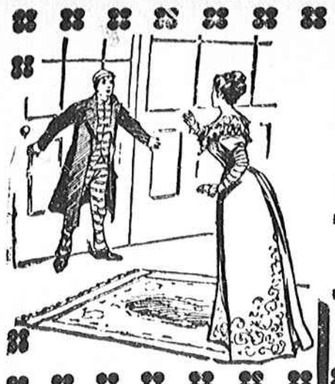


The Return Of the Disinherited.

By Howard Fielding.

MISS ACTON stood by the center table in the library with a match in her hand. The big room was as dark as a cave. She could see absolutely nothing. But what was it that she heard? Surely some one was moving softly over the heavy carpet.

"Who's there?" cried the girl.

The only answer was a sound of scurrying feet. Some one was running toward the door communicating with the conservatory. Instantly the knob clicked sharply, but the door did not open because it was locked, as Miss Acton well knew.

The girl had an impulse to scream and another to run away, but her strongest desire was for light. She feared darkness more than the mystery that it hid.

It required less time than the tick of a clock for her to turn on the gas in the drop light and strike the match that was ready in her hand. The gas ignited with explosive suddenness. All that was in the room seemed to leap into being out of the vanishing shadows.

With his back against the conservatory door and his outstretched hands upon the wall as if to steady him stood a young man, tall, lean and pale. He wore a long black overcoat, but it was hung open and revealed the garb of a convict.

Miss Acton let her pent up breath escape from her lips with a sound like a sigh of relief.

"Do not be alarmed," she said. "I know who you are, and I will not betray you. Sit down, and we will decide what it is best to do."

The convict's gaze was bent upon her with painful intensity. She seated herself by the table, and he advanced toward her with the hesitating stealthiness of a cat.

"Some one will come," he said in a whisper.

"No," she replied. "My aunt has gone to her room, and the servants have their duties. However, if you are afraid, you may lock that door."

She indicated the one by which she had entered, and he hastily locked it. Then he flung himself into an easy chair near to hers and fixed his eyes upon her as steadfastly as their nature would allow. They were dull blue eyes, but the extraordinary rapidity of their restless play gave them an effect of brilliancy which suited well the character of his face. It was a shrewd face lacking the higher elements of intelligence, yet far above the level of mere animal cunning.

"I read in a newspaper that you had escaped," she said, "but I did not suppose that you would dare to come here. Yet I believe that your father expected you and that he went away to avoid the risk of meeting you."

The convict said nothing, but the intensity of his facial expression was a distinct contribution to the conversation.

"You don't understand," said the girl. "Probably you don't know who I am. Let me tell you the whole situation in a few words. You knew of your father's second marriage?"

"Certainly."

"He married my aunt, and I came here to live with them by your father's great kindness. We knew that he had a son, and that his name could not be mentioned in this house, but neither my aunt nor myself had the slightest knowledge of the cause of the estrangement between you and him. It was only by accident that I found out where you were."

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"Through your letter to him last spring—the one that he returned unopened. I noticed the Sing Sing postmark on it when it came. Of course I did not then know it was from you, but he wrote the return direction upon the envelope. He sat at this table, and afterward I saw upon the blotter a part of the address reversed, of course, but legible. 'The State Prison,' and your middle name, 'Irving.'"

"Arthur Irving Vane. Well?"

"Then I knew that you were a convict, and it was easy to guess that your crime and your disgrace had caused your father to renounce you. But let me tell you a secret; he loves you yet. I know it; I am sure of it; and that is why I am going to help you tonight, though he would never forgive me if he knew it."

"And you read of my escape?"

"Yes. I read a few days ago that a convict named Irving had escaped with two others. I knew, of course, that you had dropped your last name for your family's sake when you were arrested."

There was a moment's silence. Then the young man leaned forward, with his face close to hers, and asked in a low, intense voice, "What are you going to do for me?"

"What do you need?" she asked. "Food? A hiding place?"

He sprang to his feet so suddenly that the girl was frightened almost to the point of crying out.

