

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR,
BY
Conan Doyle.

[Continued from our last issue.]

"But it was not mere guess work?"
"No, not I never guess. It is a shoeing habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other odd objects, such as pens or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.
"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than the label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my eyes on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the lay-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key would have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drinker's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is clear as daylight," I answered.
"I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your unobtrusive faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None." Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. There was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world! See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across the colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace and existence is commonplace and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade, when, with a crisp knock, our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.
"Miss Mary Morstan," he read.
"Hm! I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I shall prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.
Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well-gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a simple, grayish beige, untrimmied and unbrided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."
"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated, thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."
"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawk-like features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones. "I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. 'You will, I am sure, excuse me,' I said, rising from my chair.

up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."
I relapsed into my chair.
"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these: My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Capt. Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead—" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his notebook.
"He disappeared upon the 3d of December, 1878—nearly ten years ago."
"His luggage?"
"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clue—some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict guard there."
"Had he any friends in town?"
"Only one that we know of—Maj. Sholto, of his own regiment, the Thirty-fourth Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.
"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan, and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had, at that time, just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small cardboard box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl. No word of writing was enclosed. Since then, every year, upon the same date, there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clue as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I have ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"
"Yes, and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope, too, please. Postmark, London, S. W., date, July 7. Heral Man's thumbmark on corner—probably postman's best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the Lyceum theater to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and I shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"
"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I—and yes, Mr. Watson is the very man. Why, your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before." She asked, "But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.
"I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."
"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. I am here at six it will do, I suppose."

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"
"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.
"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the paper upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said, presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek e will break out, and see the twirl on the final s. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"
"Nothing could be more unlike."
"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. An revoir, then."

"An revoir," said our visitor, and with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl box in her bosom and hurried away.

away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the somber crowd.
"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.
He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."
"You really are an automaton—a calculating machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."
He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biased by personal qualities. A client is to me merely a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however—"
"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"
"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."
Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That might be an a, and that I an a. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his k's and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."
I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts were far



I SAT IN THE WINDOW, VOLUME IN HAND, from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance, she must be seven-and-twenty now—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking account, to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor, nothing more. If my future were bleak, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.
It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager and in excellent spirits—a mood which in any case alternately person in the blackest depression.
"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."
"What! you have solved it already?"
"Well, that will be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be handled. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the Times, that Maj. Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the Thirty-fourth Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."
"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."
"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Capt. Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Maj. Sholto. Maj. Sholto dies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Capt. Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery, and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"
"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."
"There are difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. "But our expedition of to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

[CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS GONE! 1894 GONE! 1895 HERE!

I am here with the NEW YEAR—still in the lead.
SAME STAND. Complete stock of Drugs. Lowest prices guaranteed. Bring your Prescriptions to us, they are filled by a Registered Pharmacist. We make the celebrated Itch Cure. NO CURE—NO PAY. Complete stock of garden seeds. Fresh stock—TARIFF OFF. Use Borax on your meat. We have it finely powdered.

REPUBLICANS, POPULISTS, DEMOCRATS
and everybody else invited to call and see us whether you buy or not, we will be glad to see you.
Wishing one and all a prosperous New Year,
I am, yours to please,
D. H. HOOD,
Dunn N. C.

IF YOU WANT BARGAINS OVER YOUR EYES, GO ELSEWHERE!

IF YOU WANT BARGAINS ON YOUR BACK,

GO TO Frank Thornton's, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

GREAT CLEARING SALE PREVIOUS TO STOCK TAKING.

As this is to be a Clearing Sale in the fullest meaning of the word, all will find it to their advantage to purchase, even if they do not require the goods for immediate use.
The following are some of the Greatest Bargains offered, at prices unparalleled in the history of the Fayetteville Dry Goods Trade.

COMMENCED TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1895, AT 9 A. M.
We are still closing out the entire stock AT and BELOW COST, previous to stock-taking. Now is your chance for Bargains. THESE GOODS MUST GO!

OUR BIG STOCK HAS GOT TO BE REDUCED

JUST LISTEN AT THESE PRICES:

CARPET DEPARTMENT.
\$1.25 all wool 3 Ply Carpet at 75c
75c all wool Ingrain at 44c
85c all wool Ingrain at 53c
Heavy Ingrain at 88c
Extra Heavy Ingrain at 88c
75c Caxo Matting at 43c
40c Cottage Carpet at 21c.

