

## Look at Her Garters.

IF THEY ARE JEWELLED, SAYS THE YOUNG MAN'S MOTHER, DON'T WEED HER.

The betrothed wife of an estimable young man was recently visiting his mother, says the Boston Herald. The members of both families were delighted. The chap's mother was dazzled by the beauty, the breeding and the elegance of her prospective daughter-in-law. Strange to say, however, on the day after the young girl had begun her visit the mother called her son to her and spoke to him about his promised bride. "Henry," said she, "Alice invited me into her room to-day, and oh, my son, she doesn't dress like a lady at all. I'm afraid, Harry, I am."

Harry smothered his indignation and begged his mother to explain herself. "Well, you see," said the latter, "instead of nice white linen, all her underwear is black silk. Every item of it she showed me trunks full of clothes in every tint of silk imaginable and no linen at all. This was bad enough. Harry, but her garters had jewelled clasps on them. Oh, my son, you never knew a girl of real refinement to get herself up in that style. I feel certain that something that we do not know about in Alice's disposition will come out sooner or later."

Exactly! Still there are some practical points about this that the WATCHMAN does not grasp. The how of the heading puzzles us greatly.

## A New Substitute for Jute Which Abounds in Georgia and Florida.

Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. C. B. Warrand, of Walthamville, South Carolina, who is in the city for a day or two, has a patent which may solve the cotton bagging problem.

Mr. Warrand has been experimenting with the common scrub palmetto, and is confident that it will make splendid bagging. When decorticated the fiber is tough and strong and easily spun. It also affords material for the making of paper, and its coarser fibers are suitable for stuffing mattresses.

There can be little doubt about the cheapness of the proposed bagging. The scrub palmetto grows luxuriantly on the poorest land in many localities in the south. There is plenty of it in Okefenokee in twelve counties in Georgia and Florida. In this state it covers an area of some 10,400 square miles.

A material so abundantly cheap and easily manufactured, is bound to attract attention, and those who are interested in downing the bagging trust will no doubt aid Mr. Warrand in his experiments.

## How to Make Life Happy.

Take time; its no use to foam or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble. The work is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it will laugh back; frown at it and it will frown back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind, dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.

Show your sense by saving much in a few words. Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will be amply repaid.

Set your work to song.—Washington Post.

## The Prettiest Word.

An Armenian gentleman, now happily proficient in the use of English, was recounting his struggles in the earlier and lesser stages of his perfection.

"There was one word," he said, "that I was a long time in understanding the use of. This was your slang word 'Jiminy.' I heard it constantly everywhere, and supposed it was legitimate. Besides, I thought it the most pleasing combination of syllables I had yet heard in the English, and I used it as often as I could from pure love of the sound."

"One night, at a dinner party in Washington, when I was offered some dish which I did not eat, I said: 'Jiminy, no. I do not eat it.' 'Somebody laughed and choked, and I suspected that I was the cause of it. So I inquired and found out when and where to use 'Jiminy.' But I was sorry to give it up, for I still think it the prettiest word you have in your language.—N. Y. Sun.

## A Hard-Headed Negro.

A Birmingham (Ala.) dispatch says: "Big Six," a negro pugilist of considerable local reputation, to win a wager of \$5, is said to have a few days ago, butted an ox to death. The ox was three years old and well grown. When their heads came together, the noise could be heard a block away. Four times in rapid succession the colored giant's head struck the ox square in the forehead with terrific force. Then the animal began to reel and stagger, and gathering himself for a final plunge, "Big Six" drew back a full arm's length and ran his head against that of the ox with the force of a battering-ram. The animal fell to the ground, and in five minutes was dead.

## NOSES MADE TO ORDER.

A Novelty in the Progress of Modern Surgery.

A Flap of Periosteum from the Forehead Developed into a Substantial Nose Bridge—Curious Skin Grafting—A Patch-Work Face.

Mrs. Hoffman, who lives at 29 Mauger street, Brooklyn, had suffered from nasal catarrh until she had no nose left. Bones as well as tissues were gone. In this condition, says the New York Sun, she applied to Dr. F. L. R. Totomoro to see whether he could build a nose.

