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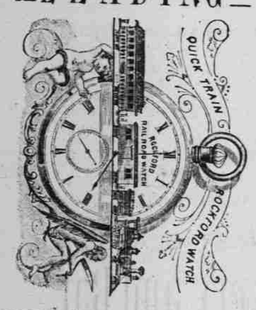

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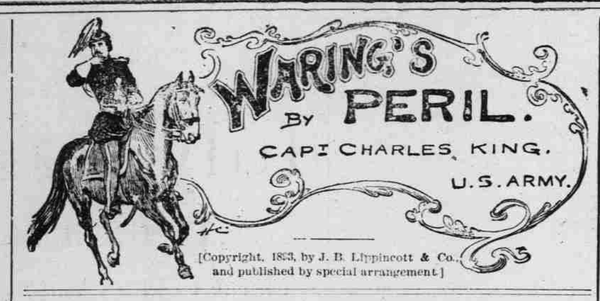

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(This story was begun June 22. Back numbers can be had at this office.)

individual members being identical in most instances with those of their comrades in arms in the ranks. "Brax" had summoned Minor, Lawrence, Kinsey and Dryden to hear what the post surgeon had to say on his return, but cautioned them to keep quiet. As a result of this precaution, the mystery of the situation became redoubled by one o'clock, and was intensified by two, when it was announced that Private Dawson had attempted to break away out of the hospital after a visit from the same doctor in his professional capacity. People were tempted out on their galleries in the driving storm, and colored servants flitted from kitchen to kitchen to gather or dispense new rumors, but nobody knew what to make of it when, soon after two, an orderly rode in from town dripping with mud and wet, delivered a note to the colonel and took one from him to Mr. Ferry, now sole representative of the officers of Battery "X" present for duty. Ferry in return sent the bedraggled horseman on to the battery quarters with an order to the first sergeant, and in about fifteen minutes a sergeant and two men, mounted and each leading a spare horse, appeared under Ferry's gallery, and that officer proceeded to occupy one of the vacant saddles and, followed by his party, went clattering out of the sally-port and splashing over to the levee. Stable call sounded as usual at four o'clock, and, for the first time in the record of that disciplined organization since the devastating hand of yellow jack was laid upon it the previous year, no officer appeared to supervise the grooming and feeding. Two of them were at the post, however. Mr. Doyle, in arrest on charge of absence without leave, was escorted to his quarters about four-fifteen, and was promptly visited by sympathizing and inquisitive comrades from the Hotel Finkbein, while Mr. Ferry, who had effected the arrest, was detained making his report to the post commander. Night came on apace, the wind began to die away with the going down of the sun, the rain ceased to fall, a pallid moon began peering at odd intervals through rifts in the cloudy veil, when Cram rode plashing back into barracks, worn with anxiety and care, at eleven o'clock, and stopping only for a moment to take his wife in his arms and kiss her anxious face and shake his head in response to her eager query for news of Waring, he hurried downstairs again and over to Doyle's quarters. All was darkness there, but he never hesitated. Tramping loudly over the gallery, he banged at the door, then, turning the knob, intending to burst right in, as was the way in the rough old days, was surprised to find the bolt set.

"Doyle, open. I want to see you at once."

All silence within.

"Doyle, open, or, if you are too drunk to get up, I'll kick in the door."

A groan, a whispered colloquy, then the rattle of bolts and chain. The door opened about an inch, and an oily Irish voice inquired:

"Hwat's wanted, capt'in?"

"You here?" exclaimed Cram, in disgust. "What business have you in this garrison? If the colonel knew it you'd be driven out at the point of the bayonet."

"Sure, where should wife be but at her husband's side whin he's sick and sufferin'? Didn't they root him out of bed and comfort this day and ride him down like a felon in all the storm? Sure it was the doughboys' orders, sir. I told Doyle the capt'in never would have—"

"Oh, be quiet; I must see Doyle, and at once."

"Sure, he's not able, capt'in. You know how it is wid him; he's that sinsitive he couldn't bear to talk of the disgrace he's bringing on the capt'in and the batthery, and I knowed he'd been dhrinkin', sir, and I came back to look for him, but he'd got started, capt'n, and it's—"

"Stop this talk! He wasn't drinking at all until you came back here to hound him. Open that door, or a file of guard will."

