MAKES MEN OUT OF DEMONS

Keeley Institute One of Greensboro's Grandest Institutions.

THE TRUE STORY OF A SON RECLAIMED

A Father Who Drank to the Dregs the Cup of Sorrow Caused by His Son's Drunkenness and Devilish Conduct--Recounts in Thrilling Manner His Wonderful Reclamation by Keeley Treatment at the Greensboro Institute—Changed Within a Few Weeks From Physical and Moral Wreck to a Handsome, Active Man.

Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 29.—Your correspondent was a few days ago showing a gentleman from another State around this city. Every new building, every grove, every well located vacant building lot, every church, every school and college building, every old landmark of the shape of an old homestead, was an object of interest to him and was still the topic of discussion. He was a close observer of things, a most intelligent man and desirable companion. We spent half a day before us and drove leisurely about, taking in every object of interest to a visitor in the city, and out into the country, where the work of building macadam roads was in progress, visited the new fair grounds of the Central Carolina Fair Association, the several nurseries near the city, and completed in detail took a splendid birds-eye view of the buildings of the State Normal and Industrial College and the Greensboro Female College, thence into Spring street to West Washington street. After driving a few paces my companion's eye caught sight of a magnificent grove in the center of which stood an inviting looking building of modern design, but with many visible signs of modern renovation.

"What place is that?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "is the Keeley Institute."

I saw he was interested. He looked out and caught my hand which held the reins and stopped the horse. He sat steadily at the quiet and homelike place before him for a few moments and then he said reverently, as tears filled his eyes:

"God bless the Keeley Institute. The blessings of that institution are far beyond human conception. It is taught us in the inspired Word that the Lord will help those who will help themselves. The work of the Keeley Institute is a great step toward helping himself. The Bible says there will save any man who is earnest about breaking off the habits of rum and morphine or any habitual disease. The Great God above will not help a sinful creature unless that creature wants and asks for help. Satan will go down to a sinner's home and a sinner's hell unless he seeks and receives divine help. He is born a slave and cannot help himself.

"Satan is the man who is bound hand and foot by the galling chains of his passions. He is powerless to help himself. Unaided, he goes on, sinking and his struggles grow weaker and he succumbs, a mere mental and moral wreck, dreading the horrors of his remaining days and screaming in terror at the prospect of worse things that he knows await him after the last flickering flame of the candle of his life is snuffed out. The Keeley Institute is to the physical man just what the grace of God is to the spiritual man. It is as a voice crying in the wilderness. It prepares the way. It clears the mental vision and brings sunshine to the clouded brain. It prepares the soil for the sowing of spiritual seed. It takes out the briars, roots, stumps and rocks and fertilizes the ground so that the seed sown by the spiritual sower may have a chance to germinate, grow and produce fruit.

"My friend, there is no greater institution on earth than Keeley. Thrice blessed is your community by having this institution located here. You people may not take the same view that I do, but among all the splendid enterprises I have seen here today there are none, in my opinion, of more importance or dealt with greater or grander possibilities than the Keeley Institute. It makes men out of demons. It makes loving and affectionate husbands and duteous sons. It makes tender and loving and considerate fathers out of brutes and fiends. It saves lives. It saves reason and brightens minds. It is a helping stone to the salvation of immortal souls."

I had never seen a more ardent friend and booster of the Keeley treatment. I began to wonder if there was a incident or chapter affecting his own home or loved ones, that had alienated him and his friendship and attention to the great whiskey cure. When I ceased speaking we had passed sight of the institute and he turned and looked me full in the face and said:

"You wonder why I am so warm a booster and believer in the Keeley treatment?" Before I could reply he went on with a happy laugh: "It drove the devil from my home and brought peace, sunshine and happiness in its train. Come down to my room at the hotel and I will tell you the story." I consented. I had become interested, and we made an appointment to meet that night in his room.

After supper I was on hand promptly and there was no preliminary formality about the story. My friend offered me a cigar and lay on the bed and removing his coat and vest, lay on the bed, resting his head upon the palm of his hand. He was about 50 years of age, hair just streaked with gray, clean shaven face, with lines about the mouth exhibiting themselves in such a manner that seemed to indicate that the man had at some time in his life known what sorrow was and been acquainted with grief.