"Money, money!" he whispered. "That's what I need. With money enough I can get out of this country and begin a new life on the other side of the world. If I go back to prison, it will kill all the good that's in me. If I don't—if I get clean away—who knows what I can make of myself?"

"I believe that there is much truth in what you say," she replied. "If I could have advised you before you broke out of prison, I would have told you to serve your sentence and then begin life anew. But I know that if you are captured now you will have to serve years and years in addition to your original sentence. I cannot ask you to do that. It is very wrong of me, but I shall help you to escape. How much money do you need?"

"More than you can get, I'm afraid," said he gloomily. "I must make Australia somehow."

There was a safe built into the wall of the library. Miss Acton walked up to it, turned the knob of the combination lock and swung open the iron door. Within was a second door of thin metal, which the girl opened by means of a key that she took from her pocket.

There were books of account on each side of the safe within and between them three little drawers with pigeonholes above and below. Miss Acton took a roll of money from the lowest of the drawers and handed it to the convict, who counted it rapidly.

"Four hundred," said he. "I can never do it with this."

"It is all that belongs to me," she said. "Of course we cannot touch your father's money."

An inward struggle convulsed the young man's slender frame.

"Why not?" he said at last. "You say that he still loves me."

"It would not be honest," she replied. "It would be theft. Can't you make this do?"

"Australia is a long way off," said he. "I think my father ought to contribute something."

"No," said she firmly; "I will not consent, and you should not ask me."

"I'm afraid it's all up with me," said the convict, sinking into a chair.

Miss Acton reflected deeply.

"It is possible that if I asked my aunt she might do something for us," she said, "but I can't go to her now because there are people in the hall. They might look in here if I opened the door."

"There certainly are people out there," said he. "I've heard them talking for the last few minutes. But I could hide, you know."

"True," said Miss Acton, "and perhaps that's the best way. Get behind those curtains at the window."

The convict rose hastily. Miss Acton closed the inner door of the safe and put the key into her pocket. As she turned away she saw her companion standing with his face in his hands, while his form was shaken by convulsive sobs.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the girl in tones of sympathy.

"It's nothing," he replied; "only—only you locked that door. You didn't trust me. Why should you? And yet if there was some one who did, some one in all the world who could see the little good there is in me"—

Miss Acton took the key of the inner safe door from her pocket and laid it upon the table.

"You see that I do trust you," she said.

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times," he murmured, and so strong

THE BOOK MISSED THE BURGLAR.

was his emotion that he positively staggered as he made his way toward his place of concealment.

Miss Acton passed out into the hall—which was now light—and was greatly surprised to see, in the reception room on the other side, her aunt in conversation with a young gentleman. He arose as Miss Acton approached, and she was the better able to admire his exceptionally fine physique. His face matched his form, being remarkable for strength and beauty, and, moreover, it had for her an aspect of familiarity. He looked as much like the master of the house as was possible, considering the difference in their ages.

"Mildred," said that young lady's aunt, in a voice betraying considerable agitation, "this gentleman is Dr. Vane, my husband's son."

Mildred knew that Mr. Vane had but one son, and the other things that she knew or suspected in that moment will readily occur to the reader. Without a word to the visitor, she darted back across the hall. The library door was locked. In another instant she was back again in the reception room.

"Dr. Vane," she cried, "there's a thief in the library. I have given him all my money and the key of the safe. I thought he was you."

"Thought he was I!" exclaimed the young man, astounded.

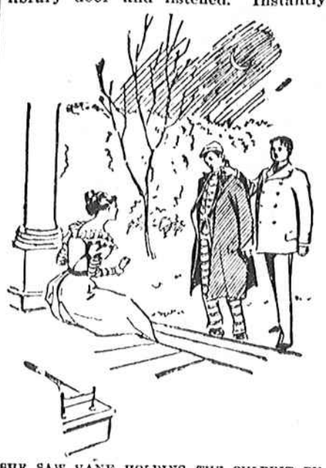
"Yes; I thought you were in Sing Sing and that you'd escaped and"—

"Thought I was in Sing Sing!" he cried. "So I was. I am assistant to the prison physician, and I have escaped—for a couple of days. But this thief! We must catch him. Has he locked the door? Then I'll break it down."

