

A COSTON MAIDEN.  
She was a Boston maiden and she'd scarcely passed eighteen.  
And as I rove as a boy, but of grave and sober mien,  
A sweet enigma of every kind of lore,  
Though love looked coy from behind the glasses that she wore.

She sat beside her lover, with her elbow on his knee,  
And dreamily she gazed upon the stirring summer sea,  
Until he broke the silence, saying: "Pray,  
Mildred, dear,  
Inform me of the meaning of the thinness of the here."

"I know you're just from Concord, where the rights of wisdom be  
Your head crammed full of burning love, with  
Your philosophy—  
Those heavy-headed sages and maids of hosiery  
—"

Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have  
got to you?"

She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The  
thinness of the here  
Is that which is not past and hasn't yet arrived,  
my dear,  
Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm,  
unaffected brow,  
"The thinness of the here is just the thinness  
of the now."

A smile illumined the lover's face, then without  
any haste  
He laid a manly arm around the maiden's slender  
waist,  
And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and  
loving kiss.  
And said: "Love, this is what I call the  
Newness of the This."  
—Somerville Journal.

ALL BUT.

FROM THE SPANISH BY M. L. S.

So, my life, you want a story as  
rosy-colored as your tempting  
cheeks?

Then listen to this, though I  
very much fear you know it al-  
ready but too well.

Once upon a time the King of  
Heaven called the most mischiev-  
ous of his angels.

"With this purse," said He,  
"go to the bazaar where they re-  
tail prices of women; with the  
sixty celestas that you will find  
in it buy what is necessary to make  
up one that will proclaim your  
taste in the matter, and when it is  
finished send it to the world by  
way of the first conveyance, di-  
rected to that poor poet who is  
asking us for it with such extrem-  
ity. Be careful that you do not  
forget any piece and let us see  
how you acquit yourself."

The angel reached the bazaar in  
a single flight.

"Good day, master."

"Good morning, child. What  
brings you here?"

"I have to buy a woman in  
pieces. Come now; take down all  
you have and of the first quality,  
for there is no lack of money."

"Very well, boy. First, the  
eyes, if it suits you to begin there,  
Here you have all kinds and  
colors; green, blue, black."

"Let us see. How much are  
these blue ones, so light and  
pure?"

"Ten celestas."

"They are dear."

"The best in the shop."

"Put them aside. Raise that  
glass and take out that little dewy,  
red mouth."

"It is marked four celestas.  
There is nothing fresher in all the  
bazaar."

"Put it with the eyes. And  
that nose as well. Oh! what hair  
was ever prettier than that?"

"Which?"

"That hanging up there, colored  
like rays of the sun."

"You don't choose badly, youth.  
You light on the best I have."

"Well, and these little ears; I  
think they will match those vel-  
vety cheeks."

"And, as for that, with this set  
of pearly teeth. What do you  
say?"

"Pearls appear to be just the  
thing to guard the rosy tongue  
that I see in the furthest alcove.  
Bless me! What a throat and  
neck. How finely the head we  
have just formed will set upon  
them! Let us now see some bod-  
ies."

"Here they are. Choose. I  
have a fine assortment."

"That is so, but hold on. Not  
this one, nor that either. But  
that over there which is so beauti-  
ful. What form! What counte-  
nance! It is a work that does you  
honor, master."

"Many thanks, little fellow; I  
see you understand it."

"All right. Now, after putting  
those alabaster arms to it and  
fastening on those shapely legs,  
and to the arms those delicate  
white hands, and to the legs those  
neat little feet, our work is com-  
plete, is it not? And what a lovely  
result, now that we have it all  
put together. How handsome,  
how successful! The poet must  
be very hard to please who is not  
enthusiastic over such perfection."

"Something is wanting, how-  
ever."

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes, child, the heart. You  
have forgotten it."

"How is that? Does it not go  
along with the body?"

"We sell them separately."

"Very well. Put in a most ten-  
der and loving one. Our poet will  
thank us for it."

"I must tell you, youngster, that  
the tender ones come high."

"Then, see, wait a minute. Cast  
up the amount of all that I have  
selected, and with the balance re-  
maining we shall add a heart to  
her."

"That is soon done; ten here,  
nine there, eighteen over there—  
the throat, the hands. Here it is,  
just sixty celestas."