He said: "There is a certain class of sadness that takes possession of me whenever I speak of the story I am about to relate, yet I am willing to undergo that, especially if by the story there is a remote possibility that some other fond parent's heart may be gladdened as mine has been.

"I married thirty years ago to a young lady who was reared among the hills of New Hampshire. My home was in Pennsylvania, and there we spent the first two years of married life. We then moved to West Virginia and built our home. One baby boy was then about seven months old, a fat, chubby, healthy fellow, and he was our supreme delight. We fondled, petted and caressed him by day and by night. Never did the antics and pranks of a child bring greater thrills of joy and admiration to the hearts of fond parents than myself and his mother felt. Four years later a little girl baby was born. These were all the children we ever had, and in them we centered our affections to a degree that was almost idolizing. They grew up to young manhood and womanhood and went through college, graduating with honors.

"We had unbounded confidence in our boy and he was permitted to have his way about everything, going where he pleased and was one of the most popular young men of the village where we lived. When he was about ninteen years of age I was shocked to learn that he was in the habit of coming home at night under the influence of whiskey. At twenty-one years of age he was a confirmed drunkard. My pleading and entreaty, and the prayers and tears of his mother were of no avail. He, in his sober moments, expressed regret and avowed a determination to quit. The hope thus raised was soon to be dashed to pieces again. He seemed powerless to control the ever burning thirst for strong drink. In the midst of all this he decided to get married. He talked to his mother and myself about it, and we earnestly discussed the matter, fearing the consequences. We finally dared to hope that it would cause him to leave off the terrible habit. He married and brought into our home a beautiful, accomplished and sweet young wife, the daughter of an old friend of mine. For a few weeks there was a rift in the clouds through which the rays of hope shined brighter. But it was only for a short time. He was not quite 22 years old when he was married. Six months later the bright, laughing and gay young bride was transformed into a woman of deep sorrows and heavy burdens. My wife was fast giving way, and her raven hair was turning gray.

"During the next two years our home was a veritable hell on earth. My son became cross. Later he seemed to lose regard for father, affection for mother and love for wife. He became a demon. His sister was afrid of him. I shall not attempt to describe the horrors of that period. It is too painful to me. There is a bright side to the story and that is the only reason that could induce me to tell it. I carried my boy to the nearest Keeley Institute. While he was away there was a strange, subdued quiet in my home. We hardly knew what to expect. After about five weeks' absence he returned. I will never forget the sight. I was with him in the carriage. His mother, wife and sister came out to greet him. They looked at him curiously, hardly recognizing him. It was a most marvelous transformation. In a few short weeks he was changed from a physical and mental wreck to a handsome, living and moving and active man. When convinced that it was him, his mother and wife and sister all three hugged him at once, and they laughed and cried in turn for joy.

"That is not quit all the story. That was over four years ago, and my boy is now a sober, industrious, reliable and prosperous business man. The bloom of her bridal days has returned to the cheeks of his young wife, his mother is once more supremely happy and his sister is married and living in a distant city, and never a line of sadness or a tear blot mars the letters she writes home.

"You'll never know, my friend, the high estimate I place upon the scientific research of Dr. Keeley through the grace of God. I might talk all night and you would not be able to understand fully my appreciation of the work done in restoring life, happiness and joy to my home. If you could understand this you would not wonder that I am not ashamed to tell my own sorrowful experience with the demon that is blighting lives, ruining homes and damning souls.

"In some of your letters to the newspapers, telling about the great fair you are soon to hold here, tell the people about Keeley Institute and invite them to visit the institution while in the city. There are no warmer hearted people on earth than those who have had training in the curing of drunkards. By visiting the institution people will obtain a different view of the workings of Keeley and a visit from a sober man may so impress his that he will have it in his heart to speak to some poor tempest-tossed fellow about the good that awaits him there and be the means of saving a life and brightening a home."

NOTHING FOR BREAKFAST

Pantry of Greensboro Keeley Institute Broken Open

(Greensboro Record.)

Col. Osborn, president and manager of the Keeley Institute, is not favorable to working on Sunday. He likes to have everything peaceable and orderly, with no more labor going on than is necessary, but yesterday morning when he woke up, or rather when he was suddenly aroused from his morning nap, he found that he would have to stir his stumps, for his patients, who are noted for their splendid appetites after he has had a whack at them, were yelling for breakfast and there was nothing wherewith to feed them.