"No, no," exclaimed Mildred. "Run around to the window. He will escape that way. Auntie, call the servants."

She flew to the outer door, dragging Vane after her. In a moment he was racing around the house. Mrs. Vane had run through the hall to collect a posse of male dependents.

Mildred, left alone, hastened to the library door and listened. Instantly



SHE SAW VANE HOLDING THE CULPRIT BY THE COLLAR.

the door was opened and the convict sprang out into the hall.

"I'm much obliged to you for sending the others away," he called out as he fled by her. "You're a pretty bright girl—I don't think."

Mildred felt that this was "twitting on facts." Of course she should have known that he would listen at the door. That she hadn't thought of it, but had deliberately cleared the way for his escape, lent an unbearable sting to his taunt. She could not stop him; he had pushed her aside as if she had been a paper pattern of a dress hung on a stick. But she simply had to do something to show that she had at least waked up to the realities of the situation. Seizing the first thing that came to hand, she hurled it with desperate resentment at the head of the fleeing rascal.

It chanced to be a small but heavily bound volume of poetry that some one had left on the newel at the foot of the main staircase. It would have been no mean missile in a practiced hand, but a woman's bad marksmanship is proverbial. The book missed the burglar and struck squarely between the eyes of Dr. Arthur Irving Vane as that gentleman leaped up the steps leading to the front door. He had had a glance through the library window and had learned the real direction of the thief's flight.

The missile blinded Vane just long enough to permit the rascal to dodge him. An instant later both men had vanished in the darkness that shrouded the lawn.

Mildred sat down on the steps and burst into tears of rage. She paid no attention when her aunt, with the servants in her wake, rushed by to join in the pursuit. Not till she heard the voice of Vane, returning, did she raise her head.

"You will beg the young lady's pardon for all that you have said and done," was what Mildred heard.

Looking up, she saw Vane holding the culprit by the collar.

"I recognize this fellow," the young physician continued. "His name is Irving. His home is only a few miles from here, and it is not strange that he should have selected this house for a robbery that should help him in his flight."

"He need not apologize to me," said Mildred. "I don't deserve it."

* * * * * * *

When the elder Mr. Vane returned to his home on the following day, he heard the story of his son's adventure. It lost nothing by Mildred's telling. The young man appeared as her rescuer from the clutches of a desperate brigand. The fact that both Dr. Vane's eyes were slightly discolored evidenced his heroism—to one who knew nothing about the incident of the book.

It transpired that the quarrel between father and son turned upon a question of marriage, Vane junior objecting to uniting himself for life to the bride selected for him when both were children. As a matter of fact, the father's views had somewhat altered in the course of years, and he was ready to seize upon the adventure here narrated as a pretext for the beginning of a reconciliation which became complete a few months later, when the young physician, with Mildred's full authorization, suggested her as a substitute for the daughter-in-law that the elder Vane had originally chosen.

London's Meat Supply.

So far as the wholesale meat markets in London are concerned each succeeding year shows a huge increase in the quantity imported from America and the colonies and a gradual diminution in the bona fide English supply. Every annual report repeats the same story and proves that dealers are relying more and more on breeders abroad. Of the meat sold last year at Smithfield only 27.3 per cent was country killed, the percentage in 1898 being 27.8, and 15.5 per cent as against 19.7 per cent town killed. Thus but 42 per cent of the entire consumption was forthcoming from the provinces. Foreign countries supplied 14.2 per cent, America 23 per cent and Australia and New Zealand 20 per cent. Probably the confiding consumers will never know how much of the last mentioned items they paid for at the rate of best English fed and ate in the belief that it was the roast beef of old England.—London Telegraph.

"Once the possibilities of the American apiary are thoroughly understood, many of the thousands barely existing in the strenuous life of the great cities will turn to bee culture, which well repays the intelligent and careful worker," says Professor L. O. Howard, apropos of interesting revelations of the twelfth census, in regard to the magnitude of apiarian interests in this country.

