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The Morning Star.

KATY'S QUESTION.

"'Way down in the buttercup meadow
I saw a white baa sheep today,
And close by her side, in the clover,
A dear little lamb was at play.
Does the sheep mamma love her white lammie,
Just as you love me? Say, mamma, say?"
"Yes, Katie, yes,
So I guess."

"In the orchard, up in the old pear tree,
There are four little birds in a nest;
Willie says they belong to the robin
That has a red bib on her breast.
In all the great, wide world of birdies,
Does she love her own birdies the best?"
"Yes, Willie, yes,
So I guess."

"The last time I [illegible] in the garden
There was just one red rose to be seen,
But today there's a tiny pink rosebud
Wrapped up in a blanket of green.
Does the rose want to kiss baby Rosebud
When she tries so far over to lean?"
"Yes, baby, yes,
So I guess."

"Last night I peeped out at the window
Just before I repeated my prayer,
And the moon, with a star close behind her,
Was walking high up in the air.
Did God make the little star baby
'Cause the moon was so lonely up there?"
"Yes, darling, yes,
So I guess."
—The Church Standard.

WAS JUST IN TIME.

Helen Stuart was engaged to be married to Lord Hughes, and the whole county talked of the coming event as one of the strangest that had taken place for many a day.

That the beautiful gifted girl of barely 20 should have accepted the hand of the old earl was indeed a matter of surprise. Why had she chosen him, people asked, when others of equal rank and younger and more suitable had gone mad for love of her?

At night, when all the inquisitive world was asleep, Helen would lean from her window and gaze at the starlit valley at her feet and pour out her heart to the silence.

"I could not help it," she would wail. "It was to save poor Ralph's honor."

Yes, that was it. Her brother had told her that unless she married Lord Hughes, to whom he had mortgaged his property, they must be ruined, turned out of house and home and left penniless—worse, imprisonment would follow for Ralph, for that was the old earl's alternative if she refused.

Three summers ago there had come to the village a young journalist, and Helen and her brother had made his acquaintance, which grew quickly into intimacy and friendship.

Totally opposite to Ralph Stuart in every way was Holmes Maclean. Born of poor parents, who had left him at an early age to struggle alone, he had educated himself entirely and gained the post he held on one of the best papers simply by his brains and hard work.

It was on the night of his arrival that he saw Helen Stuart and knew from henceforth she must be the guiding star of his life.

"Would you—would you let me walk through this field with you? There is a bull over there, and I am so afraid."

"Certainly. Allow me to be of any service I can," he answered gravely, inwardly blessing the bull.

The next day brought an invitation to the Manor Hall.

So it was that through that month of glorious summer weather he daily met and daily grew to love with all his strength the beautiful Helen, who was not long in returning his affection.

"Helen," he whispered when the parting came, "I have no position to offer you yet, but will you wait for me?"

That all happened three summers ago, and now she stood gazing into the night, the promised wife of old Lord Hughes.

She had not heard one word from Holmes Maclean in all this time, but she had often read with pride and admiration his clever articles and stories and knew he was working hard to make a home for her.

The autumn came, and the old earl began to agitate that the wedding should take place before Christmas.

"Is there—is there no other way?" once more she cried, glancing into her brother's cruel face with blanched cheeks.

"How many more times must I tell you it is my only chance? Perhaps you would like to see me imprisoned?"

She stopped him with a quick, sharp cry.

"Tell him it shall be when he likes."

Two Sundays passed, and the third came for the bans to be read for the last time.

"If any one know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in"—

A commotion at the back of the church stopped the clergyman. A man was standing up in the congregation with hand upraised, and then a deep voice rose above the murmur of frightened voices:

"I forbid the banns!"

A scene followed such as had never been witnessed before. Helen from her pew recognized the voice, though she did not see the strong, stern face of her lover, and with a cry she fainted.

When she returned to consciousness, Holmes Maclean was kneeling by her side. She was lying in the vestry, and anxious faces were peering round the door.