The cause was that during the night thieves had visited the pantry and simply emptied it of about all there was in it—and it was plentifully supplied with good things as usual.

And so it was that there had to be a moving around to get something for the boarders. Not a pound of butter was left, and not being able to buy any, the cows were milked and churning had to be done to supply the table.

There is no clew and not likely to be. It is the same old story of a thief who knew the lay of the land perfectly and he waded right in

MARRIAGE OF THE SUN AND MOTHER

The following beautiful allegory describing an annular eclipse was written by the late H. E. Ellewood, of this State, many years ago for our paper and was subsequently copied into almost every journal of the Union. The gifted author is no more but this chaste and beautiful effort of his pen deserves to be perpetuated.—Raleigh Register.

Do you know that a wedding has happened on high,
And who were the parties united?
'Twas the Sun and the Moon, in the halls of the sky;
They were joined and our continent witnessed the tie—
No continent else was invited.

Their courtship was tedious for seldom they met
Tete-a-tete while long centuries glided,
But the warmth of his love she could hardly forget,
For though distant afar, he could smile on her yet,
Save when earth the fond couple divided.

But why so prolix the courtship? and why
So long was postponed the connection?
That the bridegroom was anxious 'twere vain to tarry,
Since the heat of his passion pervaded the sky,
But the bride was renowned for reflection.

Besides 'tis reported their friends were all vexed;
The match was deemed somehow unequal,
And when bid to the wedding each made some pretext
To decline, till the lovers, worn out and perplexed,
Were compelled to elope in the sequel.

Mars and Jupiter never such business could bear,
So they haughtily kept themselves from it.
Herschell dwelt at suc hdistance he could not be there,
Saturn sent with reluctance his ring to the fair
By the hands of a trustworthy Comet.

Only one dim pale planet of planets the least,
Condescended the nuptials to honor.
And that seemed like skulking away to the East;
Some assert it was Mercury acting as priest,
Some Venus a peeping—shame on her.

Earth in silence rejoiced as the bridegroom and bride
In their mutual embraces would linger,
Whilst careering through regions of light at his side,
She displayed the bright ring not a world too wide,
For a conjugal pledge on her finger.

Henceforth shall these orbs to all husbands and wives
Shine as patterns of duty respected.
All her splendor and glory from she derives,
And she shows to the world the kindness he gives,
So faithfully prized and reflected.

ELOQUENCE

(From "Memoriae Sacrum," by James Baron Hope.)

And so that Summer night,
We sat beneath the shadow of the trees.
Our talk had been in fragments—broken thoughts
Expressed at intervals; and his were like
The fragments of some mighty work of art,
Found on the desert, stern and vast and grand,
And, oft to my perception, thick o'erwrit
With characters which I could scarce arrange
Into their proper meaning.
Aye. He was eloquent!
His thoughts went forth like Emperors and all
His words arrayed themselves around them, like
Imperial Guards—so full of pomp were they!
Forth he began, beneath the shadowy trees,
A favorite theme of his, and oft discussed;
His disquisition was on social wrongs:
Subtle he was—subtle and keen and skilled;
Full of strange arguments—strong in debate—
And, with a sneer upon his curling lip,
Would point out how Man and Society,
In panoply of prejudice, make war
Against the teachers of Philosophy.
Opinions which I had been taught to hold
As full of pith and gravity, he took
As 'twere 'twixt thumb and finger of his wit—
Rubbed off their gloss, until they seemed to me,
All, as he said, vanished hypocricies.

IN LATE SEPTEMBER

(The Rev. Benjamin Copeland in Zion's Herald.)

Crimson and gold, September's boughs proclaim
The approaching Passion of the waning year;
By sacramental signs, for aye the same,
Pathetic portents show the end is near.

The landscape lessens in the shimmering haze:
The songless silence chants the season's grief;
Too soon shall follow, with the darkening days,
The fading field flower and the falling leaf.

No more allures the lovely glade or glen;
A nameless sorrow haunts the lonely shore;
The frosts have fallen on the hearts of men;
The little children seek the woods no more.

For Nature holds us surely as her own,
In sleet and snow, or under skies of blue;
From birth to death we share her mirth or moan—
Forever to our faithful mother true.