"Sixty celestas?"

"Not one less."

"Unfortunate coincidence—"

"What is it?"

"That this is precisely the total  
amount which I can spend."

"What shall we do then?"

"Could you not come down a  
little in price?"

"Impossible, not a farthing.  
You are getting the very best in

the store."  
"No, of course not. Certainly.  
What is so beautiful is costly.  
There is nothing more perfect."  
"Listen to this suggestion. Some  
pieces might be exchanged for a  
cheaper one and with the differ-  
ence—"

"Let us try it."  
"What do you say to those eyes  
somewhat less deep?"  
"Oh! we must not touch the  
eyes. It would be a crime."  
"What about this mouth which  
is paler than that?"  
"I'd as little have that as the  
other eyes. It would be profana-  
tion."  
"And this body?"  
"The other is so pretty."  
"And the hands?"  
"Oh, no! Leave them."  
"Boy!"  
"Nothing different. I take it as  
it is."  
"But, rogue, what do you mean!  
Without a heart?"  
"Yes, without a heart. After  
all, as the want of it cannot be  
seen, nobody will notice the de-  
fect."  
"As for me, do as you please."  
"There is your money."  
"Good-bye, young man."  
"Good-bye, master, till I see  
you again."

And the cherub, light as a sun-  
beam, gathered the beautiful wo-  
man in his arms and descended to  
the earth, beating the air with his  
wings.

And as I reach this part of my  
story, you will not fail to ask me:  
"And could that woman live with-  
out a heart?"

And I then, with great distress,  
will be obliged to answer: "That  
my charming ungrateful one, no-  
body can know better than your-  
self."

What a Druggist Should Know.  
Oberdill dock and Crows of Cipli-  
ment.  
Compound Car Pills.  
Bitter Apple Loc. Worthe of Love  
drops. Truley yours.  
Bitter Apple Loc. Sweet Caporal Cig-  
arettes, 5c. Chune Gum, 5c.  
10c. glycerine with a little carbolic  
acid, amonia, florida water, barame  
(bay rum).  
I want 5 cents of Mofine pills, the  
little ones.  
1 dime of pot ash.  
Please send me a dime worth of tur-  
bin whisK.  
Acideased (acetic acid).  
Please send me 15c Worth of 3 grain  
capsules please put them up  
fresh.  
Please send me 1 Dose of Calomel for  
an agale Person, and two Doses of  
Catholic Pills.—Pharmaceutical Era.  
A HAIR and a HAIR.

A small pupil in one of our schools  
stood before her teacher at recess with  
the half of an apple in each hand.  
"Which half is the biggest, Miss  
H—?"

Her teacher was in a mood to be criti-  
cal, and answered:  
"A half is a half, whether it's half of  
an apple or half of the world. So, you  
see, if your apple is cut exactly in halves  
one half must be just the size of the  
other half."

The eyes of the little pupil filled with  
tears as she heard this scholarly dis-  
cussion, but she still held out the two  
"halves" of her apple, although her  
little hands trembled.

"I didn't mean it that way, teacher,"  
she said, sweetly. "I want you to have  
the biggest half."

"Thank you, my dear," said the teach-  
er, who suddenly discovered that it took  
very little learning to be generous and  
thoughtful.—Detroit Free Press.

No Wheats in Tanger.

Among the strangest peculiarities  
of Tanger, and one that  
forces itself upon the attention of  
the newcomer, is the total absence  
of any kind of wheeled vehicle.  
In the entire city (which is an ex-  
ample of all the others in the em-  
pire) there is not even a donkey  
cart, for the streets are much too  
narrow to admit of their use, and  
transportation of passengers and  
merchandise is effected upon the  
backs of donkeys, horses, mules  
and camels, according to the  
weight and the distance.

There are but few streets into  
which a loaded camel could enter,  
and not more than three in which  
he could pass another loaded camel  
or horse. Some of the smaller  
streets are so narrow, that even  
the panniers of a donkey would  
scrape upon either side, so that in  
the city itself the transportation  
develops upon donkeys for the  
wide streets, and upon horses and  
mules for the main thoroughfares.

Canary Birds.

