

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXVI.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1896.

NUMBER 20

Methodist Church Directory. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. G. B. S. BAKER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

Professional cards. B. B. MASSENBURG, ATTORNEY AT LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Will practice in all the Courts of the State and in the Court House.

C. M. COOK & SON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C. Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

D. E. E. MALONE, Office two doors below Aycock & Co.'s drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

D. W. B. NICHOLSON, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, LOUISBURG, N. C.

E. S. SPRUELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C. Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections, etc.

THOMAS B. WILDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C. Office on Main street, over Jones & Cooper's store.

T. W. BICKETT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C. Prompt and painstaking attention given to every matter entrusted to his hands.

W. M. PERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C. Practices in all courts. Office in the Court House.

W. H. YARBOROUGH, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C. Office on second floor of Neal building Main Street.

Dr. J. R. Palmer, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN. FRANKLINTON, N. C. Offers his professional service to the people of this section.

R. E. KING, D. T. SMITHWICK, King & Smithwick, DENTISTS. LOUISBURG, N. C. Work in every department of Dentistry executed with skill and accuracy.

DR. E. F. EARLY, DENTIST, LOUISBURG, N. C. Office in New Hotel building, 2nd floor. Gas administered and teeth extracted without pain.

Dentistry, W. H. EDWARDS, OF WAKE FOREST, N. C. Will visit Louisburg on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following the first Sunday in each month and at Franklinton on Friday and Saturday of the same week. Preparation to do all kinds of Dental work.

HOTEL'S. HOTEL WOODARD, W. C. WOODARD, Prop., Rocky Mount, N. C. Free Bus meets all trains. Rates \$2 per day.

NORWOOD HOUSE, Warrenton, North Carolina. W. J. NORWOOD, Proprietor. Patronage of Commercial Tourists and Travelling Public Solicited.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL, FRANKLINTON, N. C. C. M. HOBBS, Prop. Good accommodation for the traveling public. Good Livery Attached.

OSBORN HOUSE, C. D. OSBORN, Proprietor, Oxford, N. C. Good accommodations for the traveling public.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

How the Government is Bunked on Its Very High Priced Art Work—The Correspondents' Train.

(Special Correspondence.) The fuss that is being made over the acceptance of the design of Carl Rehl Smith for the Sherman statue may call public attention to the many scandals which have marked the purchase of art works for the government. In this case Sculptor Smith was ruled out of the final competition for the prize by the committee of artists asked to make selections from the first designs submitted, and the committee having the expenditure of the money in charge quietly overruled the decision of the artists and substituted the name of Smith for that of Mr. Partridge. It was a foregone conclusion then that the design presented by Smith in the final competition would be accepted. The committee did not deliberate very long over the question, but designated Smith as the sculptor of the Sherman statue. The design presented by Smith, artists say, can be produced for about one-fourth the amount to be expended, and there are evidences of a Senegambian in the pile of wood. Whether he will be brought to light by the protesting artists who are holding indignation meetings in New York and elsewhere is very doubtful. There is no one with authority to review the decision of the committee, for while it has representatives from the war department, it is a committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

The same favoritism has always been shown in the purchase of so-called works of art for the government, and as a result the public places of Washington are defaced with as curious an aggregation of misfit pictures and statues as can be found anywhere in the world. One of the curiosities of this collection is a six toed Indian maiden pictured in a group in the rotunda of the capitol. The artists who have got commissions from congress are the men who have been successful lobbyists. One of them got a commission to paint an historical group for the capitol for which he received a sum far in excess of its value as a work of art. When it had been completed and in place for a year, he concluded that he could get a little more money out of congress; so he returned to the capitol and presented a petition for several thousand dollars additional. He was successful in lobbying this appropriation through as he had been with the first. This happened a good many years ago. A more modern instance of this favoritism is the awarding of a commission very recently for a bust of John C. Breckinridge for the senate chamber which has been given to James P. Voorhees, the son of the senator from Indiana, by the committee on library, of which his father is a member. Young Voorhees is a weird protean genius who has been at various times a claimant of public notice as a sculptor, an actor and an author, and who draws a government salary now as clerk to his father's committee. He is not recognized as an artist and the struggling artists of Washington—and this city is becoming the home of art? year by year—are naturally discouraged by this favoritism which has so little consideration for merit. It has been suggested more than once that congress appoint an art commission to pass on all works of painting or sculpture. Members of congress in great number are going to the St. Louis convention and as many more will go to the convention at Chicago. Four years ago congress was in session when the congress met and the news from Minneapolis and Chicago was received on the floor of house and senate. The business of congress was virtually suspended because the interest in the affairs of the conventions was so great that no one had heart for anything else. And besides there were so few Washington correspondents present that there was little news to report. It was not for the presence of that great corps of newspaper workers in the gallery there would be fewer speeches made and more business would be transacted in a shorter space of time.