Any time from July 1 to Aug. 10 or 15 will do to plant the Early Triumph potato, according to the Georgia Cultivator. The later the variety the earlier it should be planted.

HE KNEW THE GOOD OLD MAN

ORIGINAL, UNIQUE, FEARLESS.

Bill Arp Tells About Simon Peter Richardson, a Famous Methodist Preacher in Georgia.

I have not found more entertaining reading in a long time than the "Lights and Shadows of Itinerant Life," being the autobiography of Dr. Simon Peter Richardson. For fifty years he was on the go from the Blue Ridge to Key West, from Dalton to Brunswick and all the intermediate country. He knew more people and was known by more than any man of his day. He was original, unique, fearless, honest in his convictions and ready at all times to maintain them. He never complained, never shirked a duty, traveled thousands of miles on horseback and sometimes on foot, crossed swamps and forded streams at his peril, was fed and sheltered by the poor. What faith, what zeal, what diligence, and all for what—a sense of duty and his love for the Master and the Master's work. No earthly reward was gained or expected, for he and his family often suffered the pinchings of poverty and even the calamity of having his house burned and all its furniture, and his wife and children had to sleep in the barn upon the cotton seed.

But he never faltered and was always aggressive. He fought a good fight and kept the faith. He would have succeeded in any of the learned professions and acquired both fame and fortune, for he had great mental force, quick perceptions, personal magnetism and was a holy terror to evil doers.

Mr. Lucien Knight has reviewed the little book with charming and truthful words. As he says, there is not a page but shows the genius, the faith and the humility of the man. He was not bound through prejudice or early training to any creed, but made his own and even dared to impugn the inconsistencies of John Wesley. His antipathy to Calvanism was intense. The idea of mankind being responsible for Adam's sin shocked him and he would have stricken the words "original sin" and "total depravity" from every creed and prayer book. The doctrine of lost infants provoked his bitterest sarcasm.

But these things are not in the book to any invidious extent and it contains but one sermon and that is in the appendix. The charm of the book is the recital of his experience as an itinerant—the lights and shadows of a busy life and his mingling with the great men and ministers of the olden time, for he was side by side with such men as Judge Longstreet, Bishops Pierce, Paine, Andrew, Capers, Soule and Kavanaugh, with Drs. Boring, Means, Parks, Evans, Anthony and Glenn, with Lovick Pierce and Allan Turner and in natural mental power and pulpit force he was their peer. The book will make you weep and laugh by turns. Relating his first experience in 1840, when he left Dublin for his circuit, he says: "That night I was sad as the grave, for I had just waked up to the realities of my situation and felt conscious of my inability to meet the expectation of the church. After supper I went out in the dark to pray, kneeling in the corner of the fence. The dogs found me and I was forced to get on top of the fence. From there they chased me to the shed that was built over the potato banks. The barking of the dogs aroused the boys and they came running with a torch, shouting "We've got him. We've got him!" supposing that I was the same negro who had been stealing their potatoes. They soon escorted me to the house, amid convulsions of laughter, and the young lady thought I was intensely green."

He refused to administer the sacrament to any one who sold or drank whiskey. At a revival once a church member, who was well off but very stingy, began to shout with great vehemence, and Simon Peter stopped his exhortation and pre-emptorily ordered him to stop or leave the church for no man had any right to shout who had not paid his quarterage. During reconstruction days a Federal captain forbade him to preach, unless he would pray for the president, "And so I prayed that the Lord would take out of him and his allies the hearts of beasts and put in them the hearts of men or remove them from office. The captain never asked me again to pray for the president. I have never been convinced that we did any wrong in seceeding or fighting, and I can see no good reason now why we should not do it again." Speaking of original sin, he says: "Mr. Wesley declares that all the children are born under the displeasure of God and are subject to spiritual, natural and eternal death. This to me is a horrible doctrine." Speaking of revivals, he says: "A revival is a solemn farce that does not produce a radical reformation. Faith without works is a low form of Calvinism that has quietly stolen into Methodism and paralyzed her power."