"What does this mean?" she murmured.

"Have you come to save me?"

"I have told them you were going to be sold to that man."

"Then you have not doubted me?" she breathed.

He carried her through the astonished crowd to her carriage and took her home. And on the way, as she gathered strength, she stretched out her hands imploringly.

"There is Ralph. What will become of him?"

"Do not distress yourself, sweet," he answered. "I know all his affairs. And what I have earned for you shall clear him. It is enough. You and I can live in a cottage with love, after all—can we not?"—Exchange.

A Quaint Old Town.

Arles is one of those curious old towns that were evidently planned with an eye to siege. Crossing the moat, one passes through an embattled gateway with quaint armorial carvings sadly mutilated by time. The cobblestone streets are very narrow, and, in their labyrinthine windings, remind one of the Kyles of Bute. Having safely threaded them, the center of the town is reached—the Place Royale. Here, hard by the Hotel de Ville, is the Cathedral of St. Trophimus. Not far distant from the cathedral are the remains of the Roman theater. The two Corinthian columns still standing remind one of the forum at Rome. The ground is strewn with the fragments of pillars extending in a line for a considerable distance, and beyond rise—tier above tier in the form of a semicircle—the seats for the spectators.

Near to the theater is the most celebrated of the Arles antiquities, the great amphitheater. It measures 49 feet by 341, and there still remain two stories of 60 arches, formed of such enormous blocks of stone as call to mind the giant circle at Stonehenge. Within the walls are vaulted chambers opening on the arena, which are supposed to have been the dens of wild beasts. Above them there are 5 corridors and 43 rows of seats, which were capable of accommodating upward of 20,000 people. The building is believed to be of the time of Titus, and though not comparable in interest to the Coliseum at Rome is in a much better state of preservation. The amphitheater was in the eighth century converted into a fortress either by the Saracens or by Charles Martel, who erected four defensive towers, three of which remain.—London Quiver.

His Damage.

Lord Ligonier's death was once erroneously announced in the newspapers, and he was eager to prosecute them. His lawyers, however, assured him that he had no case, having suffered no damage. "There," he said, "you are very much mistaken, for I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but 74. The papers said I was 80, and now she will not have me."

Elastic Band Music.

"Pop," said little Caleb Penquin, "what sort of music does an elastic band play?"

"Why, I don't know of any particularly distinguishing characteristic that it would have, Caleb," said Mr. Penquin, "except that it might be rather long drawn out."

"Right!" said little Caleb.—New York Sun.

FALLING IN LOVE.

The first time I saw Mrs. Periwinkle was when she was "sweet 16." It was at a party my sister gave to her schoolmates, and Amelia Ann, for that was the dear creature's name, was the divinity of the evening. She wore a blue dress—I shall never forget that dress—which was low cut in the neck, showing a pair of the whitest, roundest and most polished shoulders in the world, and she had long golden ringlets that flowed down her back—in short, I thought I had never seen anything half so angelic.

Perhaps she was as much impressed by my appearance—she has often since told me she was—for she allowed me to dance with her almost every set, said "yes" to everything I proposed and drank a glass of champagne at supper at my request, though insisting that she had never done such a wicked thing in her life before. When Harry Hanson spoke to her and asked her to eat a philopena with him I felt as if I could have knocked him down. Dear creature! I heard her afterward refuse to let him see her home and shall never forget how chopfallen he looked when she said, with a toss of the head: "No, thank you. I'm engaged."

It was I that escorted her to her father's door, and when she asked me in I didn't know for a minute whether I stood on my head or on my feet. But I declined, pleading the late hour. On my way home I whistled, sang and occasionally danced. Never had I felt so happy. It seemed as if I could almost fly. "Oh, Amelia Ann!" I kept repeating, thinking what a pretty name it was, and then I would break out into "Zip Coon" or perhaps "Dan Tucker," till at last a watchman, tapping me on the shoulder, told me not to "cut them shines," or he'd take me up for being tipsy. Frightened half out of my wits, I gave him a dollar and had the satisfaction of hearing him growl out in return that he saw I was a gentleman, "vich saved my bacon."