The correspondents are going to St. Louis in style. They always do, because, for reasons known to themselves, the railroads find nothing too good for the correspondents in this city. The Pennsylvania road always makes up a special convention train for the corps of correspondents. It is a train of sleeping cars with a dining car attached, and each correspondent has a section to himself. Uncle George Pullman does not contribute to the gaiety of the party, because he receives pay for the use of his cars and his dinners are not served free. So far as the correspondents are concerned, however, they are free, for no one on the train can spend a cent. George W. Boyd always has the train in charge, and if there is anything lacking in the supply of good things it is because some one has neglected to name a want and because Mr. Boyd's boundless imagination has not supplied the deficiency. On the trip to the St. Louis convention eight years ago some one suggested as the train was leaving Washington that there should be a piano aboard. The suggestion was made in fun, but Mr. Boyd took it very seriously. "George," he said to his special attendant, "when we get to Baltimore, telegraph the agent at Harrisburg to put a piano aboard the train." And it was done.

Only Washington correspondents are permitted on this special train, and this rule has caused a great deal of heart-burning. Four years ago a man who acted as "agent"—I won't say lobbyist—of the Pennsylvania road at Washington applied for accommodations on the train. The press committee replied coolly that as he was not a correspondent he could not have them. He was very indignant. "You know who I am," he said to the chairman of the press committee. "I certainly do," said the chairman, "and you can't go on this train." And what the chairman said was gospel, for the correspondents own the special train to the conventions.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

"Speaking of experiences," remarked an old engineer to a reporter, "I've four permission to narrate a little one that happened to me during my first year in an engine."

"Not only my permission," responded the generous reporter, "but my imperative command and an invitation to take something while you are about it." The preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, the engineer proceeded with his story. "It was 25 years ago," he said, "and I was a fireman on a road in New York state. The engineer I fired for was, or rather had been, one of the best on the road, but he had been turned over and steamed under a locomotive boiler in a wreck and after that he was given a less important train. Not so much because he was any the less good as an engineer, but because officials have an idea that it takes a man's nerve away when a serious accident happens to him. We had a run of about 75 miles each way and on Sundays in summer we carried excursions.

"We had never had any trouble, but for a month before the experience I am telling my engineer had been in a bad temper and acted as ugly as the mischief. I reported the matter to the division superintendent and he told me to stick it out for a month or so longer, as they proposed to relieve the old man and put him at work in the shops. Two Sundays after that we were returning in the evening about 9 o'clock, behind time, owing to delays occasioned by washouts causing us to run slow and cautious. We had 20 miles to go and it was over the worst part of the road and I was watching out of the cab, when all at once the engineer gave a shout and made a grab at me. His eyes were blazing, and I could see in a second that he was either drunk or crazy.

"How I got away from him I don't know, for he did his best to throw me off the cab, but I got away and climbed up on the wood piled up on the tender. He didn't follow, but turned at once to the throttle and threw it wide open. I knew what that meant with six coaches full of people behind us and a bad track, and the first thing I did was to try to knock him out with a stick of wood. I missed my throw and he came after me with a heavy iron bar and I went over the rear of the tender on to the platform of the car next to us. By this time we were fairly jumping over the track, and I was so rattled that I didn't know what to do.

