

CHAPTER XIII. GRAHAM'S comp

The Joseph Court of the court o

the state of the s

The year though the cold. There is not all the cold to be a sensitive of the cold to be a sensit

have every confidence in you. I'll ave a letter of credit prepared at once, I that you may not want for money, half we my ave thousand to start

would be more than enough, but he allessed me with a gasture.
"You'll dud foreign travel-more expensive than you think," he said. "It may be ton that you'll find that money will help you materially with your investigations. I want you to have all



I thunked him and was about to take my leave, for I had some packing to do and some private business to ar-range, when a message came from Dr. Jenkinson. Mr. Control read it.

"Rayce is better," he said; "much better. He's asking for you, and Jen-kinson seems to think you'd better go to him, especially if you can bring good news."

"Just the thing!" I eriod. "I must go do bid him goodby, in any event." And built an hour later I was admitted to lour junior's room. He was lying back in a hig chair and seemed pair and weak, but he flushed up when he saw me and held out his hand eagerly.

"I couldn't wait any longer, Lester,"

se began. "It seems an age since I've seen you. I'd have sent for you be-fore this, but I knew that you were "Yes," I smiled; "I was working."

"Sit down and tell me about it," he commanded. "All about it—every de-

The door opened as he spoke, and Dr. Senkinson eases in.
"Doctor," I queried, 'how far is it safe to indulge this sick man? He wants me to tell him a story"
"Is it a good story?" asked the doc-

"Why, yes: fairly good."
"Then fell it. May I stay?"
"Certainly," said Mr. Royce and I tor, and the doctor draw up a chair. I recounted, as briefly as I could, the events of the past two days and the happy accident which had given me the address I cought. Mr. Royce's face was beauting when I ended.

"Tomorrow morning. The boat sails at 20 o'clock."

"Well, I'm going with you!" he cried. "Why," I stammered, startled by his rehemence, "are you strong enough? I'd be mighty gind to have you, but do you think you ought? How shout it,

on was smiller with half shut

"Ty's not a bad idea," he said. "He made next and quiet pore than any fitting clee, and he's bound to get a weak of that on the water, which is more than he'll do here. I can't keep that brain of his still, wherever he is little weary here, and with you te'll he contented. Restlee, he added, he eight to be along, for I believe the appetition is going to be accessful?

I believed as, iss, lost I recognized in fact images were that the optimizer water that the optimizer with had done to water to make the the great dones to water to make the the great dones to water to make the the great dones as a for him, he seemed quite transformed, and Jesutaneous and gate transformed, and Jesutaneous great at him with a look of quiet pleasures. not a had idea," he said. "He

Pleasure.

"You'll have to pack," I said. "Will you need my balo?"

"No; name can do it, with the dorter here to help us out." Is laughed. "You have your even packing to do and olds and ends to look after. Besties, selfer of us will meet seatch laggage. Don't forget to reserve the other lauth in that statestom for me."

"Bo," I mid and you. "Th come for you in the meeting."

you it the meeting."

"All right: I'd be vendy."

The decise followed me out to give me a word of enution. Mr. Beyon was still far from well; he man had evended far from the man he hapt closer til and beginned, if possible; above all, he was not to weety; quiet and see the west do the yes.

easy and obvious way to baille our pursuit would harsly have ecopod

work which I bed left unders and finally bude Mr. Graham goodby and started for my rooms. My packing was soon finished, and I sat slown for final smake and review of the situa-

There was one development of the day before which quite baffel me. I had proved that there were indeed two women, and I believed them to be mother and daughter, but I could not women, and I believed thom to be mother and daughter, but I could not in the least understand why the younger one had no completely broken down after the departure of the elder with Mins Holladay. I looked ut this point from every side, but could find no reasonable explanation of it. It might be, indeed, that the younger one was beginning already to repeat her starre in the completery. There could be no quagitan that it was abe who had struck down Holladay in his offer, that she had even refused to go further in the plot, and that her companions had found it recessary to restrain her, but this usened to me too exceedingly improbable to believe, and as I went over his seemed to me too exceedingly in-probable to believe, and as I went over he ground ugate I found myself betrath of Godfrey's theory, though I could formulate none to take its place. I became lost in a mase of conjecture, ad at last I gave it up and went to

I called for Mr. Royce, as we had agreed, and together we drove down to Morton street. He, too, had limited his baggage to a single small trunk We secured a deck hand to take them into our stateroom, and, after sceing m disposed of, went out on deck to the last preparations for deparare. The pier was in that state of urly burly which may be witnessed at the sailing of a transattantie. The last of the freight was the boat and pier were crowded with people who had come to bid their friends goodby; two tugs were puffing noisity alongside, ready to pull us out tato the stream. My companion appeared quite strong and seemed to enjoy the bustle and hubbub as much as I did. He finshed with pleasure as he caught sight of our senior pushing