"Och! thin wait till I'm dressed, for dacency's sake, capt'in. Sure I'll thry and wake him."

And then more whispering, the click of glass, maudlin protestation in Doyle's thick tones. Cram banged at the door and demanded instant obedience. Admitted at last, he strode to the side of an ordinary hospital cot, over which the mosquito bar was now ostentatiously drawn, and upon which was stretched the bulky frame of the big Irishman, his red, blear-eyed, bloated face half covered in his arms. The close air reeked with the fumes of whisky. In her distress lest Jim should take too much, the claimant of his name and protection had evidently been sequestrating a large share for herself.

"How on earth did you get here? Your house was flooded all day," angrily asked Cram.

"Sure we made a raft, sir—'Louette and me—and poled over to the levee, and I walked every fut of the way down to follow me husband, as I swore I would whin we was married. I'd 'a' come in Anatole's boat, sir, but 'twas gone—gone since last night. Did ye know that, capt'in?"

A groan and a feverish toss from the occupant of the narrow bed interrupted her.

"Hush, Jim darlin'! Here's the capt'in to see you and tell you he's come back to have you rolighted. Sure how could a poor fellow be expected to come home in all that awful storm this morning, capt'in? 'Tis for not comin' the colonel had him under arrest; but I tell him the capt'in 'll see him through."

But Cram pushed her aside as she still interposed between him and the bed.

"Doyle, look up and answer. Doyle, I say!"

Again vehement protestations, and now an outburst of tears and pleadings, from the woman.

"Oh, he can't understand you, capt'in. Ah, don't be hard on him. Only this mornin' he was savin' how

"BE READY TO TELL THE STORY I GIVE YE."

the capt'in reminded him of the ould forte days whin the officers was all gintlemen and soldiers. He's truer to ye than all the rest of thim, sir. D'ye moind that, capt'in? Ye wouldn't belave it, mabby, but there's them that can tell ye Loot'nant Waring was no friend of yours, sir, and worse than that, if ould Lascelles could spake now—but there's thim left that can, glory be to God!"

"Oh, for God's sake shut up," spoke Cram roughly, goaded beyond all patience. "Doyle, answer me!" And he shook him hard. "You were at the Pelican last night, and you saw Mr. Waring and spoke with him? What did he want of you? Where did he go? Who were with him? Was there any quarrel? Answer, I say! Do you know?" But maudlin moaning and incoherencies were all that Cram could extract from the prostrate man. Again the woman interposed, eager, tearful.

"Sure he was there, capt'in, he was there; he told me of it whin I fetched him home last night to git him out of the storm and away from that place; but he's too dhrunk now to talk. Sure there was no gettin' down here to barx for anybody. The cabman, sir, said no carriage could make it."

"What cabman? That's one thing I want to know. Who is he? What became of him?"

"Sure and how do I know, sir? He was a quiet, dacent man, sir; the same that Mr. Waring bate so cruel and made Jeffers kick and bate him too. I saw it all."

"And was he at the Pelican last night? I must know."

"Sure he was indade, sir. Doyle said so when I fetched him home, and though he can't tell you now, sir, he told me thin. They all came down to the Pelican, sir, Waring and Lascelles and the other gintlemen, and they had dhrink, and there was trouble between the Frenchman and Waring,—sure you can't blame him, wid his wife goin' on so wid the loot'nant all the last month,—and blows was struck, and Doyle interposed to stop it, sir, loike the gintleman that he is, and the cab-driver took a hand and pitched him out into the mud. Sure he'd been dhrinking a little, sir, and was aisy upset, but that's all he knows. The carriage drove away, and there was three of thim, and poor Doyle got caught out there in the mud and in the storm, and 'twas me went out wid Dawson and another of the byes and fetched him in. And we niver heerd of the murther at all all, sir, until I came down here to-day, that's God's troot, and he'll tell ye so whin he's sober," she ended breathlessly, reckless of her descriptive confusion of Doyle and Divinity.

