Those mugs make me sick. Understand? They make me tired—on the dead they do.'"

As to His Appearance.

"Can you describe the man you saw hanging about the house the day before the robbery?" inquired the detective.

The Perkins Junction storekeeper, whose place of business had been broken into and robbed of a considerable quantity of plug tobacco, canned tomatoes and dried peaches, together with the entire contents of the cash drawer, amounting to $1.56, reflected a moment and then asked:

"Do you know Bill Quinn?"

"I don't think I do."

"Lives down in the Wallick neighborhood."

"I don't know him."

The merchant shifted his quid to the other cheek, chewed thoughtfully awhile and said:

"Know Si Roberts?"

"No."

"Auctioneer. Hangs round Thompson's a good deal.'

"Never heard of him. But as to this man you saw loafing about here before the robbery took place, I would like to have you describe him as well as you can."

Again the storekeeper reflected.

"Well," he said at last, "he looks some like Bill Quinn and some like Si Roberts."—Chicago Tribune.

True Love on Guard.

Among the callers at Auburn jail is a very elderly woman, who brings dainties to a man.

"What is he?" asked the turnkey; "your husband?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" said she coyly. "I guess he isn't my husband."

"Your brother?"

"Brother! Why, the idea!" said she. "No, he is not."

"Your son?" suggested the turnkey.

"Sir-r-r!" said she.

"Your father?"

"No, sir, he ain't my father, though that wouldn't be so bad. He is just—well—ahem!" said she, "he—well—he is my intended!"

"Your intended!"

"Yes," said she, "he intended to be mine before he went and did this job that pulled him in, and, young man, I myself intend that he shall marry me when he comes out, and I never spoil a good intention. You give him them sassengers and tell him that his true love waits for him at the portle."

The face at the inside of the portal five minutes later looked happy—happy that there was a door "betwixt them."—Lewiston Journal.

His Share of It.

The young man was talking to the wealthy widow on the absorbing topic of marrying her daughter. In fact, he had gained the widow's consent to the match, and she was adding a few flourishes to the daughter.

"You know," she said rather diffidently, "that my daughter is not poor."

"Oh," he responded encouragingly, "don't worry about that. I'm poor enough for two."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Possible.

Mrs. Watts—I saw in the paper the other day that it is impossible for a man to kick with full force when there is nothing to kick at.

Mrs. Potts—I'll bet no married woman wrote that.—Indianapolis Journal.

Too Cheap For Her.

Mrs. Newgold—Have you any of Shelley's poems?

Clerk—We have a very fine edition of "Prometheus Unbound."

Mrs. Newgold—But I want it bound and as expensive as possible.—Truth.

A Proper Effort.

Adele—Would you marry a man simply because he's rich?

Mabelle—No, but I would try very hard to love him.—Atlanta Journal.

Very, Very Happy.

Wife—The baby seems to be very happy today.

Husband—Why shouldn't he? He kept me awake all night.—Life.

A Close Call.

They sat within the big armchair,
And gently he looked down
Into her trustful face and said,
"That is a lovely gown."

"I am so glad you like it, dear,"
Replied the little maid.
"It is a simple dress, and yet
With my own hands 'twas made."

"And do you always make your gowns?"
He said, with voice that grew
Quite anxious in its tender tone,
And she replied, "I do."

"Why, just think, dear, how much I save.
For instance, take this gown.
By making it myself I paid
But fifty dollars down."

Then George went out into the air
And sought a vacant spot,
And when he'd kicked himself he said,
"What might have been my lot!"

—Brooklyn Life.

See the Microbes?

They are in the air, in the water, in your blood and system. They are the real cause of disease.

RADAM'S
Microbe Killer

routs every germ of disease, purifies the blood, renovates the system, promotes good health at once. Price in 1 gallon jugs, $3.00; in 40 oz. bottles, $1.00.

50-page explanatory book—telling what it has done, and what it will do, free.

The Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., 7 Laight St., New York City.

Agents for Roanoke JOHNSON & JOHNSON.

RAILROADS

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

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 19, 1893

Westbound Leave Roanoke Daily.

8:00 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol and beyond. Stops at Christiansburg and Radford, also at principal stations west of Radford. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis, dining car attached.

7:20 a. m. for Radford, Bluefield and Pocahontas

4:40 p. m. the Chicago Express for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus without change. Also for Pulaski, Wytheville, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points. Pullman Sleeper East Radford to Chattanooga.

North and Eastbound, Leave Roanoke Daily.

11:55 a. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.

11:50 a. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.

11:15 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond

10:50 p. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington, Philadelphia and New York via Shenandoah Junction and Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Stops only at principal stations.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) daily 3:15 p. m. for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations.

Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) daily 12:10 p. m. for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

C. & O. ROUTE.

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway

Cincinnati Limited

AND

F. F. V. LIMITED.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS TO RICHMOND, VA.

PARLOR CARS ON ALL TRAINS BETWEEN RICHMOND AND CLIFTON FORGE.

LYNCHBURG, January 14, 1894

Trains arrive and depart from Union Station, Lynchburg, Va.

TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI.

	Daily.
Lv. Lynchburg	2.55 p. m
Ar. Lexington, Va	5:40 "
Lv. Buchanan	4:58 "
Ar. Clifton Forge	6:30 "
Ar. Cincinnati	7:35 a. m.
Ar. Louisville	11:57 "
Ar. Chicago	5:30 p. m.
Ar. St. Louis	7:30 "
Ar. Kansas City	7:00 a. m.

The Cincinnati Limited, Solid Vestibule, Electric lighted with through Pullman Sleeper to Cincinnati and St. Louis.

TRAINS FOR RICHMOND, VA.

	Daily
Lv. Lynchburg	12:10 P. M.
Ar. Richmond	6:00 "

For further information as to rates, routes, tickets, etc., address,

R. H. PANNILL, Ticket and Passenger Agent, 814½ Main street Lynchburg, Va.

JNO. D. POTTS, Division Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va

A LADY'S TOILET
Is not complete without an ideal
COMPLEXION POWDER.
POZZONI'S

Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insist upon having the genuine.

IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.