I reached home and began to undress, but had to stop, with a stocking half way off, to try and recall how Amelia Ann looked. I shut my eyes and leaned back dreamingly in my chair to call up satisfactorily the image of her plump shoulders and round white arms. It was a bitter cold night, but in spite of it I paused in turning down the sheets, and when one foot was already raised to get into bed—for it suddenly struck me that perhaps Amelia Ann was thinking of me at that very moment; yes, sitting abstractedly before her chamber fire, all in virgin white, blushing and ruminating. "Ah, dear Amelia Ann!" I ejaculated, clasping the air and dropping the coverlid, and in that ecstasy I stood till the cold bit me like a pair of nippers in 10,000 places at once, and then I popped into bed, and, curling up like a whiplash, repeated, "Lovely Amelia Ann!" till, falling asleep, I dreamed of her all night.

I called three times that week to see her. She played on the piano divinely and sang like a St. Cecilia. Her "Last Rose of Summer" was enchanting, better than Jenny Lind's, I thought. I have never forgiven her two boisterous brothers, who used to talk aloud while she sang, and who, even when silent, never listened to her. The rude boors!

The second week I knew Amelia Ann I spent every evening but one with her, and then she had a headache and could see nobody. How I walked up and down on the other side of the way, looking up at the windows which I knew to be hers, and where a light was burning! Once or twice a shadow was reflected on the curtain, and that was almost as good as seeing her. "Dearest Amelia Ann!" I said. "If I could only have your headache for you!"

The next Sunday I proposed. Everybody but we two had gone to church, and we remained at home to read "Lalla Rookh." I can still point out the exact spot on the back parlor sofa where she sat when she promised to be mine.

We have been married five years, but somehow or other she doesn't care for dress any more, and as for poetry she declares it's "trash." Her hair is worn plain and often looks frouzy, but she says it's impossible, with all her family, to be fixing it forever. In truth, our three darlings occupy so much of her attention that she has time for nothing. She never opens the piano. "She does not know the new pieces," she says, "and is tired of the old ones."

She often tells me it is a wonder she looks as well as she does, considering the troubles of housekeeping, especially the perversity of children and the difficulty of keeping servants. Her cares she declares "are wearing out her life" so that I consider it a miracle she survives at all. It is true I endeavor to lighten the load for her by nursing the baby all the evening and getting up at night to carry it if it cries. I allow her, too, unlimited credit at the milliner's, for she vows she could not be happy without four new bonnets a year.

I used to think, before we were married, that she lived on air, perhaps like a chameleon, or without eating. But she has an excellent appetite now. If it was not for that, she says, she would long since have sunk under her troubles.

She was very fond of porter till she joined a temperance society, since which time she has found great benefit in drinking the strongest black tea. She has certain dishes which are quite favorites with her, for it was but yesterday she said: "Be sure you come home to dinner, love, for we are going to have what I like above all things—beefsteak smothered in onions."

And thus I fell in love with a blue dress and white shoulders, that beefsteak and onions might come of it.—New York News.

Borrow as a Missionary.

Strangest of all missionaries was George Borrow. He had a genius for language, a gift of style and an ineradicable love for horse dealing. Like Carlyle, he had a singular power of reading the inner man from his outward garb and bearing. Like Carlyle, too, with all his literary gifts and attainments, Borrow was at heart the peasant adventurer—of the eastern counties—and was never really at ease in higher society. His theology never sits easily upon him. In his missionary work he has the oddest way of persuading himself that it is his duty to follow his wildest caprices, as when he makes a journey to Cape Finisterre, which he longed to see, to leave there a single copy of the New Testament, and he gives thanks most piously for his neighbors' misfortunes.

"After traveling four days and nights we arrived at Madrid without having experienced the slightest accident, though it is but just to observe, and always with gratitude to the Almighty, that the next mail was stopped" (volume 2, page 217).—Academy.