The doctor, after an examination of the case, had her placed under the influence of an anesthetic. Then he cut away the skin that covered the nasal cavity. Next the flesh on the forehead, immediately above the nose, was dissected back in flaps, so as to lay bare a wedge-shaped portion of the skull there. The bone is covered with a skin, as nearly every one knows, and a flap of this bone (periosteum) of the shape of a truncated V was dissected from the bone, save only that the point of the V was left attached to the skull between the eyes. This flap was then turned over the nasal cavity and sutured to the nasal cavity the side that had been next to the bone was down.

Meantime a live chicken had been cut open and a piece of its breast bone of the right size and shape to form a nose was cut out and stitched fast over the nasal cavity. This bone formed a bridge which supported the flap of periosteum up in the shape of a nose. The periosteum was therefore stitched over this bridge. Then, when that was done, the skin and tissues from the cheeks of the patient were drawn up over the new nose and stitched there, forming the fleshy part of the nose.

Of course every care was taken in the use of antiseptics. At the end of ten days the chicken bone came away. Meantime the periosteum had grown into a thin shell of bone perfectly able to support itself, and a membrane had grown over what had now become the nostrils of the new nose. Of course provision had been made for the growth of a central cartilage as well as an outer frame-work. At the end of twelve days the outer wounds had healed, including the wound on the forehead, from which the periosteum had been removed. The interior of the nose was longer in healing, but it is now well, and Mrs. Hoffman once more has a nose that she is proud of.

"When I adopted the chicken bone," said Dr. Totomoro when asked about the case, "I did it because it was of about the right form and because I wanted to see whether it would really grow into the place and serve the purpose. It was not a new idea, for the flesh of animals has hitherto been grafted into that of human beings. But I was perfectly sure that the periosteum would develop a thin plate of bone, and that was all that was needed. The chicken bone served meantime as a support."

Dr. Totomoro has a more difficult case on hand than that of Mrs. Hoffman. It is that of a woman who has lost her nose and is so terribly deformed that there is not enough flesh and tissue on the sides of the nasal cavity to draw up over it when a new nose shall be made for it from the periosteum from the forehead.

In dealing with this case Dr. Totomoro has dissected the chicken bone carefully, and for the support of the nose he substituted a frame-work made of thin slats of ivory.

To begin with he made a plaster cast of the woman's face. Then he took soft rubber and constructed a nose of the proper form to fit that face. This rubber nose gave the size and shape of frame-work necessary to support the new nose, and the size of the flap to be cut from the forehead. Having made the ivory frame in his office, he had the woman placed on the dissecting table and dissected away the flesh from around the nasal cavity and laid bare the bone all around. Then he fastened the ivory frame over the nasal cavity by taking the ends of the ivory slats fast to the exposed bone with ivory tree nails. This done, a flap not only of periosteum from the skull above the eyes, but its covering of flesh and skin were lifted up, twisted around and laid down over the ivory frame-work, provision being made for the middle cartilage as before. This flap was then sutured down to the flesh of the face and the lip.

The wide wound on the forehead will doubtless fill up, as clean-cut wounds always do. The flap over the ivory frame will grow around over it, and it will always remain there. Such is the present aspect.

A case of skin-grafting in Williamsburg was interesting because it showed how in the growth of any part of the human body its natural characteristics are accurately preserved. The patient had a severe burn on the face, and the wound would not heal. So bits of skin were grafted over the wound, and in that way the case was saved. The grafts of human outcure was used. Skin from the legs of hairy men, patches of skin that had moles on them, and the skin of colored people were used, and they all grew fast—a curious-looking patch-work. But very soon after each patch grew fast it began to change its color, and in a few days the whole face had been burned was white and fair like the other one, no trace of hair, or mole, or colored folks remaining.

