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The Morning Star.

"THAT WHICH THE AUTUMN TOOK AWAY."

The things that autumn took away
With no returning spring shall come,
Never with leaf upon the spray,
Never with bud or bloom
Or lambs that make high holiday.

April will come again and May
And the green world forget the gloom,
And roses in the garden gray
Yield up their full perfume,
And blackbirds sing the livelong day.

Oh, dancing leaves and winds at play,
For spring shall bring the swallows home,
And nightingales and scent of hay,
But there shall never come
That which the autumn took away.

—New York Tribune.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

Two knights dwelt at the court of Rome many years ago who shed a luster over it by their deeds of valor. For years they had fought in the tournaments and had taken pilgrimages to distant lands, bringing home the pledges of their victories.

One night Sir Guido, one of these knights, had a dream. He saw a radiant image before him and heard it speak.

"Why rest ye here, Sir Guido? Arise, take thy sword and depart to the east, where the holy sepulcher is resting among the infidels! Fight for the glory of the cross and conquer!"

"But," said Sir Guido, "I have fought much and often."

"Yea," answered the celestial visitor, "you have fought much and often, but you have fought for the glory of man. Now hear me and give heed! Depart and fight for the glory of the cross and the rescue of the holy sepulcher!"

Then the vision melted from view and Sir Guido awoke. The next day he told Sir Tyrius, the other brave knight, of the vision, and they called their vassals together and departed for the east. When they came to the borders of Dacia, a Christian land overrun by the infidels, Sir Guido said:

"Sir Tyrius, my brother, let us here separate. I will go on to the Holy Land, but you stay here and free this king from his enemies, and I shall return and meet you here. Farewell!"

And so they each went his way. Sir Guido reached his destination in safety, after performing marvelous feats on the way. Years passed by, and the fight raged, but Sir Guido held the cross aloft, ever above the crescent. And in time the infidels were put down and the sepulcher was gained. Then Sir Guido turned his steps homeward.

In the meantime Sir Tyrius had entered Dacia and was warmly greeted by the king.

There he performed great deeds, as his friend and brother knight did in the Holy Land. The infidels succumbed to his power and were driven out of the land. Then thanks and rewards were rained upon Tyrius, and the king considered no mark of esteem too high to be bestowed upon the savior of his throne.

But can greatness ever come to a man, be he ever so just and good, without bringing jealousy to the hearts of the small? And Tyrius, though he deserved all that was given to him, had in time to drink the drop of bitterness from the cup of joy.

There lived at the Dacian court a knight called Sir Plebius. He had seven sons—tall, stalwart youths, all skilled in the use of arms and well acquainted with the sports of the day. But Plebius was greater than all his sons. Until the coming of Sir Tyrius he was deemed the greatest warrior of his time. And now to be superseded by a stranger was as gall and wormwood to the proud knight.

At first he feared Tyrius, but fear soon gave place to hatred, and hatred begot thoughts of revenge. At last came an opportunity for him to work out his scheme. The king was loud in his praises of Sir Tyrius, but Plebius remained silent. The king questioned his silence, and then, as if in a great burst of love and sorrow, Plebius told the king that Sir Tyrius aimed at obtaining the crown for himself. With much subtle acting and careful distorting of the words and actions of Sir Tyrius he succeeded in poisoning the mind of the monarch against the noble knight.

It is not hard to make right conduct seem wrong to the wicked, nor is it hard to believe wrong of one we have reason to fear. And the king, jealous of the knight's greatness and power, was an easy victim to the machinations of an intriguing mind. He called Sir Tyrius before him and accused him of treason and ingratitude.

"Go!" said the king. "I have honored you much; I would have honored you more. I give you your life in return for the deeds that you have done for me, but leave my kingdom on pain of death!"

"Alas, alas!" cried Sir Tyrius. "Where can I go in my poverty?"

But the sons of Plebius gave him no time to lament. They drove him out of the city gates, where, exhausted with grief, he sank down by the wayside.

He had not been there long when a tall man approached him.

"Friend," said the stranger, whose dress betokened him a palmer and whose wearied looks showed that he had traveled far, "friend, whence art thou?"