Famous Baths.

Marie Antoinette's bath, which was prescribed by her doctor, was a compound of aromatic herbs mixed with a handful of salt. She took it cold in summer and tepid in winter.

Later on Mme. Tallien had brought every morning to her house 20 pounds of strawberries and two pounds of raspberries, which were mashed in her bath of warm milk and water. Another preparation, used by the eastern women, is composed of barley, rice, horrage, thyme and marjoram boiled together and then thrown into the water.

Ninon de l'Eenclos took a bath every night in which there was salt, soda and three pounds of honey mixed with milk, all well beaten in tepid rainwater.—Philadelphia Press.

The Motto in the Laundry.

"I would like to know what that motto is you have on the wall, Chiney? Is it 'Bless Our Home?'"

Ah Sin (translating it)—Man liveth for less than a hundred years, yet gives himself as much trouble about other people's business as if he were going to live a thousand.—Chicago Dispatch.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A Persian woman of culture thus related the old legend of the "Sleeping Beauty" as a household servant was wont to tell it to the children: Once upon a time there was a king who wished to appoint one of his three sons as his heir. He summoned his grand vizier into his presence so as to consult with him on this important question. They decided to watch the princes for a year and judge them according to each one's conduct. One day, at the beginning of the year, the three proposed to go out hunting. After some time the eldest, Prince Abdullah, shot a lion, and, feeling tired, returned home. Prince Housen, the other, shot a bear and as he was satisfied with his day's hunting returned to the palace. The youngest, Prince Akbar, spied a gazelle and pursued it. He was soon lost sight of. His followers, after waiting for a long time for their master and having looked everywhere for him, decided to return and tell his father the sad news.

The king was very much grieved at losing his youngest and dearest son. He sent many men and soldiers to search the grounds where the prince had been last seen, but without success, for nobody could find any trace of him, and at last the king gave up the idea in despair, feeling sure that he would never see his favorite child alive again. The prince, meanwhile, was running as fast as he could after the gazelle, till at last he arrived in front of a palace with an iron gate, over which the gazelle leaped and disappeared. He could not follow it there, so, being hot, tired and hungry, he threw himself on the grass to rest a little. He noticed three doves perched on the gate—they were really fairies who had assumed that shape.

"Well," said one, "that prince is doing a very foolish thing, lying down there. Perhaps he does not know this is the goblin's residence and that every Sunday morning the goblin takes a walk around his property and devours anybody he finds on it. He is certain to find that prince just near the gate."

"Well," said the second dove, "he can save his life very easily. He only has to go down that deep well, and when he gets to the bottom he will find himself in a dark room, where he will see an ugly old witch leaning over a kettle and half sitting on a chair. Without waking her he must take the piece of glass which is under her left foot and break it, for it is the goblin's life. As soon as it is in pieces the goblin will expire. He must then attack the witch and kill her with his sword."

The prince rose from the grass, and, acting on the advice he had just heard, he very soon found the well and went down it by a circular path, but the lower he got the hotter it grew, till the poor prince began to feel giddy, sick and faint, though he kept on bravely and never thought of turning back. At last he found himself in the room, took the piece of glass without waking the old witch, broke it into a hundred pieces, killed the witch and climbed out of the well and was surprised to find himself in a lovely garden, near another iron gate much bigger than the first, which he tried to open. As he could not do so he walked about the garden, in which was a large brook of running water, quenched his thirst at it and stretched himself under a tree, where he soon fell asleep. He awoke hearing the same doves speaking in the tree on a branch just over his head. The third one was speaking:

"If he wants to open the iron gate, he must try to do it with the point of his sword and as soon as the doors fly open put his hand into his pocket and take out three gold coins, which he must throw into the mouth of the black serpent which will come out of the gate with its mouth open ready to eat the prince. If he can do this quickly, the serpent will die as soon as the money is in its mouth, and the prince will set free a lovely princess, but he will have to look for her."