And still the Irishman lay there, limp, soggy, senseless, and at last, dismayed and disheartened, the captain turned away.

"Promise to sober him up by reveille, and you may stay. But hear this: If he cannot answer for himself by that time, out you go in the battery cart with a policeman to take you to the calaboose." And then he left.

No sooner had his footsteps died away than the woman turned on her patient, now struggling to a sitting posture.

"Lie still, you thafe and cur, and sware you to every word I say, unless you'd hang in his place. Dhrink this, now, and go to slape, and be riddy to tell the story I give ye in the mornin', or may the knife ye drove in that poor mummy's throat come back to cut your coward heart out."

And Doyle, shivering, sobbing, crazed with drink and fear, covered his eyes with his hands and threw himself back on his hot and steaming pillow.

The morning sun rose brilliant and cloudless as the horses of the battery came forth from the dark interior of the stable and, after watering at the long wooden trough on the platform, were led away by their white-frocked grooms, each section to its own picket-line. Ferry, supervising the duty, presently caught sight of the tall muscular form of his captain coming briskly around the corner, little Pierce tripping along by his side. Cram acknowledged the salute of the battery officer of the day in hurried fashion.

"Good-morning, Ferry," he said. "Tell me, who were there when you got Doyle away from that woman yesterday?"

"Only the three, sir,—Mr. and Mrs. Doyle and the negro girl."

"No sign of anybody else?"

"None, sir. I didn't go in the house at all. I rode in the gate and called for Doyle to come out. The woman tried to parley, but I refused to recognize her at all, and presently Doyle obeyed without any trouble whatever, though she kept up a tirade all the time and said he was too sick to ride and all that, but he wasn't. He seemed dazed, but not drunk—certainly not sick. He rode all right, only he shivered and crossed himself and moaned when he passed the Lascelles place, for that hound pup set up a howl just as we were opposite the big gate. He was all trembling when we reached the post, and took a big drink the moment he got to his room."

"Ye-es, he's been drinking ever since. I've just sent the doctor to see him. Let the corporal and one man of the guard go with the ambulance to escort Mrs. Doyle out of the garrison and take her home. She shall not stay."

"Why, she's gone, sir," said Ferry. "The guard told me she went out of the back gate and up the track towards Anatole's—going for all she was worth—just after dawn."

"The mischief she has! What can have started her? Did you see her yourself, Sergt. Bennett?" asked the captain of a stocky little Irish soldier, standing at the moment with drawn saber awaiting opportunity to speak to his commander.

"Yes, sir," and the saber came flashing up to the present. "She'd wint over to the hospital to get some medicine for the lieutenant just after our bugle sounded first call, and she came runnin' out as I wint to call the officer of the day, sir. She ran back to the lieutenant's quarters ahead of me, and was up only a minute or two whin down she came wid some bundles, and away she wint to the north running, wild-like. The steward told me a moment after of Dawson's escape."

"Dawson! escaped from hospital?"

"Yes, sir. They thought he was all right last evening when he was sleeping, and took the sentry off, and at four this morning he was gone."

VII.

Forty-eight hours had passed, and not a trace had been found of Lieut. Waring. The civil officers of the law had held grave converse with the seniors on duty at the barracks, and Cram's face was lined with anxiety and trouble. The formal inquest was held as the flood subsided, and the evidence of the post surgeon was most important. About the throat of the murdered man were indubitable marks of violence. The skin was torn as by finger-nails, the flesh bruised and discolored as by fiercely-grasping fingers. But death, said the doctor, was caused by the single stab. Driven downward with savage force, a sharp-pointed, two-edged, straight-bladed knife had pierced the heart, and all was over in an instant. One other wound there was, a slashing cut across the stomach, which had let a large amount of blood, but might possibly not have been mortal. What part the deceased had taken in the struggle could only be conjectured. A little five-chambered revolver which he habitually carried was found on the floor close at hand. Two chambers had been recently fired, for the barrel was black with powder; but no one had heard a shot.