"Alas," answered Sir Tyrius, "I am from Rome, which, seven years ago, I left with my friend. We parted near here, and he went to the Holy Land. Woe is me, for I know not whether he be alive or dead. And if all these years have I lived here, but now must I seek a new home." And he buried his face in his hands.

"I am weary, friend. For the sake of your lost brother knight will you let me rest my head upon your knees while I sleep?"

And Sir Tyrius, forgetting his own sorrow in seeing the suffering of a fellow creature, did as he was asked.

Soon the palmer slept, his cowl nearly covering his face so that Sir Tyrius could not see how he looked. But suddenly a little snow white weasel came from the mouth of the sleeping man and ran across the fields to a distant hill, where it disappeared from view. While Sir Tyrius still looked in wonderment he saw the weasel return and enter again the mouth of the palmer. Soon afterward the holy man awoke.

"I dreamed," said he, "that a snow white weasel came from my mouth and ran to yonder hill. And then I thought it returned and re-entered my mouth."

"You did not dream," said Tyrius, "for I saw this strange thing. I know not what the weasel did in yonder hill, but I saw him well with my waking eyes."

"Let us go and see," said the palmer. "Perchance we may find a treasure."

When they reached the hill, dark, overhanging crags half hid a cave from view. Stepping into the darkness, they beheld a dragon, slain, and in its skin a great treasure of gold and silver and precious stones. Beside the dragon lay a beautiful sword, whose blade shone and whose hilt was beautifully wrought and inlaid with gems. On the blade was the inscription:

"By me shall Guido overcome the enemies of Tyrius."

"It is as I thought," said the palmer, "See, the treasure the dragon has been guarding is our own and also this sword. Come, you take the treasure and I will keep the sword."

"What!" cried Sir Tyrius. "You keep the sword of Guido? Alas, Guido, my friend, where art thou? Nay, father, give me the sword."

But while he spoke the palmer raised the cowl from his face, and Tyrius saw before him the long lost Guido.

When they had embraced each other, Sir Guido spoke.

"Hear me, Tyrius. Do you depart for your home with this treasure and leave me to deal with this Dacian king. By this sword shall I avenge your wrongs. Now depart in peace."

And again did Tyrius obey the word of Guido and departed with the treasure to his home. Sir Guido went to the city and knocked upon the gate.

"Who art thou?" asked the porter.

"I am a pilgrim from the Holy Land," answered Guido.

"Then enter, father, and give me thy blessing."

"You have it, friend," said the palmer. "May peace be with thee and with thy home. Now show me to the king."

The monarch was seated at table in the long hall, surrounded by his knights. When the palmer entered, the king called aloud:

"Welcome, father! Tell me, how is all in yonder land? And have you heard of Sir Guido, whose mighty deeds are sung all over the Christian land?"

"My liege, the war is over and the holy sepulcher is wrested from the infidels. And Guido? Yea, I have not only seen him, but have spoken to him. Eat and drink did we together, and shared the same couch!"

"Thou art doubly welcome, father, as a friend of Sir Guido. Now tell me what say they of the Christian kings."

"My lord, they say that the Dacian king retained his kingdom by the aid of a certain knight named Sir Tyrius, whom he nobly rewarded."

"They say true, good father," answered the monarch.

"They say further, O king, that your mind was poisoned against this good knight by an intriguing courtier, Sir Plebius by name, and Sir Tyrius has been sent poor and friendless from your land."

"You speak falsely," cried Sir Plebius, who stood at the king's right hand. "Sir Tyrius was a traitor and aimed to gain the crown for himself. You dare not defend your words by combat with me!"

"Dare not, Sir Plebius?" cried the palmer. "You call Sir Tyrius traitor! I will prove my words to be true on your body in open combat."

"I accept it," said the king. "Let there be no combat and God defend the right! Here, my daughter," cried the sovereign, addressing the princess, who sat on a stool at his feet, "do you take care of this holy father and bring him tomorrow to the lists."

So the palmer was led away by the maiden, who tended him gently and gave him food and drink. The next morning when all the populace had assembled she led Sir Guido to the place of combat. There he was supplied with armor, keeping his good sword as his only weapon.