When the earthquake of 1886 came the doctor was preaching at a camp meeting and says: "The people became much alarmed and we had no trouble in getting mourners to flock to the altar."

A Campbellite preacher got into a doctrinal controversy with Simon Peter, in Augusta, and Dr. Landrum took it up. Simon Peter says: "Brother Landrum is a very lovable man and a very popular preacher, but in his sermon he is like a pig in a china shop. He used invectives and personalities and took in Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Jews and stirred up the town. He sent me a note and two of his sermons. I replied that I was running fire down at St. James and had no time to look after his waterworks, but when my revival closed I would take him in out of the wet and hang him on the fence to dry, then set him afire and take him into the Methodist church."

But this is enough of the book. Those who except to read it would not like for me anticipate too much.

We had the good doctor stationed here for two years and it was always a pleasure to meet him and converse with him, for he was great of heart and great of mind. I never heard him say a foolish thing, and hardly ever make a commonplace remark. He was a profound thinker and his terse, vigor on reminded me of Boswell Johns Dr

I see that Mr. Robins has edited the book and that it is published at Nashville by the Methodist house, but I do not know the price. It is good reading from the preface to the end.

Two Mississippi girls have challenged those Alabama girls to answer the following Bible enigma. It is a good one and kept me pondering for a day or two. I can't neglect the children and this enigma will perplex the preachers, too. I have lost or mislaid the verses sent to me, but the following is in substance the same:

God made Adam out of dust,
But in His wisdom made me first;
He made my body all complete,
But gave me neither hands nor feet.
No living soul in me did dwell,
Nor was I doomed to Heaven or hell;
But later on old Adam came
And gave me what is still my name.
And later still God chose to give
A living soul in me to live,
In course of time He did reclaim
That soul and left me just the same.
As when first made—without a soul,
And now I roam from pole to pole,
A boon to man, though out of sight,
For in my death I leave him light.

BILL ARP.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

—Normal air is found by A. Gautier to contain 2-10,000 of hydrogen, which is added to by exhalations from soil, plants, animals, etc.

—A new English idea in decorating and lighting is the placing in walls of transparent panels faced with photographs of famous pictures, through which filter subdued electric light.

—Houses are made incombustible in Russia by painting with a solution of aluminum sulphate followed by one of potash. Sulphate of potash is formed and insoluble alumina is precipitated in the pores of the wood.

—The red cell-sap of plants has been lately found by Overton to depend upon the presence of sugar, an interesting test being to grow two plants of the ordinary bladderwort in separate dishes of water containing different proportions of sugar. Low night temperatures favor the development of such colors, and this is thought to account for the reddish coloration of alpine species and the yellowish-red tints of evergreen leaves in winter.

—In the earthquake measurements carried on for several years by Prof. Ormorl, a horizontal pendulum seismograph has been fixed to the top of a brick wall of the Tokio Engineering college, another being placed on the ground. In the five years ending with 1898 ten moderate earthquakes were recorded. The records show that an earthquake of slow vibrations (those lasting about half a second) caused practically the same motion in both places, while one of rapid vibrations caused twice as great motion at the top of the wall as on the ground. It is noticed that destructive earthquakes generally damage only the upper story of two-storied buildings.

—Some interesting life analogies in inert matter, which may even be regarded as constituting an elementary form of life, have been pointed out by C. E. Guillaume. These include the fatigue of metals and changes to resist destructive forces. An illustration of the latter is the hardening of metal at the point of constriction just before breaking, and this effect is so marked that if the bar, before actual rupture, is turned down to a uniform diameter, it will invariably break at some other place if then subjected to a breaking load. Even more striking is the protective change of the gray iodide or chloride of silver in the Becquerel process of color photography. The silver salt takes the color of the light striking it, and thus reflects the radiation that, if absorbed, would destroy the salt by reducing it.