The barkeeper at the Pelican could throw but little light on the matter. The storm had broken, he said, with sudden fury. The rain dashed in torrents against his western front, and threatened to beat in the windows. He called to two men who happened to be seated at a table to assist him, and was busy trying to get up the shutters, when Lieut. Doyle joined them and rendered timely aid. He had frequently seen Doyle during the previous month. Mrs. Doyle lived in the old Lemaitre house in the block below, and he often supplied them with whisky. They drank nothing but whisky. As they ran in the side door they were surprised to see the lights of a carriage standing at the edge of the banquette, and the driver begged for shelter for his team, saying some gentlemen had gone inside. The barkeeper opened a gate, and the driver put his horses under a shed in a paved court in the rear, then came in for a drink. Meantime, said the barkeeper, whose name was Bonelli, three gentlemen who were laughing over their escape from the storm had ordered wine and gone into a private room, Doyle with them. The only one he knew was M. Lascelles, though he had seen one of the others frequently as he rode by, and knew him to be an officer before Mr. Doyle slapped him on the back and hailed him as "Sammy, old buck!" or some thing like that. Mr. Doyle had been drinking, and the gentleman whispered to him not to intrude just then, and evidently wanted to get rid of him, but M. Lascelles, who had ordered the wine, demanded to be introduced, and would take no denial, and invited Mr. Doyle to join them, and ordered more wine. And then Bonelli saw that Lascelles himself was excited by drink—the first time he had ever noticed it in the year he had known him. The third gentleman he had never seen before, and could only say he was dark and sallow and did not talk, except to urge the driver to make haste,—they must go on; but he spoke in a low tone with Mr. Lascelles as they went to the room, and presently the rain seemed to let up a little, though it blew hard, and the driver went out and looked around and then returned to the private room where the gentlemen were having their wine, and there was some angry talk, and he came out in a few minutes, very mad; said he wouldn't be hired to drive that party any farther, or any other party, for that matter; that no carriage could go down the levee; and then he got out his team and drove back to town; and then Bonelli could hear sounds of altercation in the room, and Mr. Doyle's voice, very angry, and the strange gentleman came out, and one of the men who'd been waiting said he had a cab, if that would answer, and he'd fetch it right off, and by the time he got back it was raining hard again, and he took his cab in under the shed where the carriage had been, and a couple of soldiers from the barracks then came in, wet and cold, and begged for a drink, and Bonelli knew one of them, called Dawson, and trusted him, as he often had done before. When Dawson heard Lieut. Doyle's drunken voice he said there'd be trouble getting him home, and he'd better fetch Mrs. Doyle, and while he was gone Lascelles came out, excited, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill and ordered more Krug and some brandy, and there was still loud talk, and when Bonelli carried in the bottles Doyle was sitting back in a chair, held down by the other officer, who was laughing at him, but, nevertheless, had a knife in hand—a long, sharp, two-edged knife—and Doyle was calling him names, and was very drunk, and soon after they all went out into the rear court, and Doyle made more noise, and the cab drove away around the corner, going down the levee through the pouring rain, one man on the box with the driver. That was the last he saw. Then Mrs. Doyle came in mad, and demanded her husband, and they found him reeling about the dark court, swearing and muttering, and Dawson and she took him off between them. This must have been before eleven o'clock; and that was absolutely all he knew.

Then Mr. Allerton had told his story again, without throwing the faintest light on the proceedings, and the hack-driver was found, and frankly and fully told his: that Lascelles and another gentleman hired him about eight o'clock to drive them down to the former's place, which they said was several squares above the barracks. He said that he would have to charge them eight dollars such a night anywhere below the old cotton-press, where the pavement ended. But then they had delayed starting nearly an hour, and took another gentleman with them, and that when driven by the storm to shelter at the Pelican saloon, three squares below where the pavement ended, and he asked for his money, saying he dare go no farther in the darkness and the flood, the Frenchman wouldn't pay, because he hadn't taken them all the way. He pointed out that he had to bring another gentleman and had to wait a long time, and demanded his eight dollars. The other gentleman, whom he found to be one of the officers at the barracks, slipped a bill into his hand and said it was all he had left, and if it wasn't enough he'd pay him the next time he came to town. But the others were very angry, and called him an Irish thief, and then the big soldier in uniform said he wouldn't have a man abused because he was Irish, and Lieut. Waring, as he understood the name of this other officer to be, told him, the witness, to slip out and say no more, that he'd fix it all right, and that was the last he saw of the party, but he heard loud words and the sound of a scuffle as he drove away.