A kindred impulse stirs our common dust
To look beyond the Winter's dearth and dole,
And find in God, our Life, our Strength, our Trust,
The everlasting Summer of the soul.

Mrs. Galey—My parrot hasn't sworn once during the past two weeks.

Mrs. Gadfly—Really? How do you account for his reformation?

Mrs. Galey—Nobody has asked him to have a cracker during that time.—Puck.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Gra'ma, they's too many folks a-bringin' me up. I'd get along better if I only had you."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did you enjoy meeting so many authors and artists?"

"No: I had a terrible time trying to pretend that I had heard of all of them."—Chicago Record.

A DEFENSE.

Christian Science—Its Work, Its Purposes and Its Success, as Told by a Believer.

By One Who Has Tried It.

To the Editor of The Post:

A rather sensational heading to an article you published September 9 was called to my attention, and in reply I feel you will let met, as a citizen, speak for myself and my religion, to correct the statements made in your paper.

First let me say what the jury said: "The child died because it had improper treatment and of neglect." Also a statement was made that no food, water or nourishment was allowed the patient. There was not one word of truth in it. The child was not neglected physically. On the contrary, everything was done for his comfort by the most intelligent Christian women—those asked to do so by the mother.

Fresh clothing, bedding, proper food and nourishment were supplied liberally. It seems, if undenied, this would cast reproach upon a loving mother, already sorrowed by her loss; also that all who gave evidence against the scientists failed to see that it was against this mother who at such a time surely had a right to the Christian consideration and kindness of all the people.

What mother on earth would let any number of women keep all food, water and nourishment from her sick child? Who but the mother of her fatherless boy had the right to say what she should do for her child's help in time of need? The scientists were only there because both the child and its mother wished it so.

I would say that the food and nourishment given was beef tea, clear tomato soup, milk, egg and milk whipped together, hominy and butter, toast, milk toast, peaches, a few ginger snaps (his first wish), beaten biscuit carried from my own table; also lemonade, water, crushed ice, and he ate oranges.

On Wednesday I sent a can of tomato soup and wrote directions for nourishment to be given every three or four hours; also that beef tea be made twice a day so it would be fresh. Fresh air was always advised; also bathing, and all comforts were looked after, even the mosquitoes and flies were kept off day and night.

Let me say that the pathetic paragraph referred to was never uttered; for at that time the Christian scientist was out of the house, the mother having decided to change the method of treatment. The scientist went down the street with her friend as she went for the physician. The boy was not dying, nor in a dying condition when the case was taken from the scientist. As will be seen from the conversation with the mother just before she decided to send for a doctor, she was told her boy had fever, but was in a natural perspiration, breathing perfectly natural and resting quietly.

The body of scientists here is one of intelligent people; in fact, some of the most intelligent people here are interested in this science, its wonderful healing, its true revealed depth of religion.

Christian science practitioners have healed their million and a half cases—their work covering every known disease in the world. Their success averages from 95 to 97 per cent, although they do lose some cases, and they make no claim that they do not.

They know that when their work is understood they will be received more than gladly, for no one can study Christian science as taught by Mary Baker Eddy in Science and Health, with key to the scriptures, with their Bible, without seeing that its rules of life carried out will lift the whole of humanity to a higher state, physically, morally and spiritually.

The whole motive of Christian science is to destroy sin and often in healing a physical sickness some fear or sin is destroyed or lessened. Is there any other system of healing under the sun, that has the power while teaching one its healing truth, to make a better Christian of him or to destroy the appetites, &c., that hold one in bondage to their vices?

Often in Christian science a drunkard is healed of that curse while being healed of some physical ailment, or one under the curse of the morphine habit reinstated to a free manhood, or the profane man finds no longer a desire to indulge in that sinful habit.

Can such a system be a system of imposture or a delusion or the fad of an hour's fancy? Can it be dangerous in motive of practice? Can it be that the now, too hackneyed explanation, that Christian science treatment is only saying to the sick and weary ones, "There is nothing the matter with you," be true? No, that is the nonsense of the ignorant.

Is every system of healing a delusion because its advocates have lost cases—are those thousands of people who die under other ways and methods every year murdered, even those children of our own State's people who perhaps have died of malarial fever or of some of the numerous fever types this summer. Were they murdered?