## Cure Effectuated by a Kiss.

A good story is being told about the wife of a prominent gentleman of Scranton, Pa., who has long been a confirmed invalid. A few weeks ago she took to her bed and bid fair to lie there helpless the rest of her life, and there her husband pressed a novel test for her. He took their pretty colored servant into his confidence and by a prearranged plan the two met in the invalid's bed-chamber. As they passed the man reached out and, embracing the girl, planted a fervent kiss on her black skin. The wife's lost powers returned to her at once, and she jumped out of her bed and drove the girl from the house. She now does all the housework herself with ease.

## Cotton Stalk Fiber.

It is said to have been demonstrated that the cotton stalk, which has hitherto been regarded as waste, contains valuable fiber. A lot of the stalks were recently sent from Arkansas to a factory in New York to be converted in the same manner as flax and hemp. There were returned about twenty different grades of fibrous material, from coarse strands of the stalk to the glossy fiber as soft as silk. Persons are now engaged in perfecting a machine that will spin the material. The fiber is sufficiently strong to make the best of bagging, as well as cloth as fine as linen.

## TEN GENTLE SAWBONES.

Fair Hands and Faces at a College Dissecting Table.

Scenes and Incidents in a Medical School for Women—Like the Boys, the Girls Have Their Fun—The Professor Quizzing Her Class.

A half-score of blooming young lady students, with Mother Hubbard aprons stretching from their necks to their dainty feet and large silk handkerchiefs tied about their heads like turbans, stood last night around a large marble-top table in one of the third-story front rooms of the Women's Medical College on North College avenue, says the Philadelphia Record. On the operating table, for such it was, lay the corpse of a woman with her glass-like eyes wide open and her face contorted in an expression of despair.

The ten gentle "sawbones" who encircled the table ranged in years from eighteen to thirty, and a death-like silence pervaded the room. Bending well over the table and so close together that their turbaned heads touched, they were eagerly working over the lifeless body, their nimble fingers moving back and forth as if they were picking out nuggets of gold.

At the head of the corpse a chubby-cheeked maiden, plump and short, with her hair done up pompadour style, and a beautiful open ring on her left third finger, gazed long and hard at the ghastly features, trying to locate the various muscles about the face and head. There was not a sign of emotion or fear on the faces of the ten fair young disciples of Esculapius. An intense earnestness and curiosity possessed all of the budding physicians, and they went at their work with such expedition as to prove that they were in for business. In their left hands the girls all had pincers or forceps, and with a scalpel in the right hand they cut boldly into the skin of the corpse. Muscles were grasped by the forceps and held high in the air. All the material surrounding them was then removed, until the muscles resembled a string of sausage.

When this was done the lady demonstrator, Dr. Elizabeth R. Bunting, who had been silently and critically inspecting the work of the dissection, approached the head of the corpse, and, rapping on the marble top of the table with a pair of pincers, exclaimed:

"Class will please come to order!" The lady demonstrator then questioned each of the students about the work. As she seized each of the muscles, sinews, arteries and nerves Dr. Bunting asked: "What is this? What is its function?"

The girl tongues of the young ladies told the Latin names of the different parts, and defined their functions with hesitation. Finally, when the lady demonstrator approached one of the students, a bright-eyed young miss, there was a titter all around the room. Of the ten students this young lady had been the only one to betray the slightest emotion during the dissection. She had gone about her work tremulously and frequently a big lump rose in her throat.

"Miss L," said the demonstrator, seizing hold of the pectoralis major, "please tell me what muscle this is and what are its functions?"

As the bright-eyed miss looked at the muscle she grew pale, shuddered, and, putting a handkerchief to her pretty lips, she looked imploringly at the lady professor.

"Do you feel sick?" anxiously inquired the demonstrator, while the whole class tittered.

The young lady carefully nodded her head and was given permission to leave the room.

"She'll brace up by and by," remarked a pretty dimple-cheeked student to a companion.

Dr. Bunting then took her position at the head of the corpse and said: "The class will please pay attention to what will be done now."

Dr. Bunting proceeded to make a couple of incisions in the throat, and pointed out the difference between laryngotomy and tracheotomy, as the demonstrator picked out each of the muscles and explained them in many-jointed Latin terms which the young ladies had to take in sections.