"In a second, though, I gathered myself up and uncoupled the train from the locomotive, which was not so hard to do, as we were on a down grade and the engine was bouncing so that the coupling pin swung loose at intervals. Then I slapped on the brake there and went through the train as fast as I could, telling brakemen and conductor to slow up, and do it quick. Our part of the train being stopped, we got out to see where the engine had gone, but we could see nothing. Putting a man with a light on the track a mile behind us to stop the next train, the conductor and I went ahead to find what had become of the runaway. "Two miles away, or two minutes at the rate he was going, we found the engine in the ditch and the engineer buried under it. The engine had struck a soft place and spread the rails—anybody knows what that means—and think what the result would have been to a trainload of passengers going after that engine at 60 miles an hour! It almost made my hair gray to think about it, and when the people on the train heard the story they made up a purse for me that almost made me curl, and I concluded that it was an ill wind indeed which blew no good."—Washington Star.

Gibbet Always Ready in Indian Territory "There is an increasing amount of pardon business coming to the president's desk, and he often has many cases waiting his action," writes General Harrison in Ladies' Home Journal. "Offenses against the postal laws, revenue laws and national banking laws make up the bulk of this business; but cases of murder from the territories and the District of Columbia are quite frequent. The Indian Territory has been the abode of lawlessness, and crimes against human life have been very common. Until recently crimes committed by or against white men in that territory were triable mainly in the United States court for the western district of Arkansas, at Fort Smith, and Judge Parker of that district has probably sentenced as many men to death as all the other United States judges combined. I am told that the gibbet is never taken down."

On the Mississippi. This country, to people who have not looked into the matter, does not figure as a large owner of floating property outside of war vessels and those attached to the revenue and light-house service, but a recent careful estimate shows that on one part of the Mississippi river the nation owns over 1,000 craft of different kinds. That is the stretch between New Orleans and Cairo, and the value of the vessels and their outfit for riprap, revetment and levee work does not fall much below \$6,000,000. When the work is rushing, there are at least 10,000 men employed on the vessels and in connection with the tasks assigned them.—Exchange.

Suburban Life. Whether you know it or not that second year in the suburban house is a crisis and turning point in your life, for it will make of you either a city man or a suburban and it will surely save you from being, for all the rest of your days, that hideous betwixt and between thing, that uncanny creation of modern days of rapid transit, who fluctuates helplessly between one town and another; between town and city and between town and city again, seeking an impossible and unattainable perfection and scattering remonstrant servant maids and disputed bills for repairs along his cheerless track.—Exchange.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

How the Policemen Fooled Pearson—Refused to Treat and Was Elector—Mistake at Meals.

One of Roosevelt's many funny experiences with New York policemen recalls a story often told on Inspector Pearson, whose noiseless galoshes were for so long the terror of Washington "cops." It was about 12 years ago, while walking in one of the streets of Georgetown, that Inspector Pearson came upon two police officers sitting on the doorstep of a private residence oblivious to the goings on in their respective beats. Pearson quietly took the number of the house and had the delinquents hauled before the trial board for neglect of duty. Ordinarily three would have been little hope for men in their position, but they were resourceful. With the consent of the occupants they employed a carpenter to remove the steps from the house and place them in front of the next residence. Then as a defense they merely stated that there were no steps in front of the house where the inspector declared he had seen them sitting. The trial board, very much interested in such a line of defense, visited the place in a body, found that the officers' statement was true, and dismissed the case, to the great surprise of Inspector Pearson. Some years afterward the latter heard of the trick and declared it the best that had ever been played on him.—Washington Post.