Please bear in mind the boy did not die under Christian science, but if he had been the first—the one case lost in the State, under our treatment, while hundreds may have been lost under various other treatments in their respective schools—why should the system which did not lose the one case be labeled murder and the practitioner libeled murderer and the various systems which all see lose more, not be labeled or libeled in the same way?

Let every system stand or fall by its own fruits and let every honest man and woman help each other to gain their individual rights, which are freedom of conscience and personal liberty.

All know that in Christian science the patient and practitioner depend on and trust God and God alone for the healing of the body as well as the casting out of sin. Can it be more sinful to die trusting God than it is to die trusting something else than God? Can the one who advises this implicit trust in God be more sinful than the one who advised implicit trust in something less than God?

By no means do Christian scientists oppose physicians, far from it. They in their own knogledge of justice, have every one to work out his own salvation." They know that every good word and deed is good and for good wherever or by whomsoever demonstrated.

Jesus said in His sermon on the ount: "Think not I am come to destroy the law or the prophets—I am not come to destroy but to fulfil."

We believe Jesus meant what He said when He said, heal the sick! and that it is not only our privilege but our sincere religious conviction that we who profess to follow His teachings must strive to keep all His commands, and Christian science enables us to see how we may "go and do likewise."

Surely the intelligence, culture, position and spiritual power in our ranks as a body of followers of Jesus Christ is worthy of consideration. See Judge William G. Ewing, of Chicago, the finest type of American citizenship have honors of high position to work for humanity in this direction. Then note the Southern womanhood represented by Mrs. Sue Harper Mims, of Atlanta. How all is put aside that her time and talents may be used for the uplifting of all mankind to the understanding of Jesus sayings applied practically to the healing of the body as well as of sin. Do the people need protection from applied Christianity and its effects?

Can it be a crime? Should it be made one or a punishable offence?

MARION'S FAREWELL

(By Yer Uncle Skinner.)

"Farewell! a long farewell, ter all mi grateness, dis am de state of man."
"Farewell, big John, farewell; 'tis painful to my hart"
Ter know dat sence de 'lection time, you an I mus part.
Farewell ter all mi frens, ter Spenser, an "Ole Si."
For twell I gits a better place, a McKinley man am I.
For de battle have ben fout, an dem Democrats—dey won.
An say dat I mus leab de Senate in 1900 &1
For Simmons an John Bellamy da ham his run-in-mate,
Have put de party lash on me, an place me on de slate,
An I'm gwine ter be vamoosified, an—Waddelled out in date,
For dey are strickly in it, an will retaliate.
As I has been a sinner, an mi black, an tanish locks
Ain't worthy for to Waddell in ole rank's per Simmon's sox,
But, hole on, boys, jus now it seems dat "mum" mus be de plan:
Anudder wants dat Senats job, dat's mutch de bestest man,
An so de file an on-twixt, Alf, an rank, an Jule;
But I hopes "ole Nick" will git dem boys fer fitin nigger rule,
I hates de Democrats, but I loves ole Julious Car,
An I bet he'll whoop dem fellers an git dere in de war.
De *lection have done gone—but I hears de campane thunder.
Dem fellers got de drop on me, an now I'm er back number,
An' I mus leaf de Senate—an dat am de reason why—
Dat lost me frens an all.
I now mus say "good by."

PICKANINNIES TREE

Down beside the silent creek,
Where the shadows hide and seek,
Play beneath each drooping tree;
And the bullfrog—lazy fellow!--
Tunes at eve his voice so mellow,
There I see
Little pickaninnies three.

Faces black, and rolling eyes,
Gnomes they may be, in disguise,
Tempted half am I to flee!
If one beckons with a finger,
While in timorous doubt I linger,
I shall be
Captive, pickaninnes three!

Well! 'tis strange how still they sit,
While around them flit and flit
Dragon fly and humble bee.
Westering sunlight gently flushes,
O'er the swaying stream bound rushes:
You'll agree,
Motionless, the figures three.

Truly, I by chance have found
Wonders of enchanted ground!
No intent have I to flee;
For I recognize the magic,
'Tis enthralling, but not tragic,
You'll agree,
Happy pickaninnies three.

Briskly round the old tree root
Water spiders dart and shoot,
But, absorbed in silent glee,
Nothing caring, nothing wishing,
Sphinx-like still, they keep on fishing!
Ecstacy
Folds them, pickaninnies three!