—Banana flour is a food whose value seems to have been overlooked in Europe and the United States. The banana was estimated by Humboldt to be 48 times as nutritious as the potato, and Crichton Campbell has found it 25 times as nutritous as the best wheat bread. Analysis has shown the nitrogenous matter of the flour to be about the same as that of wheat flour. Banana flour, sold under the name of Musarina, is extensively manufactured in Central America, Colombia and Venezuela, and is used like ordinary flour, except that its lack of gluten unfits it for bread. It is especially recommended for children and adults with weak stomachs. A teaspoonful in a cup of chocolate or cocoa facilitates the digestion of these drinks, and a sustaining drink is said to be made by adding a teaspoonful to an egg yolk beaten up in milk and sweetened with sugar.

—Not conquest of arms has elevated Queen Victoria's reign above that of all other monarchs but conquest of disease. This reign, the public health committee of Edinburg point out, has been pre-eminently one of reform, the Factory Acts having erased the hard lot of children by forbiding long hours of toil, the repeal of the Corn Laws having brought cheaper and better food, while improved drainage, better water supply, improved dwellings, shorter hours of labor, and the increase of parks, have brought improved health. With better health has come increased resistance to infectious disease. The deaths from consumption in England and Wales have fallen from 38 in 10,000 in 1838 to 14 in 1894, and it is absolutely safe to say that the diminution of the different forms of tuberculosis alone is now saving more than 100,000 lives every year in the British Isles.

—An attempt to explain the mysterious phenomenon known as "globe lightning" has been made by Prof. Max Toepler, inventor of a well known electrical machine and discoverer of the stratified brush discharge. A study of all published records leads him to the conclusion that this is a form of continuous atmospheric discharge similar to the "brush arc discharge" of the laboratory. A lightning flash leaves behind a track of heated and possibly ionized air, along which follows for some time a slow continuous discharge, causing a glowing for several seconds or even half a minute of any point of the track offering sufficient resistance. Motion of the track from wind or electrostatic forces may give the usually described traveling of the fireball. Another lightning flash often follows, and the thunderclap is usually reported as the explosion of the ball. Damage from globe lightning should not be great, its current strength being found to range between 2 and 20 amperes, while that of an ordinary flash may reach 10,000 amperes.

—The many uses that are being found for algin, a gelatinous product discovered a few years ago by Mr. E. C. C. Sanford, are giving rise to great expectations of wealth from ocean waste. When sea-weed is steeped in sodium carbonate for twenty-four hours it becomes a mass having fourteen times the viscosity of starch and thirty-seven times that of gum arabic, and on filtering this gives soluble algin, or sodium alginate, and a residuum of cellulose. Algin may be pressed into a cheese like cake which may be kept indefinitely in a cool drying room. This remarkable material has already proven valuable for sizing fabrics, as a mardant in dyeing, as a food for thickening soups or for conversion into jelly, as a preventive of boiler incrustation, with sea-weed carbon as the best non conducting covering for boilers, and in combination with iron as a remedy for hitherto incurable anaemia and chlorosis. Algic cellulose, or algulose, is also proving useful, as it can be hardened, turned and polished, makes an excellent transparent paper, and is a cheap insulator for electricity.

THE WORK OF ALCOHOL.

Ingersoll's Famous Arraignment of the Liquor Crime and its Fearful Consequences.

One of the greatest temperance orations ever delivered in the English language was delivered by Ingersoll in a case where he was defending a liquor dealer. It was as follows:

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alchol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime.

"All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution; of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the talented men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this stuff called alcohol.

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal loves, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows; children orphans; fathers, fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates the obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors statesmen and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honors, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

"It does all that and more—it murders the soul. It is the son of villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."

—Two proposed amendments to the State constitution are to be voted upon at the approaching general election. One of them relates to the drainage and reclaiming of swamp lands in the State, and the other is designed to enable certain municipalities to increase their bonded indebtedness.

—The three principal officers of the new State government in Arkansas form a trio of very famous names. When the government is inaugurated, Jefferson Davis will be Governor, a Crockett Secretary of State and a Monroe State Auditor.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule of Passenger Trains.
In Effect June 10, 1900.
Greenville, Washington and the East.