A terrible conflict ensued, but neither knight nor palmer gained a victory. At last, overcome with thirst, the Dacian knight cried out:

"Let me quench my thirst, good father, and I shall do likewise for thee if thou needst it."

And Guido consented, and the knight, reinvigorated, started the contest anew. Then Sir Guido thirsted also and claimed his promise of Sir Plebius. But Sir Plebius laughed him to scorn and cried:

"Only by the strong hand shalt thou drink."

"By the strong hand, then," answered Guido, and, protecting himself by his shield, he backed to the stream, into which he jumped.

Then, when his thirst had been quenched and he felt his strength return, Guido emerged from the river, and, with uplifted sword, ran at Plebius. But the knight fled before his wrath, and at that moment the king threw down his scepter. That was the signal for the combat to close, and amid sounds of trumpets the knights were led away.

The next day the contest was to be renewed, but Sir Plebius called his sons together and said to them:

"Never have I fought with so brave and so strong a knight. If he live till morning, I am a dead man."

So in the dead of night the seven sons entered the room of Guido, and while he slept lifted him with his bed and threw him thus into the river, which flowed beneath his casement. The next day Sir Plebius demanded that the combat be renewed, but the stranger could not be found.

"Ha! He dares not meet me again!" cried Plebius.

But just then Sir Guido approached. An old fisherman had seen him floating on the water and had saved his life. Plebius was aghast, but the fight had to go on, and it soon ended in the death of the false knight.

Then the king, who had heard of the treachery, caused the seven sons to be slain, and when Guido revealed who he was the people were wild with delight to see the great hero of whom all of them had heard so much.

Sir Guido soon departed for his home, being charged by the king to send Sir Tyrius back to be reinstated in his high office.—Eduard Courtenay in Philadelphia Times.

HEADACHES.

The Proper Methods of Treating These Enervating Reflex Conditions.

"There are so many kinds of headaches," said Dr. Preston, "that there is no use trying to tell what one should do for an attack. And remember, too, headache is not a disease at all. It is a reflex condition resulting from trouble at some other point.

"Headaches are usually of three kinds—catarrhal, neurasthenic and sick, or stomachic. You see at once that the way to cure these is to remove the cause of the trouble. The catarrhal headache over the eyes is distressing and can only be remedied by the removal of the conditions. The cold or catarrh must be cured or allayed, so that the nerves will be free from the pressure which results in the trouble.

"The neurasthenic or nervous headache, the bane of the sedentary man, the disorder which gives him wrinkles and gray hairs, is the greatest agony of all and is perhaps the most easy of treatment, if one will take the proper steps. This is where the bicycle and the gymnasium come in. Open air exercise, physical toil, the exhaustion which comes from muscular exertion are the aim. The end is the sleep of health, which restores the organs to their brightness and freshness. If a man who is subject to such headaches will but take the proper amount of work outside his office, walk, ride, swing Indian clubs and dumbbells, do any of the things which make muscle and bring the physically tired feeling, then he will find relief.

"The most common of all headaches is that which arises from a disordered assimilation. The food is not taken up properly. The stomach and the liver, the secretory organs, are disordered. All these conditions contribute to the sick headache, and it is the improper mastication of the food which more than anything else brings on these conditions. Of course there are many palliations, and in the case of a full blooded person it is no doubt often wisest to take something which will reduce the pressure of blood on the brain. But primarily one should first change the acid condition of the stomach, and then will come the change of nervous condition.

"The first thing to do is to make one's general health right; then the reflex action ceases, and one's head is clear. And this is not hard to do either, for with open air and the many forms of attractive exercise now offered there is no reason why one should not be in good health if one will only take care."—San Francisco Examiner.

Booth's Message Scratched on Glass.