Rising, the prince once more did as the doves had said. When his sword touched the gate, the doors flew open and the horrible black head of an enormous serpent came out, showing its fangs. The prince threw the money, and the ugly reptile died. The prince soon found himself in another and much prettier garden, and, feeling hungry, looked about to see if he could find something to eat. Fruit there was in abundance; so, gathering up six splendid apples, he ate them and then walked up to the beautiful palace he saw in front of him. He went through many lovely rooms full of rare and costly things, each one more splendid than the last, but the prince felt depressed at the great silence, for not a living thing was to be heard.

At last he reached the second story, and, going into the last and handsomest room, he shortly became aware that a beautiful young lady was asleep on a low couch not far from where he was standing. He hesitatingly approached her to have a better view of her face, and thought her so lovely that he stooped over her and kissed her. She opened her eyes and was surprised to find a young man near her and told him to go away as fast as she could, for this was the goblin's castle, and that either the goblin, the witch (his mother) or the black serpent would eat him. He told her his adventures and she told him hers.

When she was a child, she had been stolen from her father's kingdom, and many princes and young men had lost their lives in trying to save her and take her away from the goblin's castle. She thanked Prince Akbar very courteously for having freed her.

After a few days the prince, finding he loved her very much indeed, asked her to become his wife. She consented. They then mounted on horseback to go back to the prince's father's kingdom.

They soon arrived. The king was very happy to see his son again and also to see what a beautiful bride he had chosen. The year was now over, and after this the king chose Prince Akbar as his heir. The prince now inhabits the goblin's castle, where his father occasionally visits him. And if any of you wish to go and see him, you only have to find the goblin's castle, for the prince is very hospitable and will make you welcome.—Westminster Budget.

Gilbert.

W. S. Gilbert, the writer of the words for light opera, is an "agricultural amateur" and something of an astronomer. His home farm at Graeme's Dyke, Harrow Weald, England, is said to be almost a slice of perfection's cake and is stocked with some magnificent thoroughbred Jersey cows, over which he watches most carefully. When he tires of his cows and night comes down upon him, he retires to his observatory and lends his versatile imagination for a while to astronomy, a science which he discovers to be "alternately singularly soothing and desperately discouraging."—New York Times.

The wings of the owl are lined with a soft down that enables the bird to fly without making the slightest sound, a very important matter to a nocturnal bird of prey.

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—Jane Porter.

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These justly celebrated Springs of North Carolina are beautifully located in the shade of the Blue Ridge—climate delightful, waters eminently curative for Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Vertigo, Spinal Affections, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Gravel, Diabetes, Kidney Affections, Chronic Cough, Asthma, Insomnia, Debility and Skin Diseases.

Hotel refitted and in good order. Write for terms.

Dr. E. O. Elliott & Son, Sparkling Catawba Springs, N. C.

W., N. & N. Railway.

In Effect Sunday, May 17, 1896

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

NORTH BOUND #6 A M	NORTH BOUND #8 P M	STATIONS.	SOUTH BOUND #7 P M	SOUTH BOUND #35 P M
		—WILMINGTON—		
	3 00	Lv...Mulberry street...Ar	12 40	
7 00	3 10	Lv...Surry street....Ar	12 30	3 25
9 50		Ar...Jacksonville.....Lv		12 05
11 00	5 56	Lv ... " ... Ar	10 42	10 10
11 58	6 30	Lv...Maysville.....Lv	10 09	9 18
12 30	6 46	Lv...Pollocksville.....Lv	9 55	8 50
1 30	5 2.	Ar...Newbern Lv	9 20	8 00
	P M		A M	

Nos. 5 and 6 mixed trains.
Nos. 7 and 8 passenger trains.
Trains 6 and 7 p m make connection with trains on A. & N. C. R. R. for Morehead City and Beaufort.
Connection with Steamer Neuse at Newbern to and from Elizabeth City and Norfolk Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Steamer Geo. D. Purdy makes daily trips between Jacksonville and New River points.
*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
‡Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
†Daily except Sunday.