And Mme. d'Hervilly had given her testimony, which, translated, was to this effect: She had known the deceased these twenty years. He had been in the employ of her lamented husband, who died of the fever in '55, and monsieur had succeeded to the business, and made money, and owned property in town, besides the old family residence on the levee below. He was wedded to Emilie only a little while before the war, and lived at home all through, but business languished then, they had to contribute much, and his younger brother, M. Philippe, had cost him a great deal. Philippe was an officer in the zouaves raised in 1861 among the French Creoles, and marched with them to Columbus, and was wounded and came home to be nursed, and Emilie took care of him for weeks and months, and then he went back to the war and fought bravely, and was shot again and brought home, and this time M. Lacelles did not want to have him down at the house; he said it cost too much to get the doctors down there; so he came under Madame's roof, and she was very fond of the boy, and Emilie would come sometimes and play and sing for him. When the war was over M. Lascelles gave him money to go to Mexico with Maximilian, and when the French were recalled many deserted and came over to New Orleans, and M. Lascelles was making very little money now, and had sold his town property, and he borrowed money of her to help, as he said, Philippe again, who came to visit him, and he was often worried by Philippe's letters begging for money. Seven thousand dollars now he owed her, and only last week had asked for more. Philippe

(Continued on third page.)

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It is the perfect development of the life policy. To-day is the right time to get facts and figures. Address

W. J. RODDEY, Manager,
For the Carolinas.
ROCK HILL, S. C.

HAVE YOUR WASHING DONE AT GREENSBORO Steam Laundry.

Special rates for families. Leave orders H. G. Connor, Jr., at Alex. Green's feed store.

JOHN GASTON,

Fashionable Barber,

Nash St., WILSON, N. C.

Easy chairs, razors keen;
Scissors sharp, linen clean.
For a shave you pay a dime—
Only a nickle to get a shine;
Shampoo or hair cut Pompadour
You pay the sum of twenty cents more.

Pills often leave a person constipated. Simmons Liver Regulator never does.

PAR-A-SIT-I-CIDE cures itch in 3 minutes. Price 50c. Sold by Dr W. S. Anderson & Co. 7-7-1y
Lucas & Hoover, Black Creek, N. C.

Positions Guaranteed.

(Guarantee in Writing.) Send for catalogue of Draughon's Consolidated Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn. No vacation. (Mention this paper.) jun 15-13t

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters Rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R

AND BRANCHES.

AND FLORENCE RAIDROAD

CONDENSED SCHEDULE

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED May 8th, '83.	No. 23. Daily.	No. 27. Daily.		No. 14 Daily Ex. Sunday. No. 45 Daily Ex. Sunda	
	P M	P M		A M	
Leave Weldon	12 35	5 07		6 15	.....
Ar Rocky Mount	1 42	6 01		7 23	.....
Arrive Tarboro	2 35	.....		.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	12 54	.....		.....	.....
					P M
Lv Rocky Mount	1 42	6 01		7 23	.....
Leave Wilson	2 25	6 38		7 58	2 35
Leave Selma	.....	.....		.....	3 30
Lv Fayetteville	.....	8 34		.....	5 15
Arrive Florence	10 25	10 40		.....	8 30
		No. 47. Daily.			
		P M		A M	P M
Leave Wilson	2 25	6 48	.....	7 58	.....
Leave Goldsboro	3 20	7 55	.....	8 53	.....
Leave Magnolia	4 30	8 42	.....	9 55	.....
Ar Wilmington	6 00	10 15	.....	11 35	.....
	P M	P M		A M	