On Aug. 13, 1864, John Wilkes Booth was playing a dramatic engagement in Meadville, Pa. Upon his arrival in the city that day he registered at the McHenry House, then kept by a Mr. R. M. U. Taylor, and after the performance in the evening retired alone to his room. When the servant entered his room the next morning, after Booth had left the hotel and city, an inscription was discovered scratched in a large hand on one of the window panes, "Abe Lincoln departed this life Aug. 13, 1864, by the effects of poison." Little attention was paid to the writing on the glass at the time, but as soon as it was learned that Booth had killed the president the circumstances connected with the window inscription were recalled, the glass was removed from its sash, framed in a plain black wooden frame, a piece of dark velvet being placed at its back to facilitate reading and the signature of Booth entered on the register on Aug. 13 was cut from the book and attached to the window glass. The original pane is now in the possession of the war department, to which it was presented by the daughter of the owner of the hotel, Miss Mary McHenry, some time after the assassination of the president. All of the circumstances in connection with the glass are certified to by Miss McHenry and by other residents of Meadville.—"Four Lincoln Conspiracies," by Victor Louis Mason, in Century.

Thirsting For Something.

"I believe that Hargreaves' sudden swear off is more for the purpose of showing off than anything else."

"In other words, you think he is only thirsting for notoriety?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Running Doesn't Express It.

McCorkle—Isn't Tenspot running into debt pretty lively?

McCrackle—Running isn't the word for it. He is fairly sprinting!—Detroit Free Press.

TEN CATS IN A BOAT.

The Boat Aground When They Boarded It, What Happened When It Floated.

"A man I knew," said an old fisherman, "went fishing once in a 17 foot skiff, made a good catch, got back along about the middle of the afternoon, ran his boat up on the end of a little sand spit that made out maybe 20 or 30 yards from the beach and went ashore. He was going to leave his fish in the boat overnight.

"It was pretty near low water when he came in, and the spit was dry from the end all the way to the beach. A cat that was walking along the shore saw the boat out on the end of the spit and went out to see what it could find aboard. Another cat walking along the shore and seeing that the first cat didn't come back went out and joined it, and in half an hour ten cats had gone aboard the boat and staid there to eat fish.

"The tide rose, the sand spit was covered, and the boat swung to an anchor that the fisherman had thrown over when he came ashore. The cats had been so busy that they hadn't noticed the rising of the tide. They didn't know anything about it until the boat was afloat. Then one of them looked over the side and saw that they were surrounded by water. The spit that they had walked out on was now under water to the depth of a foot or two. This cat must have told the rest, because a minute later they were all looking over the side of the boat, standing with their hind feet on the bottom ranged along in a row and looking toward the shore, the most forlorn ten cats you ever saw. Of course you don't laugh at anything in distress, but if you ever did you couldn't have helped laughing at those ten cats in a row.

"Finally one of them made a plunge overboard. Cats hate water, but it was more dreadful to stay out there in the boat, with a great body of water all around them, than to take a risk in getting ashore. This cat got ashore all right, and more followed until eight had swum ashore. The other two were afraid to try it. They staid on the boat. They might have got off when the spit was dry again at the next low water, 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, but they didn't. They staid on the boat, and the fisherman found them there when he went in the morning. He held them up, one in each hand.

"'Hah!' he said. 'See what I caught!'

"'Humph!' said I. 'You had eight or ten more last night.'

"But he was a humane man. He didn't throw 'em overboard. He just kept them in the boat until he'd brought the boat ashore, and then the two last cats jumped out and scooted."—New York Sun.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A Story That He Was Baptized as a Roman Catholic.

The Freeman's Journal of Sydney, New South Wales, has a correspondent who seems to know a great many things not generally known. He confides to us the secret that the Prince of Wales was baptized a Catholic, asserting that he has the testimony of an eminent bishop that his statement is absolutely correct. It seems that when the time came for the baptism of Albert Edward two dignitaries of the Church of England arranged to divide honors on the occasion, with the result that one poured the water while the other read the form of baptism. This was the perfection of Protestant politeness, but all the same it was a blunder which made the baptism invalid.