At the close of the lecture Dr. Bunting, with a broad smile on his face, announced: "Girls, we have at present twenty corpses on hand. This will enable us to do considerable dissecting."

The news was hailed with clapping of hands and strange expressions of satisfaction. With beaming faces the girls made straight for the body which they had been dissecting. Each one got some of the bones, and wrapping them in pieces of cloth hastened to their rooms.

When the lady demonstrator was questioned concerning the appropriation of the bones by the girls, she said: "O, that's what the students always do after they have dissected a body. They take the bones, dry them and keep them as mementos of the old days in college. It is a good scheme, and the girls are proud of the old bones. After they get a little experience, they handle them with a good deal of skill. It is a mark of a good surgeon and physician. I am confident that the time is fast approaching when ladies will be delegated certain delicate surgical operations which they only are fitted to do expertly perform."

Postal Wagons in Berlin.

Berlin now has a system of large postal wagons—with sorting tables, stamping arrangements, and every thing else used in preparing mail for transportation—which operate on a novel test for mail. About two hours is thus saved in preparing the city mails for the teams, as the clerks do all the sorting, stamping and bundling while the wagons roll swiftly along. This would not be practicable in America until most of the cities are repaved.

## The Oldest Old Subscriber.

A Worcester (Mass.) Journal claims to have a female subscriber who has been reading the paper for eighty-four years.

## REARED AS A BOY.

Singular Career of the Daughter of an Austrian Count.

Starting Eccentricities of a Girl Who Objects to Being Married—An Extraordinary Case of Disposition—The Talk of Two Kingdoms.

Count Ladislav Vay von Vaya is a Chamberlain of the Emperor and a nobleman of ancient lineage and vast landed possessions, whose name has within the last twenty years come somewhat frequently before the public in connection with the eccentricities of his daughter. The latter, who is a girl of about twenty-seven years, has been placed "under curatel," that is to say, she has been deprived of the right of contracting any legal debts or obligations, and her fortune has been placed in the hands of trustees. Her history, as told by Vienna correspondents of the New York Tribune, is a strange one. It appears that during the first eight years of Count Vay's marriage no children were born to him, a fact which almost drove him to desperation when he remembered that in default of issue his immense estates would pass to the crown and his name become extinct.

In the ninth year, however, it seemed as if his own prayers and those of the Countess were about to be granted, and when at length the Countess gave birth to a child he had so thoroughly accustomed himself to look for a boy that no one at the time ventured to deceive him and tell him that the infant was a girl. The priest who baptized the child was won over to the more or less plausible account presented on the Count by his wife and her attendants, and although the name given by the sponsors was that of Sandor, a boy's name, the name entered on the parish register was that of Sarolta, or Charlotte. Dressed and educated like a little boy, the little Countess bore the name of Sandor till her eleventh year, and was believed by all but the mother, the priest and a few confidential servants to belong to the male sex. She was taught to shoot and fish, and from the age of six rode astride of her pony dressed in a hussar uniform like a little Countess.

Just about the time when the Count was beginning to consider the advisability of sending his daughter—or, as he thought, his son—to the nobles' academy at Pesth, his wife gave birth to a second child, which this time was a girl. The necessity for keeping up the fraud with regard to the sex of Sandor—or Sarolta—had now disappeared, and steps were taken to make every body acquainted with the true facts of the case. It is not stated what steps were taken to undo the Count himself, but as he still lives happily with his charming and popular wife it may be surmised that the Countess should not experience much difficulty in obtaining his forgiveness. The only person who seriously objected to the altered condition of things was the young Countess herself, who had become too much accustomed to regard herself as a boy, and was so strongly addicted to all boyish sports and games, that she could not reconcile herself to the role of a young lady. Instead of this feeling passing away as she grew older, it became stronger every year. She implored her father, of course without success, to permit her to enlist as a man in the Honved Hussar Regiment, of which he was the Colonel-in-Chief, or to allow her to visit the university as a male student.