H. A. WHITING, General Manager.
J. W. MARTENS, Traffic Manager.
my 22 tf

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

DEPARTURE FROM WILMINGTON—NORTHBOUND.

DAILY 9.35 A M — No. 48—Passenger—Due Magnolia 11.02 a m, Warsaw 11.14 a m, Goldsboro 12.05 p m, Wilson 12.42 p m, Rocky Mount 1.30 p m, Tarboro 2.50 p m, Weldon 3.29 p m, Petersburg 5.32 p m, Richmond 6.40 p m, Norfolk 6.05 p m, Washington 11.10 p m, Baltimore 12.53 p m, Philadelphia 3.45 a m, New York 6.53 a m, †Boston 3.30 p m.

DAILY 7.00 P M — No. 40—Passenger—Due Magnolia 8.30 p m, Warsaw 8.48 p m, Goldsboro 9.36 p m, Wilson 10.23 p m, †Tarboro 6.45 a m, Rocky Mount 11.05 p m, Weldon 11.48 a m, †Norfolk 3.30 a m, Petersburg 3.22 a m, Richmond 4.20 a m, Washington 7.00 a m, Baltimore 8.23 a m, Philadelphia 10.46 a m, New York 1.23 p m, Boston 8.30 p m.

SOUTHBOUND:

DAILY 8.25 P M — No. 55—Passenger—Due Lake Waccamaw 4.22 p m, Chadbourn 5.14 p m, Marion 6.05 p m, Florence 6.45 p m, Sumter 8.30 p m, Columbia 9.50 p m, Denmark 6.30 a m, Augusta 8.00 a m, Macon 11.00 a m, Atlanta 12.15 p m, Charleston 10.20 p m, Savannah 12.50 a m, Jacksonville 7.00 a m, St. Augustine 9.10 a m, Tampa 6.00 p m.

ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON—FROM THE NORTH.

DAILY 5.45 P M — No. 49—Passenger—Leave *Boston 1.00 p m, New York 9.00 p m, Philadelphia 12.03 a m, Baltimore 2.55 a m, Washington 4.30 a m, Richmond 9.05 a m, Petersburg 10.00 a m, Norfolk 8.40 a m, Weldon 11.50 a m, Tarboro 12.12 p m, Rocky Mount 12.45 p m, Wilson 2.12 p m, Goldsboro 3.10 p m, Warsaw 4.08 p m, Magnolia 4.16 p m.

DAILY 9.30 a m — No. 41—Passenger—Leave Boston 12.00 a m, New York 9.30 a m, Philadelphia 12.09 p m, Baltimore 2.25 p m, Washington 3.46 p m, Richmond 7.30 p m, Petersburg 8.12 p m, †Norfolk 2.25 p m, Weldon 9.44 p m, †Tarboro 6.05 p m, Rock Mount 5.40 a m, leave Wilson 6.15 a m, Goldsboro 7.00 a m, Warsaw 7.51 a m, Magnolia 8.03 a m.

FROM THE SOUTH.

DAILY 12.15 p m — No. 54—Passenger—Leave Tampa 7.00 a m, Sanford 1.55 p m, Jacksonville 7.00 p m Savannah 12.10 night, Charleston 5.30 a m, Columbia 5.50 a m, Atlanta 7.15 a m, Macon 9.00 a m, Augusta 2.25 p m, Denmark 4.37 p m, Sumter 7.15 a m,. Florence 8.55 a m, Marion 9.34 a m, Chadbourn 10.35 a m, Lake Waccamaw 11.06 a m.

†Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Weldon 4.10 p m, Halifax 4.55 p m, arrive Scotland Neck 5.20 p m, Greenville 6.57 p m, Kinston 7.55 p m. Returning, leaves Kinston 7.20 a m, Greenville 8.22 a m. Arriving Halifax at 11.00 a m, Weldon 11.20 a m, daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 8.00 a m and 2.00 p m, arrive Parmele 8.50 a m and 3.40 p m; returning leaves Parmele 9.50 a m and 6.30 p m, arrives Washington 11.25 a m and 7.20 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily at 5.30 p m, arrives Plymouth 7.25 p m. Returning, leaves Plymouth daily at 7.30 a m, Arrive Tarboro 9.10 a m.