—Beatrice Clayton.

GREAT GRANDMAMMA

(The Smart Set.)

Out of your oval frame upon the wall,
Great-grandmamma, how pensively you gaze
Dressed as you were when going to a ball
In other days.

How pink your cheeks! How soft your curly hair!
Those rosy lips were never meant for sighs;
Your laughing eyes are blue—a charming pair—
Like summer skies.

Your brows are arched. You have a Grecian nose,
And, oh, how gracefully you stand
Upon those marble steps, a crimson rose
Within your hand.

Of course, I would not even dare suggest
That you were not as lovely as you seem.
Still, artists (sometimes) put one at one's best,
And I've a dream

That on my portrait, too (please do not tell,)
Posterity some day a glance may fling,
And point me out a Beauty and a Belle.
How comforting!

Mrs. Dimpleton—I am to see the doctor today, and I know he will insist upon my going abroad.

Dimpleton—No, he won't. I met him yesterday and told him if he sent you abroad I couldn't pay his bill.—Life.

Crawford—While your wife is away in the country what does she find to write to you about so regularly?

Crabshaw—oMney.—Judge.

"Flavilli, you ought to take more pains with your letters to Mytilla."

"Nonsense, pa. If she can read her own writing she can read mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

It is the vanity in man that causes him to long to be an angel, but it is the fear of death that deters him from wanting to try the experimen/

FLORIDA WEST INDIA SAL SHORT LINE

VESTIBULED LIMITED TRAINS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

BETWEEN NEW YORK, TAMPA, ATLANTA, NEW ORLEANS AND POINTS SOUTH AND WEST.

In Effect June 3rd, 1900.

SOUTHWARD.

	Daily. No. 31.	Daily. No. 27.
Lv. New York, P.R.R.	1:00pm	12:15am
Lv. Phila., P.R.R.	3:29pm	7:20am
Lv. Baltmore, P.R.R.	5:50pm	9:34am
Lv. Wash'n, P.R.R.	7:00pm	10:55am
Lv. Richm'd, S.A.L.	10:40pm	2:35pm
Lv. Petersburg, "	11:35pm	3:30pm
Lv. Ridge'y Jct. "	2:25am	6:17pm
Lv. Henderson "	2:53am	6:40pm
Lv. Raleigh, "	4:06am	7:50pm
Lv. So. Pines, "	5.57am	9:42pm
	No. 403.	
Lv. Hamlet, "	6:50am	10:32pm
	No. 31.	
Lv. Columbia, * "	10:35am	12:55am
Ar. Savannah, "	2:57pm	5:00am
Ar. Jacksonville, "	7:40pm	9:10am
Ar. Tampa, "	6:30am	5:30pm
	No. 403.	
Ar. Charlotte, "	9:31am	.....
Lv. Chester, "	9:52am	.....
Lv. Greenwood, "	11.42am	.....
Lv. Athens, "	1:48pm	.....
Ar. Atlanta ! "	4:00pm	.....
Ar. Aug'ta, C&W.C.	5:10pm	.....
Lv. N. Y., N.Y.P.&N	†8.00am	9:00pm
Lv. Phila., "	10:20am	11:20pm
Lv. N. Y. O.D.S.S.Co	†3.00pm	.....
Lv. Baltm'e, B.S.P.Co	.....	†6:50pm
Lv. Wash'n N.&WSB	.....	6:30pm
Lv. Portsm'h, S.A.L.	8.30pm	9:30am
Lv. Weldon, "	12.05am	12:01pm
	No. 31.	
Lv. Ridg'w'yJct "	2:25am	1:20pm
Lv. Henderson, "	2:58am	2:14pm
Lv. Raleigh, "	4:06am	3:51pm
Lv. So. Pines, "	6:57am	6:22pm
	No. 403.	
Lv. Hamlet, "	6:50am	7:30pm
	No. 31.	No. 27.
Lv. Columbia, * "	10:35am	12:55am
Ar. Savannah, "	2:57pm	5:00am
Ar. Jacks'v'lle, "	7.40pm	9:10am
Ar. Tampa , "	6:30am	5:30pm
	No. 403.	No. 41.
Lv. Wash'g'n, "	.....	3:05pm
Ar. Charlotte, "	9:31am	10:20pm
Lv. Chester, "	9:52am	10:55pm
Lv. Greenwood, "	11:42am	1.07am
Lv. Athens, "	1:48pm	3:43am
Ar. Atlanta, ! "	4:00pm	6:05am
Ar. Augusta, C&WC	5:10pm	.....
Ar. Macon ,C. of Ga.	7:20pm	11:40am
Ar. Montg'ry A&WP	9:20pm	11:00am
Ar. Mobile, L&N	3:05am	4:12pm
Ar. New Orl's, L&N.	7:40am	8:30pm
Ar. N'shv'e, NC&StL	6:40am	6:55pm
Ar. Memphis, "	4:00pm	8:10am