Refused to Treat and Was Elected. "I was elected to my present office," said R. C. Arnold of Winston, Ala., at the National, who is now serving his second term as alderman, "because I would not buy a jug of liquor. The contest was a very close one, but I thought my election was assured, when two nights before the voting was to be done a delegation came to me and wanted money with which to buy a couple of gallons of whisky. I refused to give it and the next day my friends told me that my opponent had furnished four gallons and 30 men who had been relied upon to support me had gone on a picnic and had agreed to vote for the other man. This I knew would defeat me, and after carefully polling my strength, a comparatively easy matter in a community where every voter is known, I concluded that the liquor had settled it against me. Election day came and not a man who went on the picnic returned. The polls closed and I was elected by ten votes. We subsequently learned that the crowd had got drunk and been arrested, keeping them away from town. Had I given the liquor my friends would have gone and those of my opponent remained at home."—Washington Star.

A Joke on the Minister. "A good many stories have been told of the ease with which petitions are circulated," remarked A. B. Carlton of Indianapolis at the Cochran, "but the best instance I ever heard of was in an Ohio town. A popular minister there was induced to head what he thought was a petition for a charitable purpose, and on the strength of his signature the name of almost every reputable citizen of the place was signed to the document. It was then presented to the county court, and, being in regular form, passed, as a matter of course, without any attention being paid to it, and the first intimation the minister had that a joke had been perpetrated was when he received notice that his application for license to keep a saloon had been granted and would be issued as soon as payment therefore had been made. At first the minister and his friends were indignant, but soon appreciated the joke, and it furnished the preacher with a text on the carelessness in signing such petitions."—Washington Star.

Mealtime Music. A New York man writes that his digestion has been impaired, his nerves ruined and his appetite entirely destroyed by the necessity of being compelled to eat in seven restaurants out of ten in that city to the accompaniment of music. This recalls a remark made by Judge Charles Levi Woodbury, when an orchestra was introduced by a former manager in the Parker house dining room where Judge Woodbury has dined since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The orchestra was sending forth its sweet strains when the waiter at Judge Woodbury's table asked him what he would have for dinner. The judge looked up in the direction of the orchestra and said: "Bring me a broiled fiddler." It wasn't long after this episode that the orchestra was permanently dispensed with.—Boston Herald.

A Husband-in-law. A rough individual walked the other morning into the office of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Johnson. "I come to you for advice," he said. "I am a husband-in-law and—" "A what?" asked the astonished attorney. "A husband-in-law; don't you understand?" "But, my dear sir, there is no such relation as that." "No such a relation as that, you block-headed ignoramus! My wife has run off, sir! Now do you catch on?" And before Mr. Johnson had time to say a word the man left the office in disgust.—St. Louis Republic.

A Hill Button Wanted. An ardent admirer of one of the Republican statesmen whom Senator Hill delights to refer to as "recent candidates for the presidency," wrote to the senator a few days ago begging "one of your buttons." The senator's private secretary, who is something of a humorist, deliberately cut a button from an old pair of the senator's trousers and forwarded it to the correspondent. The acknowledgment of the seeker after souvenirs has not yet been received.—Washington Post.

There are some things that are not to be sneezed at.—New York Press. "Young Lochinvar came out of the west, didn't he?" "Yes, I suppose he was an Ohio man."—Truth. "Going out fishing."—Truth. "Something Will Be Done. Wiggins—These railway tracks at the crossing will surely have to be sunk below the street level right away. Briggs—What makes you think so? Wiggins—Three workmen have protested against being delayed by the safety gates.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Simple Truth. Hoax—Egley's pretty well fixed, isn't he? Joax—Well, he's making more money than he can spend. "You don't say?" "Yes, he's a comer in the mint."—Philadelphia Record. The Very First. He (earnestly)—Am I the first man you ever kissed? She—Of course you are. How stupid men are! I never knew one who didn't ask that.—New York Herald. A Pungent Remark. "There goes Kerchow, the snuff manufacturer. Is he wealthy?" "Well, he's got a fortune that isn't to be sneezed at."—New York Press. Like All the Best. "Young Lochinvar came out of the west, didn't he?" "Yes, I suppose he was an Ohio man."—Truth. Bike! Bike! Bike! (Old grumbler to new girl.) Bike! Bike! Bike! O'er the hard street stones, O'ho! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me! O well for the newspaper boy That he scolds on his cycle away! O well for the butcher lad That he pedals—perchance it may pay! But when a tale of girls get on All a-quack, and with prospect of spill, It is O for the touch of a wet oiled hand And the sound of a voice that could thrill! Bike! Bike! Bike! With thy foot on the pedal, O'ho! But the grish grace that the wheelstruck dead Will never come back to thee!—Push.