These pretty creatures are often  
covered with annoying vermin.  
They may be effectually relieved  
of them by placing a clean white  
cloth over their cage at night. In  
the morning the cloth will be cov-  
ered with minute red spots, so  
small that they can hardly be seen  
with the naked eye; these are the  
parasites, a source of great annoy-  
ance to the birds.

Rubenstein.

Rubinstein, the pianist, it is de-  
clared, would become an American  
citizen if it were not for the objec-  
tion of his wife. He is quoted as  
saying: "I am a Russian of Rus-  
sians; but I am also a Republican,  
and America is the land for those  
that love liberty."

Loss and Gain.

"Where's John now?"  
"In London."  
"Is he as fleshy as ever?"  
"He was more fleshy for awhile,  
but has been fasting for it and has  
lost ten pounds, he writes."  
"Yes! I fasted once in London and  
gained £10 & shillings that I didn't  
have to put up for table board."—Chicago  
Mail.

Caught in Bad Company.

Sport—My watch loses something  
every night and seldom makes it up  
during the day. What ails it?  
Jeweller (reflectively)—Evidently it  
is trying to conform to the habits of its  
owner.—Jewellers' Weekly.

THE BRUTE AND THE HAT.  
Nature of the Man Who Is Constantly Com-  
plaining of Woman's Headgear.

There is something extremely fatig-  
uing to all this talk about the big hats  
at the theater. From every point come  
shafts of ridicule and even abuse to the  
woman who wears to the theater a bonnet  
larger than a sauceman. Those who  
make all this hubbub are the very ones  
who have the least right to, and I'll  
prove it.

It is generally man—plain, horrid,  
crabbed man—who finds so much fault  
with our hats. Now, I don't mind tell-  
ing you that it is this same man who does  
more to spoil a lady's evening at the the-  
ater than all the hats in Christendom.  
You know him as well as I do, for you  
meet him at every theater. He seems to  
have nothing in the world to do but to  
go to playhouses and cause people to  
wish they had never been born.

This man, whom we all know, never  
gets to the theater until the play has be-  
gun. And, what is more astonishing,  
and even more aggravating, he always  
selects a seat midway between two aisles  
and in the most crowded section of the  
house.

Down the aisle he—this horrid man—  
tramps, every step drowning at least  
two lines of the dialogue. At his row  
he stops and glances over his victims as  
he counts how many there are. Adjust-  
ing his overcoat so that it will hit every  
hat in the line and dishevel every bang  
under those hats, he begins his mad  
plunge for his seat. His cane he carries  
so that it will catch every thread of lace  
or every ornament, while he so handles  
his feet as to take an inch of patent  
leather off every shoe.

Gained his seat and he casts his eye  
along the wreck he has wrought, looks  
into the face of every auditor in the  
house, hangs up his chair, then down  
again, throws his overcoat over it so  
that it will hit the victim behind him,  
and down he planks himself with a grunt  
of sublime satisfaction at having for  
once in his life made his presence felt by  
others.

This is the individual who usually  
makes remarks about big hats in the-  
aters.

And I am going to tell you how this  
obnoxious acquaintance of ours was  
most beautifully "sat on" the other even-  
ing.

It was at a down town theater. The  
prettiest, daintiest, most exquisitely  
dressed little girl came in. Her hat was  
a perfect dream, though I'll admit it was  
rather large, yet it was so bewitchingly  
becoming that only a brute could have  
breathed a word against it. The girl  
had hardly seated herself and arranged a  
rebellious lock of hair that persisted  
in looking into her eyes, when this hor-  
rid brute of a man, whom I have been  
speaking of, came to the following piece  
of pure, unadulterated brutishness:

"Oh, Lord! How am I expected to see  
through that hat?"

He flattered himself, I think, if  
he imagined the girl had any expecta-  
tions in regard to him when she put the  
hat on. However, a dubious look passed  
over her face, she hesitated a moment,  
then raised her hands, unpinched her hat  
and took it off with a deep sigh that  
should have gone straight to that man's  
heart. She then turned around and  
with a charming smile, which went to  
show that a woman never does anything  
by halves, she asked:

"Is that better now?"

And this horrid man, this foe to hats,  
aungs, laces and ornaments, this trum-  
per on rights and patent leather shoes,  
had the boldness to say that he believed  
he would go out to see a friend.