"Why, this is kind of you, sir," he eried, grasping his hand. "I know what the work of the office must be with both of us deserting you this

"Tut, tut!" And Mr. Graham smiled at us. "You deserve a vacation, don't you? I couldn't let you go without



t to introduce you to Mrs. Kem-ball and her daughter."

telling you goodby. Besides," he saided, "I learned just this morning that two very dear friends of mine are takng this boat-Mrs. Kembali and he -the widow of Jim Kemball.

the name. Jim Kemball had been one of the best men at the New York bur uty years before and must inevisably have made a great name for him-self but for his untimely death. I had heard a hundred stories of him.

"Well, I want you to meet them," outinged Mr. Graham, looking about continued Mr. Graham, looking about in all directions. "Ab, here they are?" And he dragged his partner away toward the bow of the boat. I saw him bowing before a gray haired little lady and a younger and taller one whose back was toward me. They laughed together for a moment, then the last bell rang and the ship's officers began to clear the boat. I turned back to the other has was brought round an inetest

bell rang and the ship's officers began
to clear the beat. I turned back to the
plor, but was brought round an tustant
later by Mr. Graham's voice.

"My dear Leuter," be cried, "I
thought wo'd lost you. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Kenthall and her
dangister, who are to be your reliew
voyagers. Mr. Leuter's a very inpensions young man," he added. "Make
him assume you?" And he bastomed
away to catch the gang plank before it
thould be pulled in.

I howed to Mrs. Kenthall, thinking to'
myself that I had never seen a sweetor, pleasanter face. Then I formed myself locking into a pair of bitse eyes
that fairly took my breath away.

"Wo'll not neglect Mr. Graham's adyies," said a merry velon. "So prepure for your fate, Mr. Lester!"

These was a hourse shouting at the
gangway behind me, and the eyes locked poet me, ever my theelder.

"hes," she said, "there's one poor fellew who has just made R."

I turned and locked toward the gang
plank. One end had been cent toom,
but two dech hands were amisting another rists to mount R. He seemed
weak and helpions, and they supported
has on either side. An involutatory ery
one to my the as I locked at him, but
I decled it met. For it was Martiney,
rises from his bed to follow us."

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAZUNTED him with a kind of fascetanties until he disappeared through the door of the cable. I could green what it had cost him to deng himself from his hed, what agony of appealeration stuct have been upon him to make him take the risk. The Journales, punited at my not returning, mainte to keep ellerary, manually, perhaps, such plat against glangery, had doubtless gone to the

nomital and told him of my appearance—there had been no way for me to guard against that. He had easily gussed the rest. He had only to conthe trace that the same him-self that Mr. Horce and I were about I. And he was following us, hoping— what? What could a man in his condition hope to accomplish? What need was there for us to fear him? And yet there was something about him-something in the atmosphere of the man-

that almost terrified me.
I came back to earth to find that
Royce and Mrs. Remball had drifted away together and that my companion was regarding me from under hair closed lids with a little smile of

"So you're awake again, Mr. Les-ter?" she nuked. "Do you often suffer attacks of that nort?" "Pardon mo," I stammered. "The

"You looked quite dismayed," she continued reientiesely. "You seemed positively horror stricken. I saw noth-ing formidable about him." "No, you don't know him!" I retort-

ed and stopped, lest I should say too "I think wo'd better sit down," she

said, amiling. "Your knees seem to be still somewhat shaky." Bo we sought a sent near the storn could watch the city sink gradually away in the distance as the ent bont glided amouthly out into

the bay.
I confess I was worried. I had not thought for a moment that Martigay would have the temerity to board the ame boat with us-yet it was not so wonderful after all, since he could not guess that I suspected him, that I knew him and Bothune to be the same person. That was my great advantage. la any event we were in no danger from him. He was probably following us only that he might warn his confederates, should we seem likely to dis-eaver them. Certainly they were in no present danger of discovery, and per-saps might never be. But his following us, his disregard of the grave danger to himself, gave me a new measure of his savage determination to baffic us. I found myself more and more begin-

ing to fear him. Should I fuform Mr. Boyce of this new development? I asked myself. Then I remembered the doctor's words, He must have rest and quiet during the