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

DATED May 8th, 1883.	No. 78. Daily.		No. 14. Daily. No. 40. Sunday.	No. 16. Daily. Ex. Sunday.	
	A M		P M		A M
Leave Florence	5 10		7 30	.....	6 30
Lv Fayetteville	.....		9 34	.....	9 50
Leave Selma	.....		.....	.....	11 49
Arrive Wilson	.....	.....	11 30	.....	12 50
			No. 48. Daily.		
Lv Wilmington	A M 9 30	.....	P M 7 45	P M 4 00	P M .....
Leave Magnolia	11 10	.....	9 16	5 37	.....
Leave Goldsboro	12 20	.....	10 17	6 50	.....
Arrive Wilson	1 10	.....	11 00	7 42	.....
			No. 14. Daily.		
Leave Wilson	A M 1 10	.....	P M 11 30	P M 7 42	P M .....
Ar Rocky Mount	2 00	.....	12 08	8 30	.....
Arrive Tarboro	2 55	.....	...	.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	12 54	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv Rocky Mount	2 40	.....	12 08	8 30	.....
Arrive Weldon	3 05	.....	1 00	9 40	.....
	P M		A M	P M	.....

Trains on Scotland Neck Branch road leave Weldon 3:40 p m; Halifax, 4:00 p m; arrive Scotland Neck 4:48; Greenville, 6:28 p m: Kinston, 7:30 p m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:20 a m; Greenville, 8:22 a m; arriving at Halifax 11:00 a m; Weldon 11:20 a m, daily, except Sunday.

Trains on Washington branch leave Washington 7 00, a m., arrives at Parmele 8 40 a m, Tarboro 9 50—returning leaves Tarboro 4.40 p m, Parmele 6 00 p m, arrives Washington 7 30 p m, daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Train leaves Tarboro, via: Albemarle & Raleigh R. R., daily, except Sunday, 5 00 p m, Sunday 3.00 p m; arrive Plymouth 9:20 p m, 5:20 p m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily, except Sunday 5:30 a m, Sunday 10:00 a m; arrive Tarboro 10:25 a m, and 12:20 p m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 6:00 a m; arrive Smithfield 7:30 a m. Returning leaves Smithfield 8:00 a m; arrives Goldsboro 9:30 a m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount 6:15 p m; arrives Nashville 6:50 p m; Springhope, 7:15 p m. Returning leaves Springhope 8:00 a m. Nashville, 8:35 a m; arriving at Rocky Mount 9:15 a m, daily, except Sunday.

Train on Latta Branch Florence R R leaves Latta 7 30 p m; arrive Dunbar 8 40 p m. Returning leave Dunbar 6 00 a m; arrive Latta 7 15 a m. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, at 6.00 p m, and 11:30 a m. Returning leaves Clinton at 8:20 a m, and 3:10 p m, connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 40, 23 and 78.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North, daily, all rail via. Richmond, and daily, except Sunday, via. Portsmouth and Bay Line. Also at Rocky Mount with Norfolk and Carolina road for Norfolk daily and all points North via Norfolk daily except Sunday.

JOHN F. DIVINE, General Sup't.
J R KENLY, Gen'l Manager
T M EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

NOTICE.

Having this day sold one-half interest in my drug business to Herbert Rountree—the business will be conducted in future under the firm name of The Wilson Drug Co. This is to send notice to those who are in arrears to the old firm to please come forward and settle their accounts at once.

W. S. ANDERSON.

To Our Friends And Patrons.

In future we will conduct both a wholesale and retail business in the drug line. Both town and country merchants who handle any drugs will find it to their interest to call on us before buying as we are prepared to supply their wants and deliver at their place of business in quantities to suit at Baltimore prices, thus saving them the freights. We make a specialty in jobbing drugs and supplying retailers at home and abroad. We shall endeavor at all times to merit your valued orders if promptness and fair dealings are the requisites.

THE WILSON DRUG CO.

DR. E. K. WRIGHT, Surgeon Dentist, WILSON, N. C.

Having permanently located in Wilson, I offer my professional services to the public.

Office in Central Hotel Building.

J. L. Mayo,

Is selling the singer Sewing Machine in Wilson. Drop him a card if you are thinking of buying or exchanging machines. You can buy the best machine on earth by paying $5.00 down, then month $3

—FOR—

FINE Printing,

this office.