JOKES OF THE JESTERS.

The new minister was talking with one of the influential citizens of the village in order to get some idea of the personnel of his congregation.

"I hope we will get along very nicely together," he remarked politely. "I hope so too. I don't doubt that you'll be all right with the older members. But I'm afraid you won't be as popular with the young men as the other was." "Did he address his remarks especially to them on any regular occasions?" "No. Their likin for 'im seemed to start all of a sudden. He had took charge of the Bible class in the Sunday school durin the absence of the reg'lar teacher. Some of the young men were inclined not to pay 'tention, an one or two said things ter make the rest laugh about his being puffy young an' wonderin how soon the infant class 'ud be settin up ter do teachin."

"Of course he kept his temper?" "Yes, indeed. An when the lesson was over, he says: 'Gentlemen, I'd like ter make your further acquaintance. I've fixed up a kind of gymnasium where I live, an I'd like ter have you come up tomorrow evenin ter look over the apparatus an things.' " "Did they go?" " 'Course they didn't. They thought it was gen'ral ter be a chance ter have some more fun with 'im. The day after, two of 'em had black eyes, an one 'em had a skinned jaw an another had pieces of stickin plaster all over his left ear. They never went into particulars about what happened, but one of 'em told me that you never could tell 'bout these people who hed jay' come from college. An from that day ter this there never was anything too much for 'em ter do ter 'blige the minister.'—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Inference. Little George A. paid his first visit to the country a short time ago, and as was natural was much interested in the farm and all its belongings. One day his uncle took him to the barn to see some chickens that were just hatched. The process of incubation was something which had never before come under his observation, and he looked with open-eyed wonder at the fluffy chicks while his uncle tried to explain the hatching process. All at once he turned and rushed into the house to his mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma! come out to the barn, quick! Uncle John has set a hen and hatched out ten little Henrys!"—New York World.

There at the Start. The Office Boy—Mr. Hanna says he never heard of you. The Aged Caller—Did you tell him that I was the first man to suggest William McKinley for president? The Office Boy—Yes, and he said there were several hundreds of you. The Aged Caller—But I'm the only bona fide first one. The Office Boy—Can you prove it? The Aged Caller—Of course I can. I was his father's family doctor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Squaring Things. Bixby (very nearsighted)—Who's that dumpy freight coming up the road on the wheel? Stincheomb—That's my wife. Bixby—No, I don't mean that one. I mean the grand guy with theologia bloomers. Stincheomb—That's your wife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clothes and the Men. Van Arndt—I bought a golf cap yesterday. Fenilworth—What links are you going to play on? "None, I'm going bicycling. What are you doing with that cycling sweater?" "Going out fishing."—Truth.

Something Will Be Done. Wiggins—These railway tracks at the crossing will surely have to be sunk below the street level right away. Briggs—What makes you think so? Wiggins—Three workmen have protested against being delayed by the safety gates.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Simple Truth. Hoax—Egley's pretty well fixed, isn't he? Joax—Well, he's making more money than he can spend. "You don't say?" "Yes, he's a comer in the mint."—Philadelphia Record.

The Very First. He (earnestly)—Am I the first man you ever kissed? She—Of course you are. How stupid men are! I never knew one who didn't ask that.—New York Herald.

A Pungent Remark. "There goes Kerchow, the snuff manufacturer. Is he wealthy?" "Well, he's got a fortune that isn't to be sneezed at."—New York Press.