"I trust that I'm not in the way, Mr. Leater?" inquired a low, proveking voice at my side, and I awoke to the fact that I had again been guilty of orgetting my companion. "Miss Kemball," I began desperately,

let me confess that I'm in an exceed ingly vexatious situation. The fact that I can't ask advice makes it worse." "You can't ask even Mr. Royce?" she queried, with raised brows. "He least of all. You see, he's just scovering from a severe pervous

breakdown. "I see," she nodded. I glauced at her again-at the open. candid eyes, the forceful mouth and chin—and I took a sudden resolution. "Miss Kemball," I said, "I'm going

to ask your help—that is, if I may.' "Of course you may." "Well, then, that man who came on board last is the invetorate enemy of both Mr. Royce and myself. We're trying to unearth a particularly atroclous piece of villainy in which he's concerned. I have reason to believe him capable of anything and a very flend of cleverness. I don't know what

he may plot against us, but I'm cortain he'll plot something. Mr. Rayes doesn't even know him by sight and shouldn't be worried, but unless he's forewarned he may walk right into danger. I want you to belp me keep an eye on him-to belp me keep him out of danger. Will you belp me?"

"Why, cortainly?" she cried. "So we're to have a mystery—just we two!"
"Just we two," I assented.
Hhe looked at me doubtfully.

"I must remember Mr. Graham's warning," she said. "You haven't invented this astonishing story just to entertain me, Mr. Lester?"

"On my word, no," I responded a lit-tic bitterly. "I only wish I had?" "There." she, said contribily. "I shouldn't have doubted. Forgive me, Mr. Lester. Only it seemed so fantas-tic, so improbable"—

"It is fantastic," I sesented, "but, un-fortunately, it is true. We must keep n eye on M. Martiguy, or Bethune." "Which is his real name?"

"Those are the only ones I know, but I doubt if either is the true one." Hoyce and Mrs. Kembali joined us mement inter, and we sat watching he low, distant Long Island shore un til the gong summoned us to lunch. A word to the staward had secured us ne of the small tables in an alcove at the side. Our first most at sea was merry one, Mr. Royce seeming in such spirits that I was more than ever determined not to disturb him with the inowledge of Martigny's pre-

As the moments passed my fears seemed more and more uscalled for. It was quite possible, I taid myself, that I had been making a bogy of my own imaginings. The Frenchman did not appear in the calcon, and after-ward an inquiry of the ship's doctor developed the fact that he was seriusty III and quite unable to leave ble

I may as well confess at once that I was seasiek. It came next morning ten minutes after I had left my berth, for a violent algement, but a fainteness and giddiness that made me long for my borth again, but life. Royce would not have of it. He got me est on deck and late my chair, with the fresh breeze blowing full in my face. There was a long line of chairs drawn up there, and from the faces of most of their companie i judged they were far more miscentile than I.

After a while the doctor came down the line and looked at each of us, stopping for a moment's clust.

"Won't you sit down a minute, doctor?" I sation when he came to me. I may as well confess at once that I

"Won't you sit down a minute, dec-be?" I asked when he came to me, and notioned to Mr. Boyor's chair, "Why, you're not sick?" he protest

"Why, you're not sich!" be proved on, laughing.
"It waste't about appeal? I wanted to gale," I said. "How's your other patient, the one who came abourd last?" His facer sobured is an instant. "Martigray is his name," he said, "and he's in very last shape. He most have been desperately anxious to get beek in France. Why, he might have dropped over dead there on the gang phash."
"If's a disease of the heart?"
"Yes, for advanced. He can't get yell, of grays, but he gang live on

definitely, if he's careful."

"He's still confined to his bed?"
"Oh, yes. He won't leave it sturkey the vivage if he takes my sulvice. He's got to give his beart just as little work sible or it'll throw up the job altogether."

I turned the talk to other things, and he a few moments he went on king his rounds. But I was not long done, for I saw Miss Kemball coming toward me "So mal de mer has hald its hand on

"So mat de mer mas met to hend to you, too, Mr. Lestor!" she eried. "Ouis n finger," I said. "Out a finger is enough. Won't you take tolly on a poor fundaman and talk to heav?" "But that's reversing our positions!"

the protested, sitting down, nevertheless, to my great satisfaction. "It was you who were to be the entertainer! is our Mephisto abroad yel?' she asked in a fower tone. "Mephisto is still wrestling with his

boart, which, it seems, is scarcely ship to furnish the blood necessary to keep Lim going. The doctor to'ls me that probably spend the voyage alsel." "So there'll be nothing for its to do after al! Do you know, I was tought to become a female Locoq!"

"Ferhaps you may still have the chance," I said gloomity, "I doubt very much whether Mephisto will consent to remain inactive." She elapped her bands and nodded a aughing recognition to one of the

passing promenadors. "You're going to Paris, aren't you, Miss Kemball?" I asked. To l'aris-res. You too?