The girl? Oh, she held her hat through-  
out the performance.—Blanche Hastings  
in San Francisco Examiner.

Interesting Sky Men.

One of the characters in a modern novel  
is made to say: "I love a shy man.  
He is getting so scarce." Perhaps that  
is why he is so really delicious. When  
he blushes palpably, but without look-  
ing awkward, one is drawn toward him  
by a certain sentiment of affinity, and so  
long as he is just shy enough, but not  
too shy, he wins more and more upon  
one. To draw a really shy man out of  
his shyness is a pleasing task, and the  
more so as he is generally disinclined to  
give expression to the thoughts and  
ideas that he usually keeps locked fast  
away within himself. One comes upon a  
stray jewel or two now and then, in  
such cases, in the shape of an unexpect-  
ed thought that astonishes the discov-  
erer because it seems so different from  
the person from whom it emanates. I  
assure you, I think shy men are some-  
times very charming, but then one must  
be a little shy one's self in order to ap-  
preciate them. Do you know any nice  
ones, and do you find that they only  
come out of their shell in a tete-a-tete,  
and not always then, so that there is a  
pleasing element of uncertainty about  
them which adds to the interest they  
inspire?—Cor. London Truth.

Human Flesh Does Not Petrify.

Petrification is simply the substitution  
of inorganic for organic matter, atom by  
atom. This process of transformation is  
incredibly slow. A molecule of stone  
wood or bone decays a molecule of stone  
takes its place. This can only occur  
when the air, earth or water surround-  
ing the organic substance in question  
holds in solution some mineral which is  
readily precipitated. In the case of either  
wood or bone, while decomposition is  
going on, there yet remains a framework  
or fiber, the interstices of which may  
gradually be filled by the mineral sub-  
stance—with flesh, be it human or ani-  
mal, no such framework exists. The  
very rapid decay of flesh also makes it  
impossible for the very slow process of  
petrification to have any effect in the  
way of making a transformation.

The stories of petrified bodies being  
found in graveyards are usually "faked  
up" by some imaginative reporter who  
wishes to lengthen his "string." It is  
true, however, that the bodies of human  
beings have been frequently found in-  
crusted with a silicious substance so as  
to resemble real petrifications in every  
particular.—St. Louis Republic.

Chicago Bootblack—See de old  
hunks wid de eye-glasses? Watch  
me fetch him. (Raising his voice.)  
Dazzling brilliancy imparted to pedal  
covertures for a reasonable pecuni-  
ary compensation while you linger.

The Old Hunks From Boston—  
Here, boy.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Mechanical.

Billy Brushum—I want er bottle o'  
alcohol.

Careful Druggist—Is it for mechan-  
ical purposes?

Billy Brushum—Naw. Artistic.  
Want to mix it wid shoeblickin'—

## IN THE RACE.

## Take Your County Paper.

### Why Every Family Ought to Have It-- No Man Too Poor to Take a Paper.

It is the cheapest thing he can buy. Every time a hen clucks  
and has laid an egg his paper is paid for that week. It costs less  
than a postage stamp, less than to send or receive a single letter.

What Good Does it do You?

It instructs you and broadens your views. It interests your wife,  
and it educates your children. It comes to you every week, rain  
or shine, calm or storm, bringing you the news of the busy world.  
No matter what happens, it enters your door every week as a  
welcome friend, full of sunshine and cheer and interest. It opens  
the door of the great world and puts you face to face with its  
people and its great events. It shortens the long summer days,  
and it enlivens the long winter nights. It is your adviser, your  
gossip, and your friend. No man is just to his children who  
does not give them a good paper to read. No man is good to  
himself and his wife who does not take his county paper.

## Read Every Word of This.

Neglect at any time is bad enough, but if there is any time  
more than another when a man needs a first-class weekly news-  
paper, it is now, and to neglect supplying yourself with one is  
nothing more than working your own injury.

## Lively Times Ahead!

For lively and interesting developments in State politics the  
next six months will be without parallel in any similar period  
since the war, and even now the great campaign is under way.

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Where any patriotic American ought to stand, don't you? Then  
why not help yourself and help your neighbor by subscribing to  
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and you cannot get one that will please you half as much as  
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DARLINGTON, S. C.

### Atlantic Coast Line.

#### The Hartsville Railroad.

Dated Dec. 3, 1893.