As soon, however, as she had reached the age of twenty-one and had become emancipated by her father, she procured control of her parents, she took the bride between her teeth, metaphorically speaking, and, arrayed in men's clothes, entered upon a career of wild extravagance and dissipation. Everywhere she gave her name of Count Sandor de Vay and even fought a couple of duels with men who had enlisted for her by casting her overboard. A number of articles signed "Sandor Vay" appeared in one of the leading Pesth newspapers, mostly on sporting matters, on which she is an authority, and for the purpose of keeping up the illusion of her manhood she even went so far as to spend an immense amount of money on one of the most sumptuous dinners of the Hungarian stage, purchasing a house for her and horses and carriages, besides loading her with jewels. Her latest eccentricity consists in having eloped and having gone through a marriage ceremony with the daughter of an army contractor at Laybach, in Austria proper, for the sole object of obtaining the young girl's large dowry, for Sandor or Sarolta has been in great straits since she was placed "under curatel," and thereby deprived of the use of her fortune. It is reported that, exasperated beyond all measure by his daughter's mad freaks, the old Count is about to take steps for having her placed under restraint in a lunatic asylum.

## A Family of Veritable Giants.

A family of giants named Rourke are reported to be living in Belmont, Cass County, N. D. The youngest son is 30 years old, was born in Iowa, and has lived in Dakota 17 years, during which time he has secured a good growth. He is 6 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 411 pounds. His next older brother, Christian, is 32, weighs 205, and is 6 feet 4 inches tall. Louis is 38 years old, weighs 225 pounds, and is 6 feet 5 inches. Ole is 40 years old, weighs 200 pounds, and is 6 feet 3 inches tall. One sister is Mrs. Jennie Knudson, aged 28, weighs 225 pounds, and is over 6 feet tall; another sister, Mrs. Julia Hansen, lives in Iowa and weighs 237 pounds, while Mrs. Cooper lives in Traill County and only weighs 160 pounds. The father and mother of this remarkable family are not large people, the former weighing about 170 pounds and the latter 140.

## It Ended Their Friendship.

"I ain't nebbin' gwine ter hab nuffin' mo' ter do wid Pete Willis, boss. He flung my brain new Sunday suit out de window 'tother day." "It didn't hurt your suit much, did it?" "No, sah, but it hurt me. I happened ter be in it at de time."

## "MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY LESSENS PAIN SHORTENS LABOR DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A singular case of mistaken identification occurred at Pittsburg a few days ago, when a doctor from Johnston recognized the body of a young man that had been killed on the railroad as that of his son. He had given orders for the shipment of the body to Johnston for interment. A few hours later, when visiting some friends, he had scarcely been seated when his son, hale and hearty, walked in and greeted him to the astonishment and joy of the father, who had wept him as dead. It was simply a case of remarkable resemblance.—Wilmingon Star.

## A Boon to Wives.

Having used "Mother's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth.—Mrs. C. MELBURN, Iowa. Write the Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by druggists.

Mrs. Newton, of Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, gave proof to the fact that marriage is not a failure by presenting her astonished husband with four girl babies at one birth on February 12th. The four little ones are flourishing, and are as much alike as four peas. They were baptised in the Catholic church of that town, to which the parents, Irish people belong.—Wil. Star.

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KEENE CRAIG & CLEMENT, Attorneys at Law, SALISBURY, N. C. Feb. 3rd, 1881

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## NOTICE TO PENSIONERS!

Copies of the law for the relief of certain soldiers, etc., with Rules and Regulations adopted by the State Board of Pensions, and blank forms on which to make application, have been received by me, for the use of such soldiers and widows of soldiers who lost their lives during the late war between the States. Such soldiers and widows of soldiers are entitled to pensions under said law, and are hereby notified that their application must be filed with the County Commissioners, on or before the first Monday of July in each year. 17th March, 1880. HORATIO N. WOODSON, Register of Deeds.

## BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Persons wanting to buy building lots near Livingstone College are requested to inquire at THIS OFFICE.

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT FEB. 16, 1880.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME

## SOUTHBOUND

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Keyville	7:20
Danville	7:30
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