"We go first to Etretat," I said and stopped as she leaned, laughing, buck



Wen't you take pity on a poor lands-

in her chair. "Why, what's wrong with that?" I demanded, in some ustonishment.

"Wrong? Oh, nothing. Etrotat's a most delightful place—only it recalled to me an amusing memory of how my mother was one day scandalized there by some actresses who were bathing. But it's hardly the season for Birecut. The actresses have not yet arrived. You'll find it dull." "We will not stay there king." I sold.

But tell me about it." "Etretat," said my companion, 'is bohemian resort. It has a beach of gravel where people bathe all day long. When one's tired of bathing there are the cliffs and the downs, and in the

eveniug there's the casino. You know rouch, Mr. Lester?" "Oh, I know the phrase made linsortal by Mark Twain."

"'Aves-vous du vin?—yes."
"And I think I also have a hazy recllection of the French equivalents for bread and butter and cheese and medt. We shan't starve. Bosicies, I think Mr. Royce can help. Ho's been to Frauce." "Of course—and here he comes to

claim his chair." "I won't permit him to claim it if you'll use it a little longer," I protest

"Oh, but I must be going." And she arose, laughing. "Havo I been a satis-

"More than satisfactory; I'll accept "But you won't need any at all after this morning-I don't really believe

rou're ili now!" She nodded to Royce and moved way without waiting for my answer. Saturday, Sunday and Monday passed. with only such incidents to enliver them as are common to all voyages, but I saw that quiet and sea air were doing their work well with my companion and that he was stondily re-gaining his normal health, so I felt nore and more at liberty to devote myself to Miss Kemball, in such moments as she would permit me, and I found her fascination increasing in a ratio quite geometrical. Martigny was still abed, and, so the ship's doctor told me,

was improving very slowly. It was Tuesday evening that Mrs. Kemball and her dangliter joined us on the prontopade, and we found a state the studow of the wheelhouse eat for a long thus talking of things, watching the mosalignit decide the water. At last we arose to return, and Boyes and Mrs. Kemball carted on ahead.

"I'we more days and we'll be at Have," I said. "I'll be very sorry." "Borry? I'd never have suspected ron of such a fandness fur the ocean." "Oh it's not the ocean." I ; retrated, and-what with the moonlight and the seft night and the opportunity—"the time and the place and the loved one, all tegether"—would have uttered 1 know not what folly had she not spring suddenly forward with a sharp cry of starns.

"Mr. Royco!" she cried. "Mother!"
They stopped and turned toward her just as a heavy spar crashed to the deck before them.

(Tofbe continued.)

Alphabatle Service.

Asphabatte Service communeed recently at the Hartwell Preshyperim aburch which will continue for twenty-six days, says the Cheimout Requirer. The other day the prayers were for all members of the congregation whose names begin with "A." The mext day those a base names begin with "Prover to be prayed for, and so on all through the alphabet, The service was devised by the postur, Dr. Charles F. Walker.

SOCIETY TO SAVE BISON

Plans of Organization Supported by President Roosevelt.

MOVEMENT STARTED AT NEW YORK

Congress Witt Be Appealed to Fer an Appropriation to Provide Reservations For Mutataining Berds of Butfalo-American Mamual's Commoreint an Well as Sentimental Value to Be Trued.

Supported by President Rodsevelt and by the leading unturalists of the country, the American Rison society was organized recently at a meeting in the New York goalogical gardens, Bronx park, says the New York Post. The object of the founders is to secure government and individual aid in preserving the bisou, which is rapidly becoming extinct in the land where once his breed roved the plains by millions.

After securing ra targe a membership and as many contributions as possible, the society will appear to congress for an appropriation large snough to proride one or more bison reservations— great tracts of land on which the animals may fourish and multiply. At present there are less than 1,000 of them in America outside of zoological gardens, and the owners are private citizens without enclosures of sufficient gize to give a buffalo the range he needs. If the government will undertake the solution of the problem, say the naturalists, there will be no diff. culty in warding off the destruction of

the linest animals now existing. At the meeting in the Bronz, Mr. Roosevelt was chosen honorary president of the society. He had agreed previously to accept the office on condition the active list should be composed of the proper men, and over since the plan was broached to him by Er-nest Harold Baynes he has been enthuslastic over its outcome. The other officers elected were William P. Horna-day, president; Professor Charles S. Minot of Harvard university and Presi dent A. A. Anderson of the Campare Club of America, vice presidents; Ernost Eurold Baynes, secretary, and Edward Seymour, treasurer.