DRESS GOODS.
6c A. A. White Sheeting at 4c; 5c
Checked Homespun at 4c; 19c Dress
Gingham at 5c; 25c Scotch Plaid
(wool 34 in., 6c; Double-width
Wool Gingham 10c 35 Wool Serge
36 in., wide—all colors, 14c; Best
10c Outer—all colors, 7c; All wool
—40 in., worth 75c—our price 39c;
6 in. Ladies' cloth—in blue and
black—worth 66c, our price 24c; 36
in., Black Wool Serge—worth 40c;
our price 14c; One Hundred pieces
of 46 in., all wool Satin-finish Her-
etta Cloth, cheap at 90c, all colors,
sale price, 63c.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.
We have about One Hundred and twenty Ladies' Cloaks remaining. About seventy-five of these are priced \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00—these we will sell now for \$7.45. We have about Twenty-five worth about 7.50 to \$9.00—these we will close for \$6.75. We also have Twenty Misses' Cloak we will close at your own price.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.
Ladies' \$2.50 Kid Button Ziegler Shoes at \$1.49; Krippendorf's \$2.00 Shoe for \$1.37. All of our Ladies' Shoes for \$1.19.
All Shoes included in this Great Slaughter Sale.

WE HAVE OPENED A LADIES UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.
Which a Saleslady has charge of. We show Full Lines of Night Gowns, Chemise, Drawers and Corset Covers. Ask to see them. Prices guaranteed the lowest in this department.

SOCKS AND STOCKINGS.
15c. Black Hose at 10c; 15c regular-made Hose 10c; 20c Black Hose 14c; 20c Black Half Hose 14c; 25c Black Hose 20c; 25c Black Half Hose 20c; Black Hose 24c; Black Half Hose 24c. Children's Hose at your own prices. Over-shirts in Black and Tan, 35c to \$1.00. \$7.00 all wool North Carolina 12—4. 8 lbs., \$4.48. \$5.00 Wool Blankets 10—4 at \$2.48. Baggy Robes and Horse Blankets at your own price.

Address THE TIMES Job Office

Money Loaned.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED
Our system affords an opportunity to borrow on either personal or real estate security. The plan is superior to Building and Loan Associations. The amount borrowed may be retained in monthly payments without bonus, with interest at 5 per cent. per annum, it affords absolute security to investors, with a reasonable guarantee of an annual dividend of from 8 to 10 per cent.
We desire to secure the services of energetic representatives men in every community to act as Local Secretaries. The position will be sufficiently remunerative to amply compensate for services. If you possess the above qualifications, write for particulars. Full information regarding our system of making loans as well as investments and agencies will be furnished by addressing S. S. Robertson, President, 1122 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dec. 12 '94



WE OF OUR DEALERS can sell you machines cheaper than you can get elsewhere. THE NEW HOME is our best, but we make cheaper kinds, such as the CLIMAX, IDEAL and other High Arm Full Metal Plated Sewing Machines for \$25.00 and up. Call on our agent or write us. We want your trade, and if you come to us square dealing will win, we will have it. We challenge the world to produce a BETTER \$50.00 Sewing Machine for \$50.00, or a better \$20.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00 than you can buy from us, or our Agents. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL. 33 LEXINGTON, N. Y. NEW YORK, N. Y. PHILADELPHIA, PA. ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA. FOR SALE BY

GAINAY & JORDAN, Dunn, N. C.

CAPE FEAR AND YADKIN VALLEY RAILWAY
J. H. GILL Receiver.
CONDENSED SCHEDULE

NORTH BOUND.		No. 1 Daily	
Leave Wilmington	6:40 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	6:30 a.m.
Arrive Fayetteville	10:30 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	10:30 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	11:45 a.m.	Arrive Sanford	11:45 a.m.
Leave Sanford	1:15 p.m.	Arrive Greensboro	1:15 p.m.
Leave Greensboro	2:45 p.m.	Arrive Greensboro	2:45 p.m.
Leave Greensboro	3:30 p.m.	Arrive Stokesdale	3:30 p.m.
Leave Stokesdale	4:15 p.m.	Arrive Walnut Cove	4:15 p.m.
Leave Walnut Cove	4:45 p.m.	Arrive Rural Hall	4:45 p.m.
Leave Rural Hall	5:15 p.m.	Arrive Mt. Airy	5:15 p.m.
Arrive Mt. Airy	6:15 p.m.		

SOUTH BOUND.		No. 1 Daily	
Leave Mt. Airy	5:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	5:45 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	6:30 a.m.	Arrive Sanford	6:30 a.m.
Arrive Sanford	7:15 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	7:15 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	8:45 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	8:45 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	9:30 a.m.	Leave Stokesdale	9:30 a.m.
Leave Stokesdale	10:15 a.m.	Arrive Walnut Cove	10:15 a.m.
Arrive Walnut Cove	10:45 a.m.	Leave Rural Hall	10:45 a.m.
Leave Rural Hall	11:15 a.m.	Arrive Fayetteville	11:15 a.m.
Arrive Fayetteville	11:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	11:45 a.m.

NORTH BOUND.		No. 2 Daily	
Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	7:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	7:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	8:15 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	8:15 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	9:00 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	9:00 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	9:45 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	9:45 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	10:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	10:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	11:15 a.m.		

SOUTH BOUND.		No. 2 Daily	
Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	7:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	7:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	8:15 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	8:15 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	9:00 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	9:00 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	9:45 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	9:45 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	10:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	10:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	11:15 a.m.		