NORTHWARD.

	Daily. No. 14.	Daily. No. 66.
Lv. Memp's NC&StL	12:45pm	8:45pm
Lv. Nashville, "	9:30am	9:10am
Lv. N. Orleans, L&N	7:45pm	7:45pm
Lv. Mobile, L&N	12:20am	12:20am
Lv. M'ntg'y A&WP	0:20am	11:20am
Lv. Macon, C. of Ga.	8:00am	4:20pm
Lv. Augusta, C&WC	9:40am	.....
	No. 402	No.38.
Lv. Atlanta, ! SAL.	1:00pm	9:00pm
Ar. Athens, "	2:50pm	11:23pm
Ar. Greenwood, "	4:44pm	2.05am
Ar. Chester, "	6:28pm	4:30am
Lv. Charlotte, "	6:30pm	5:00am
Lv. Wilmington, "	.....	12:05pm
	No. 44.	No. 52.
Lv. Hamlet, "	9:05pm	9:20am
Lv. So. Pines, "	10:00pm	10:05am
Lv. Raleigh, "	11:40pm	11:50am
Ar. Henderson, "	12:30am	1:13pm
Lv. Ridgw'yJct "	1:20am	1:45pm
Lv. Petersburg, "	4:15am	4:40pm
Lv. Richmond, "	5:15am	5.40pm
Ar. Wash'g'n, PRR	8:45am	9.30pm
Ar. Baltimore, PRR	10:08am	11:35pm
Ar. Phila., PRR	12:30pm	2:25am
Ar. New York, PRR	3:03pm	6:13am
	No 402	No 38.
Lv. Ridgw'yJct, SAL	3:00am	1:40pm
Lv. Weldon, "	4:30am	3:05pm
Ar. Portsmouth, "	7:00am	6:50pm
Ar. Wh'ton, N&WSB	.....	7:00am
Ar. Baltimore, BSPCo	.....	:1:30pm
Ar. N. York, ODSSCo.	.....	:1:30pm
Ar. Phila., NYP&N	5:46pm	5:10am
Ar. New York, "	8:38pm	7:43am

Note.—:Daily except Sunday. *Central Time. †Eastern Time.

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Sept. 29	7. A. M.	1. P. M.	3. P. M.
Lv. Norfolk	8:10	.....	7:30
	Noon.		
Lv. Richmond	*12:01	2:45	10:45
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Lv. Charlottesville	* 3:08	6:21	2:52
Ar. Basic	* 4:08	Sp'l stop	3:58
Ar. Staunton	* 4:37	7:39	4:22
Ar. Goshen	* 5:43	Sp'l stop	5:27
Ar. Millboro	* 5:56	Sp'l stop	5:32
Ar. Clifton Forge	* 6:30	9:25	6:28
Ar. Cavin'n(C.T.)	.....	8:55	6:00
Ar. Va. Hot Spr'gs	.....	10:20	7:20
Ar. Allegany	.....	9.45	6:39
Ar. White Suppr'ur	.....	9:55	7:00
Ar. Hinton, W. Va.	.....	11:25	8:20
		A. M.	P. M.
Ar. Cincinnati	.....	8:00	5:00
Ar. Louisville	.....	11:00	8:00
		P. M.	A. M.
Ar. Chicago	.....	5:30	7:15
Ar. St. Louis	.....	6:56	7:30

Connecting at these cities for all points West.

*Daily except Sunday.

No. 1 stops at Basic, Goshen and Millboro for passengers from connecting lines.

Southern Railway connects at Charlottesville with Chesapeake & Ohio Route.

Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line connect at Richmond, Va., with Chesapeake & Ohio Route.

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