After the ceremony the queen of the Belgians, who had been an observant witness, spoke to the queen privately and pointed out that the interesting infant had not been made a Christian in the proper way. Victoria was much troubled and asked, "What can I do?" "Oh," said her Belgian majesty, "it is easy enough," adding: "I have here in the palace a Belgian priest, my chaplain. Let me call him in to baptize the child properly, and no one will be any the wiser." The young queen of England, whose mother, by the way, was a Catholic, at once gave her consent, and the Catholic baptism was performed with only two witnesses. Apart from his baptism under "circumstances over which he had no control," the Prince of Wales has always exhibited a most sympathetic feeling toward the Catholic church. He has befriended more than one Catholic sisterhood in England, was an ardent admirer of Father Damien, and he has on several occasions attended mass. Cardinal Manning had no warmer champion and supporter than the heir to the British throne, and it will be recollected that on a memorable occasion he placed the cardinal on a royal commission next himself and before the premier and the Protestant bishop of London. There was a "big fuss" about it at the time, but the trouble blew over and has been forgotten.—Ave Maria.

When the hands are dirty with household work, they may be thoroughly cleansed by using a mixture of salt and vaseline, which must be well rubbed in and then washed off with ordinary soap.

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The attention of investors in Wilmington is called to the fact that the average profits on Six Series of Stock in this Association have been over

Fourteen Per Cent.

Initiation Fee, 25 cents per Share

Subscriptions to Stock payable in weekly instalments of 25 cents per Share,

The management is prudent and economical, as is shown by the fact that the Association has sustained no losses, and its annual expenses, including taxes, are only about Two Hundred Dollars.

J. D. CROOM, President.

W. B. HARKER, Secretary.

je 6 1m

SPARKLING

CATAWBA SPRINGS.

For Thirty Years the Favorite Resort of the People of the Cape Fear Section.

OPEN JUNE 1st.

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	NORTH BOUND *8	STATIONS.	SOUTH BOUND *7	SOUTH BOUND *35
A M	P M	—WILMINGTON—	P M	P M
	2 00	Lv...Mulberry street...Ar	12 40	
7 00	2 10	Lv...Surry street...Ar	12 30	3 25
9 50		Ar..Jacksonville.....Lv		12 45
11 00	3 58	Lv.....".....Ar	10 42	10 2.
11 58	4 30	Lv...Maysville.....Lv	10 09	9 18
12 30	4 44	Lv...Pollocksville.....Lv	9 55	8 10
1 35	5 2.	Ar...Newbern.....Lv	9 20	8 10
	P M		A M	

Nos. 5 and 6 mixed trains.
Nos. 7 and 8 passenger trains.
Trains 8 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. MARTENIS, Traffic Manager. my 22 tf

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT Nov. 15, 1896.

DEPARTURE FROM WILMINGTON—NORTHBOUND.

DAILY No. 48—Passenger—Due Magnolia 11.02 a m, Warsaw 11.14 a m, Goldsboro 12.05 a m, Wilson 12.42 p m, Rocky Mount 1.20 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 12.58 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 8.38 p m, Warsaw 8.43 p m, Goldsboro 9.35 p m, Wilson 10.23 p m, †Tarboro 6.45 a m, Rocky Mount 11.05 p m, Weldon 1.48 a m, †Norfolk 3.30 a m, Petersburg 3.22 a m, Richmond 4.20 a m, Washington 7.00 a m, Baltimore 8.33 a m, Philadelphia 10.45 a m, New York 1.23 p m, Boston 8.30 p m.

SOUTHBOUND:

DAILY 3.25 P M No. 55—Passenger—Due Lake Waccamaw 4.32 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 12.05 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 4.02 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 3.45 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 4.38 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 8.53 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 7.35 p m. Returning, leaves Plymouth daily at 7.30 a m. Arrive Tarboro 9.10 a m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 7.10 a m; arrive Smithfield, N. C., 8.3 a m. Returning leaves Smithfield 9.00 a m, arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 12.25 a m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4.30 p m, arrives Nashville 5.05 p m. Spring Hope 5.50 p m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m, Nashville 8.25 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 9.37 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 1.10 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, 9.19 a m and 8.75 p m, arrive Darlington 9.28 a m, 10.20 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 2.25 p m. Return leave Wadesboro 8 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 6.20 p m. Leave Darlington 7.30 p m, 6.27 and 7.45 a m, arrive Florence 8.15 p m, 6.55 p m and 8.15 a m. Daily except Sunday. Sunday trains leave Floyds 7.30 a m, Darlington 8.45 a m, arrive Florence 9.10 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 7.20 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 6.55 p m, arrive Lane's 7.27 p m, leave Lanes 8