NORTH BOUND.		No. 3 M, Tu, Th, Sa	
Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	7:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	7:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	8:15 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	8:15 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	9:00 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	9:00 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	9:45 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	9:45 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	10:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	10:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	11:15 a.m.		

SOUTH BOUND.		No. 3 M, Tu, Th, Sa	
Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	6:45 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	7:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	7:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	8:15 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	8:15 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	9:00 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	9:00 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	9:45 a.m.	Leave Greensboro	9:45 a.m.
Leave Greensboro	10:30 a.m.	Arrive Greensboro	10:30 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro	11:15 a.m.		

Address THE TIMES Job Office

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON AND BRANCHES AND FLORENCE RAILROAD CONDENSED SCHEDULE. TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED Mar 5, 1895.	Day	Time	Day	Time
Leave Wilmington	A. M.	12:30	Arrive Weldon	A. M.
Ar. Rocky Mt.	12:30	10:30		
Leave Tarboro	12:30			
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1:00	10:30	Ar. Rocky Mt.	6:30
Leave Wilmington	1:30	11:30	Ar. Rocky Mt.	6:30
Ar. Fayetteville	2:30		Ar. Fayetteville	6:30
Ar. Florence	3:30		Ar. Florence	6:30

TRAIN GOING NORTH.

DATED Mar 5, 1895.	Day	Time	Day	Time
Leave Florence	A. M.	6:30	Ar. Fayetteville	P. M.
Ar. Fayetteville	6:30	7:30	Ar. Fayetteville	7:30
Leave Wilmington	6:30	7:30	Ar. Fayetteville	7:30
Ar. Rocky Mt.	6:30	7:30	Ar. Rocky Mt.	7:30
Leave Tarboro	6:30	7:30	Ar. Rocky Mt.	7:30

Train on Scotland Neck Branch road leave Weldon 7:30 p. m., Halifax 8:00 p. m. arrives Seaside 8:30 p. m., Greenville 9:00 p. m., Kinston 9:30 p. m., returning leaves Kinston 7:00 a. m., Greenville 8:30 a. m., arriving Seaside at 10:30 a. m., Weldon 11:00 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 7:15 a. m., arrives Farmville 8:00 a. m., Tarboro 8:30 a. m., returning leaves Tarboro 4:30 p. m., Farmville 5:00 p. m., Washington 7:30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Connections with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Leaves Tarboro daily, except Sunday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday 5:00 p. m. arrives Plymouth 5:00 p. m., 5:25 p. m., returning leaves Plymouth daily, except Sunday, 6:00 a. m., Sunday 6:30 a. m., arrives Tarboro 10:25 a. m., and 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro 8:00 a. m., arrives Raleigh 9:00 a. m., Smithfield N. C. 7:00 a. m., returning leaves Smithfield N. C. 6:00 a. m., arrives Goldsboro N. C. 9:30 a. m.

Trains on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount 6:00 a. m., arrives Nashville 6:30 p. m., Spring Hope 5:00 p. m., returning leaves Spring Hope 6:00 a. m., Nashville 6:30 a. m., arrives Rocky Mount 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Latta Branch leaves Florence R. R. leave Latta 8:00 p. m., arrives Duxbury 7:00 p. m., returning leaves Duxbury 8:00 a. m., arrive Latta 7:50 a. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, at 4:16 p. m. Returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 a. m., connecting at Warsaw with main line trains.

Train No. 75 make close connection at Weldon for all points north daily, and at Farmville and Bayboro, and daily except Sunday via Norfolk and Cape Fear. Railroad for Norfolk daily, except Sunday.

John F. Divine, Gen'l. Supt.
J. R. Stokely, Asst. Manager
T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager

CAPE FEAR AND YADKIN VALLEY RAILWAY
J. H. GILL Receiver.
CONDENSED SCHEDULE

In Effect Nov. 21, 1894.

NORTH BOUND.		No. 1 Daily	
Leave Wilmington	6:40 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	6:30 a.m.
Arrive Fayetteville	10:30 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	10:30 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	11:45 a.m.	Arrive Sanford	11:45 a.m.
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Leave Greensboro	3:30 p.m.	Arrive Stokesdale	3:30 p.m.
Leave Stokesdale	4:15 p.m.	Arrive Walnut Cove	4:15 p.m.
Leave Walnut Cove	4:45 p.m.	Arrive Rural Hall	4:45 p.m.
Leave Rural Hall	5:15 p.m.	Arrive Mt. Airy	5:15 p.m.
Arrive Mt. Airy	6:15 p.m.		

SOUTH BOUND.		No. 1 Daily	
Leave Mt. Airy	5:45 a.m.	Leave Fayetteville	5:45 a.m.
Leave Fayetteville	6:30 a.m.	Arrive Sanford	6:30 a.m.
Arrive Sanford	7		