Train on Mid and N C Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 7.10 a m; arrive Smithfield, N. C., 8.31 a m. Returning, leaves Smithfield 9.00 a m, arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 10.25 a m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4.30 p m, arrives Nashville 5.05 p m, Spring Hope 5.30 p m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m, Nashville 8.35 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9.05 a m, daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leave Warsaw for Clinton Daily except Sunday at 11.10 a m and 8.45 p m; returning leave Clinton at 7.00 a m. and 3.00 p m.

Florence Railroad leave Pee Dee 9.10 a m, arrive Latta 9.30 a m, Dillon 9.42 a m, Rowland 10.01 a m., returning leaves Rowland 5.38 p m, arrives Dillon 5.56 p m, Latta 6.09 p m, Pee Dee 6.30 p m, daily.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Hub at 8.30 a m, Chadbourn 10.40 a m, arrive Conway 1.30 p m, leave Conway 2.20 p m, Chadbourn 5.20 p m, arrive Hub 6.00 p m, Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Cheraw and Darlington Railroad leave Florence 8.55 a m, 9.10 a m and 8.35 p m, arrive Darlington 9.26 a m, 10.30 a m and 9.05 p m, leave Darlington 9.31 a m and 10.40 a m, arrive Cheraw 10.40 a m and 12.30 p m, leave Cheraw 12.45 p m, arrive Wadesboro 3.25 p m, Returning leave Wadesboro 3 p m, arrive Cheraw 4.45 p m, leave Cheraw 4.45 p m and 5.15 p m, arrive Darlington 7 p m and 6.21 p m. Leave Darlington 7.30 p m, 6.27 and 7.45 a m, arrive Florence 8.15 p m, 6.05 p m and 8.15 a m. Daily except Sunday. Sunday trains leave Floyds 7.30 a m, Darlington 7.45 a m, arrive Florence 8.10 a m. Returning leave Florence 9 a m, Darlington 9.30 a m, arrive Floyds 9.40 a m. Trains leave Gibson 6.15 a m, Bennettsville 6.41 a m, arrive Darlington 7.40 a m Sumter 9.25 a m. Returning, leave Sumter 7.30 p m, Darlington 9.10 p m, arrive Bennettsville 10.01 p m, Gibson 10.25 p m.

Central of South Carolina Railroad leave Sumter 6.37 p m, Manning 6.58 p m, arrive Lane's 7.37 p m, leave Lanes 8.34 a m, Manning 9.10 a m, arrive Sumter 9.39 a m. Daily.

Georgetown and Western Railroad leave Lanes 9.30 a m, 7.10 p m, arrive Georgetown 11 a m, 8.30 p m, leave Georgetown 7 a m, 5 p m, arrive Lanes 8.35 a m, 5.35 p m. Daily except Sunday.

Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leave Wilson 2.05 p m, 11.18 p m, arrive Selma 3.50 p m, Smithfield 5.58 p m, Dunn 6.35 p m; Fayetteville 4.15 p m, 1.07 a m, Rowland 5.38 p m, returning leave Rowland 10.00 a m, Fayetteville 11.20 a m, 10.35 p m, Dunn 12.07 a m, Smithfield 12.48 p m, Selma 1.00 p m, arrive Wilson 1.42 p m, 12.22 p m.

Manchester & Augusta Railroad train leaves Sumter 4.33 a m, Creston 5.21 a m, arrive Denmark 6.20 a m. Returning leave Denmark 4.37 p m, Creston 5.22 p m, Sumter 6.20 p m Daily.

Pregnalls Branch train leaves Creston 5.45 a m, arrive Pregnalls 9.15 a m. Returning leaves Pregnalls 10 p m; arrives Creston 3.50 p m. Daily except Sunday.

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