Northbound.	No. 19 Daily	No. 35 Daily.		No. 36 Daily.
Lv. Atlanta, C. T.	7 50 a	12 00 m	.....	11 50 p
" Atlanta, E. T.	8 50 a	1 05 p	.....	12 50 A
" Gainesville	10 35 a	2 35 p	.....	2 18 a
" Athens	9 25 a	.....	.....	.....
" Lula	10 58 a	2 45 p	.....	3 05 a
" Cornelia	11 25 a	.....	.....	.....
" Toccoa	11 53 a	3 33 p	.....	3 28 a
" Seneca	12 52 p	4 15 p	.....	4 23 a
" Greenville	2 34 p	5 52 p	.....	6 00 a
" Spartanburg	3 37 p	6 13 p	.....	7 03 a
" Gaffney	4 20 p	6 46 p	.....	7 45 a
" Blacksburg	4 38 p	7 02 p	.....	8 02 a
" Gastonia	5 25 p	.....	.....	8 51 a
" Charlotte	6 30 p	8 18 p	.....	9 54 a
Ar. Greensboro	9 55 p	10 47 p	.....	12 38 p
Lv. Greensboro	.....	11 45 p	.....	.....
Ar. Norfolk	.....	8 25 a	.....	.....
Ar. Danville	11 25 p	11 53 p	.....	1 38 p
Ar. Richmond	3 00 a	6 00 a	.....	6 25 p
Ar. Washington	.....	6 42 a	.....	8 06 p
" Balt'm'e P.R.R.	.....	8 00 a	.....	11 25 p
" Philadelphia	.....	10 15 a	.....	2 58 p
" New York	.....	12 43 m	.....	6 23 p

From the East to Greenville; also to Atlanta.

Southbound.	No. 35 Daily.	No. 37 Daily.		No. 11 Daily
Lv. N. Y., P. R. R.	12 15 a	4 30 p	.....	.....
" Philadelphia	2 50 a	6 55 p	.....	.....
" Baltimore	6 22 a	9 20 p	.....	.....
" Washington	11 15 a	10 45 p	.....	.....
Lv. Richmond	12 01m	11 00 p	11 00 p	.....
Lv. Danville	5 48 p	5 50 a	6 10 a	.....
Lv. Norfolk	9 00 a	8 35 p	.....	.....
Ar. Greensboro	6 35 p	5 15 a	.....	.....
Lv. Greensboro	7 10 p	7 05 a	7 37 a	.....
Ar. Charlotte	9 45 p	9 25 a	12 05m	.....
Lv. Gastonia	10 42 p	10 07 a	1 12 p	.....
" Blacksburg	11 25 p	10 45 a	2 00 p	.....
" Gaffney	11 42 p	10 58 a	2 24 p	.....
" Spartanburg	12 26 a	11 34 a	3 15 p	.....
" Greenville	1 10 a	12 20 p	4 00 p	.....
" Seneca	2 22 a	1 32 p	5 20 p	.....
" Toccoa	3 28 a	2 15 p	6 53 p	.....
" Cornelia	.....	.....	8 40 p	.....
" Lula	4 18 a	3 14 p	8 00 p	.....
Ar. Athens	.....	.....	9 30 p	.....
" Gainesville	4 36 a	3 38 p	8 30 p	.....
" Atlanta, E. T.	6 10 a	4 55 p	10 00 p	.....
" Atlanta, C. T.	5 10 a	3 55 p	9 00 p	.....
Ar. Rome	7 40 a	6 25 p	2 30 a	.....
" Chattanooga	9 45 a	8 40 p	5 45 a	.....
Ar. Cincinnati	7 30 p	7 45 a	6 50 p	.....
" Louisville	7 30 p	7 40 a	7 30 p	.....
" Birmingham	11 35 a	10 00 p	.....	.....
Ar. New Orleans	7 45 p	8 30 a	.....	.....
Ar. Columbus, Ga	9 30 a	8 25 p	.....	.....
" Macon	8 30 a	7 00 p	12 55 a	.....
" Brunswick	9 00 a	.....	9 30 a	.....
Ar. Jacksonville	10 00 p	.....	8 30 a	.....