Speaking of the reasons for the move-ment to eave the bison, Mr. Baynes described several experiments he had made to prove that the animals were auperior to domestic cattle as draft beasts. He borrowed two baby bulls from the Corbins, who own a herd of 160 head in New Hampshire, and trained thom to the yoke. Within a few months they were entirely serviceable and could give points in pulling a load to any oven of their own ago. They were also drilled in single harness, and throughout their rearing were cared

for like ordinary calves.

Ouce the government has acquired a herd and started to increase its numbers along proper flues, Mr. Baynes says, the bison's commercial value to the United States will become established. Besides promising well as a draft animal, the buffalo furnishes ment that cannot be surpassed and fur robes that for certain purposes cannot be equaled by those from any other creature. With the breed systematically maintained there could be a large output from time to time for th uses, the animals being distributed throughout the country as fast as they overflowed their reservations.

Of the sentimental reasons for saving the bison much has been said, but hitherto no practical step has been takon for his preservation. Every one knows how his progenitors, when there were millions of them, served the west-ern ploneers for food when no other was obtainable and gave winter clothing to the first settlers when a buf-fale hide was the most easily procured and often the only covering to be had. Even if they were of no commercial rorth, as Mr. Bayues says, Americans who know of their part in the country's istory should not like to see them of faced from the earth.

The dauger that the private herds ate, but it is cortain the strength of the preed will gradually diminish unless the animals can have the freedom and wide range their natures require. Be-sides the herd in New Hampshire, there are large once in Montana and Texas and smaller ones in other western states. The Montana herd, owned by a haif Indian named Pablo, is said to be the largest, numbering 225. It is not known, however, that these are all full blooded. The "cattale," which to half domestic cattle and half wild buffalo, has come to be a common ani-mal in the herds, and some owners have made a special effort to rates these crosses, which are noted for their vuinnble hides.

In addition to the weakening of the bison from being shut into small infosures, his owners are bastening his end by selling an occasional head or bido. A buffale robe those days brings from \$150 to \$200. A head, well mounted, costs \$800 or \$000 in a taxi-dermist's stop. It is no small temptation to the owner when a buyer drops in once or twice a year and offers him fancy prices for a few of the animals.

At. Because many the owners to the second Mr. Baynes says the appeal to con-gross for a reservation and an appro-priation will be made as soon as possible. In the meantime a committee will confer with President Rossoveit.

A Bare Bird in Fingland, The soological garden in London re-cently received the first burning bird, which has reacted the garden and the second which has ever arrived in Bon-land alive, says the London Chronicle. It was brought from Venezuela by Cap-tain Pain, and in food in street select tain l'ais, and its food is sirep mixed with extract of beef. The bird is a dark green in color, with blue cheeks.

The New County With joy he views those lefty halls, Whose noble, grand, historie walls Elavo mettered fusious mes, And thisks how he'll the sation teach And seen with some magnet.

Awake those halls again.

He knows the feller at home await. He views upon concerns of state. With ill concented restraint, But he'll not keep them waiting long, And when he does brees forth in song What pictures he will paint!

He nees blusself another Clay!
To neek the thickest of the fray
lies acrossity delty years!
And if he's good the leading chaps
Will let blee make some day, perha

BIG KANSAS CORN CROP.

Pupile Diamissed From Schools to Hotp in the Busking.

Kansas will produce an unusually large crop of corn this year, says a Topeka correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is large in the number of bushels which will be produced on each acre, and the sars and stalks of the grein itself are large. Photographs of cornfields which have been received by F. D. Cohurn, secre-tary of the State Agricultural society, show that the cornstalks, will be enormous. Some of the stalks which have been shipped to the statehouse at Topeka are from fourteen to seventeen feet in height, and it is eight feet from the ground to the first ear of corn. These large stalles have nourishment in thom, for more than one ear of corn is on each stalk, and on many there are two and three full steed cars.

One evidence of the size of the corn crop is the fact that in many agricultural districts the schools were dismissed for two weeks to order that the pupils might be allowed to help their parents husk the corn. Reports have been received by I. L. Durhoff, state superintendent of public instruction, from several districts in which the pupils and the teachers were beloing the furners gather their large corn crops before cold weather began. In one school district in Nemaha county. a few miles south of Nabotha, the board of trustees decided upon a vacation which shall last nutil after Christmas for the purpose of allowing the larger boys to work in the corntields.

Some of the largest cornfields and the best production in the state are pear the northern border. This is the corn best. L. W. Cheeley, who lives near Frankfort, in the boart of the corn beit, has sent to Mr. Coburn a photograph of one of his fields. The tre much taller their he, and he is a man of more than ax feet in height.

Subways For Rueson Ayres. Buenos Ayres: Argentina, is to have a system of subways.

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