Like All the Best. "Young Lochinvar came out of the west, didn't he?" "Yes, I suppose he was an Ohio man."—Truth. Bike! Bike! Bike! (Old grumbler to new girl.) Bike! Bike! Bike! O'er the hard street stones, O'ho! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me! O well for the newspaper boy That he scolds on his cycle away! O well for the butcher lad That he pedals—perchance it may pay! But when a tale of girls get on All a-quack, and with prospect of spill, It is O for the touch of a wet oiled hand And the sound of a voice that could thrill! Bike! Bike! Bike! With thy foot on the pedal, O'ho! But the grish grace that the wheelstruck dead Will never come back to thee!—Push.

TAKE NOTICE.

All persons indebted to King & Macon are hereby requested to make settlement of same at once, or their account will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. KING & MACON.

R. TYLER, ORNAMENTAL HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER. Callings, Gaining and Parlor painting, specialties. Orders left at Thomas' Drug Store will be attended to promptly.

TAKE NOTICE! Our back is run to the depot for the benefit of passengers who pay, and while we do not wish to be discourteous to anyone we respectfully ask that all "dead-heads" will either walk or "pay." HAYES & FULLER.

DO YOU WANT A HOUSE? If so you will do well to write, or see J. Levister, at Louisburg, N. C., before contracting. Plans, specifications and estimates made on burnt buildings, etc.

TAYLOR'S PARLOR SALOON. Bargains! Bargains! Where at D. H. Taylor & Co. for cheap Whiskies, Branded Wines & Beers.

Where can you get Old Home made corn whiskey? at D. H. Taylor & Co. From one week to three years old, cheaper than ever before.

Who keeps old R A STUART'S ROCK BRIDGE RYE. WARRANTED 4 YEARS OLD!

D. H. Taylor & Co. Who keeps Old Virginia Club, D. H. Taylor & Co. From one week to three years old, cheaper than ever before. Special prices to all my customers, come one, come all. Polite and prompt attention and skillful bar-tenders.

OLD ROCK BRIDGE RYE IS THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Is guaranteed pure and is prescribed by the leading physicians throughout the country, and the resident physicians of Louisburg. Read the following testimonials: We prescribe Stuart's Rock-bridge Whisky whenever a stimulant is needed, knowing it to be absolutely pure and free from all adulteration.

(J. E. MALONE, Signed J. E. FOSTER, J. B. CLIFTON.

The above liquid is sold only by D. H. Taylor & Co., exclusive agents, at their saloons on Nash St., who also carry a full line of everything usually kept in a first-class saloon. Fresh beer a specialty. Your patronage solicited.

Your friends, D. H. TAYLOR & CO. R. R. CROSSEN, FIRST CLASS PAINTER. LOUISBURG, N. C.

I wish to offer my services to the public, and will say that I am prepared to do all kinds of house painting, craining &c. my work in Louisburg speaks for itself, and I refer to all parties whom I have worked. Old furniture made new. Give me your patronage, and you shall be pleased.

J. W. ROBERTSON, PRACTICAL CONTRACTOR and BUILDER. LOUISBURG, N. C. Plans, Specifications and estimates Furnished on Short Notice. Fine Work a Specialty.

Notice!!!

On the 1st day of June 1896, we the undersigned will enter into a co-partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery.

DR. E. S. FOSTER, DR. J. E. MALONE, Louisburg, N. C.

NOTICE. If you want your Watches, Clocks, Pistols, Sewing Machines and Jewelry repaired at short notice, take them to J. A. FAULKNER, Jeweler. Next to Riverside Warehouse, Louisburg, N. C. May 25-19

SOUTHERN RAILWAY. PIEDMONT AIR LINE. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT JANUARY 1, 1896. TRAINS LEAVE RALEIGH, N. C.

Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily.

SEABOARD AIR LINE VESTIBULED LIMITED TRAINS DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JANUARY 1, 1896. TRAINS LEAVE RALEIGH

Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily.

Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily.

Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily.

Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 A. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 1:30 P. M. Daily. Trains arrive at Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily. Trains leave Raleigh N. C. 7:30 P. M. Daily.