Daily No. 11.	Daily No. 15.	STATIONS.	Daily No. 16.	Daily No. 12.
12 30 a	.....	Lv. Savannah Ar	.....	3 10 a
4 25 a	.....	Lv. Blackville Ar	.....	4 00 a
7 00 a	11 00 p	Lv. Charleston Ar	7 00 a	8 15 p
8 55 a	1 55 a	" Branchville "	4 20 a	6 00 p
11 05 a	7 00 a	" Columbia "	11 00 p	8 30 p
12 53 p	8 30 a	" Newberry "	9 30 p	9 00 p
1 55 p	9 50 a	" Greenwood "	8 15 p	10 20 p
2 15 p	10 15 a	" Hodges "	7 50 p	11 55 p
1 35 p	9 35 p	Lv. Abbeville Ar	8 10 p	10 25 p
3 10 p	11 15 a	Lv. Belton Ar	6 45 p	11 18 p
2 55 p	10 45 a	Lv. Anderson Ar	7 15 p	11 40 p
4 15 p	12 20 p	Ar. Greenville Lv	5 50 p	10 15 a
2 34 p	5 22 p	Lv. Greenville Ar	1 25 a	12 25 p
3 32 p	6 13 p	Ar Spartanburg Lv	12 26 a	11 34 a
7 15 p	.....	" Asheville	.....	8 00 a
4 1 a	.....	" Knoxville	.....	1 20 p
7 30 p	.....	Ar. Cincinnati Lv	.....	8 50 p
7 30 p	.....	Ar. Louisville Lv	.....	7 45 p

"A" a. m. "P" p. m. "M" noon. "N" night.

Trains leave Kingville, daily except Sunday, for Camden 10:15 a. m. and 4:45 p. m. Returning leave Camden for Kingville, daily except Sunday, 8:35 a. m. and 2:50 p. m. Also for Sumter daily except Sunday 10:25 a. m. and 4:45 p. m. Returning leave Sumter at 6:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., making connection at Kingville with trains between Columbia and Charleston.

Trains leave Spartanburg via S. U. & C. division daily for Glendale, Jonesville, Union and Columbia and intermediate points at 11:45 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Trains leave Toccoa, Ga., for Elberton, Ga., daily 3:40 p. m. except Sunday, 7:00 a. m. Returning leave Elberton daily 9:00 a. m. except Sunday, 1:20 p. m., making connection at Toccoa with trains between Atlanta, Greenville and the East.

Chesapeake Line Steamers in daily service between Norfolk and Baltimore.

Nos. 37 and 38—Daily. Washington and Southwestern Vestibule Limited. Through Pullman sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, via Washington, Atlanta and Montgomery, and also between New York and Memphis, via Washington, Atlanta and Birmingham. Also elegant PULLMAN LIBRARY OBSERVATION CARS between Atlanta and New York. Fine class thoroughfare coaches between Washington and Atlanta. Leaving Washington each Monday, Wednesday and Friday a tourist sleeping car will run through between Washington and San Francisco without change. Dining cars serve all meals en route. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars between Greensboro and Norfolk. Close connection at Norfolk for OLD POINT COMFORT. Also at Atlanta with Pullman D. R. sleeper for Chattanooga and Cincinnati.

Nos. 35 and 36—United States Fast Mail runs solid between Washington and New Orleans, being composed of coaches, through without change for passengers of all classes. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, via Atlanta and Montgomery and between Charlotte and Atlanta. Dining cars serve all meals en route.

Nos. 11, 33, 34 and 12—Pullman sleeping cars between Richmond and Charlotte, via Danville, southbound Nos. 11 and 33, northbound Nos. 34 and 12. Connection at Atlanta with through Pullman Drawing-room sleeping car for Jacksonville; also Pullman sleeping car for Brunswick.

Connection made at Spartanburg with through Pullman sleeper for Asheville, Knoxville and Cincinnati; also at Columbia for Savannah and Jacksonville.

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