#### DAILY MIXED TRAIN.

Leave Hartsville	6:00 am
Jovann	6:20 am
Floyd's	6:35 am
Arrive Darlington	7:20 am
Leave Darlington	8:30 pm
Floyd's	8:00 pm
Jovann	8:20 pm
Arrive Hartsville	8:40 pm

J. F. DIVINE, Gen. Sup't.

### C. & D. and C. & S. Railroads.

In Effect 3, Dec. 1894.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
7 15 Le.	Florence	Ar. 7 25	
7 28	Palmetto	7 11	
7 38	Darlington	7 00	
7 50	Floyd's	6 49	
7 55	Dove's	6 44	
8 13	Society Hill	6 26	
8 27	Cash's	6 12	
8 50	Cheraw	6 00	
9 13	McFarland	5 17	
9 39	Morven	5 04	
9 54 p m	Bennett's	4 51	
10 15 p m	Ar. Wadesboro	Le. 4 30	

LOCAL FREIGHT TRAIN.

Leave Florence	7 30 a m
Darlington	8 40 a m
Arrive Cheraw	11 20 a m
Leave Cheraw	1 00 p m
Darlington	4 00 p m
Arrive Florence	5 00 p m

C. S. GADSDEN, President.

### Northeastern Railroad.

#### TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Jan. 11th, 1894.	No. 35	No. 36	No. 37	No. 38	No. 39	No. 40
Le. Florence	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.
Ar. Kingstree	8 55	8 55	8 55	8 55	8 55	8 55
Ar. Lanes	4 25	9 20	9 20	9 20	9 20	9 20
Ar. Lanes	4 25	9 20	9 20	9 20	9 20	9 20
Ar. Charleston	6 50	9 42	11 20	11 00	8 45	

A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. A. M.

#### TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 78	No. 80	No. 84	No. 86	No. 82	
Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	Ar. M. A. M.	
Ar. Charleston	3 35	5 00	3 30	8 41	7 00
Ar. Lanes	5 30	7 00	5 25	8 25	8 25
Ar. Lanes	5 30	7 00	5 25	8 25	8 25
Ar. Florence	7 10	8 55	6 45	11 30	

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. A. M.

### Wilmington & Weldon, R. R.

#### GOING SOUTH.

DATED	Oct. 28th, 1892.	No. 53	No. 54	No. 55	No. 56	No. 57	No. 58
Leave Wilmington	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30
Arrive Rocky Mount	1 40	1 40	1 40	1 40	1 40	1 40	1 40
Arrive Tarboro	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18
Arrive Tarboro	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18
Arrive Wilson	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18	2 18
Leave Goldsboro	4 14	4 14	4 14	4 14	4 14	4 14	4 14
Leave Magnolia	4 57	4 57	4 57	4 57	4 57	4 57	4 57
Arrive Wilmington	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00	6 00

GOING NORTH.

Dated May 31, 1892.	No. 59	No. 60	No. 61	No. 62	No. 63	No. 64
Leave Wilmington	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30	12 30
Leave Magnolia	1 54	1 54	1 54	1 54	1 54	1 54
Leave Wadesboro	2 55	2 55	2 55	2 55	2 55	2 55
Arrive Goldsboro	2 55	2 55	2 55	2 55	2 55	2 55
Leave Fayetteville	4 53	4 53	4 53	4 53	4 53	4 53
Leave Selma	4 53	4 53	4 53	4 53	4 53	4 53
Arrive Wilson	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 30
Leave Wilson	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 30	6 30
Arrive Rocky Mount	8 00	8 00	8 00	8 00	8 00	8 00
Arrive Tarboro	8 30	8 30	8 30	8 30	8 30	8 30
Arrive Tarboro	8 30	8 30	8 30	8 30	8 30	8 30
Arrive Weldon	10 00	10 00	10 00	10 00	10 00	10 00

\*Daily except Sunday.

### W., C. & A. Railroad.

#### GOING SOUTH.

Dated Dec 3, 1893.

No. 55.	Leaves Wilmington	8:20 p. m.
	Marion	8:11
	Arrives at Florence	6:50
No. 58.	Leaves Florence	*7:10 p. m.
	Arrives at Sumter	8:28
	Arrive Columbia	10:00
No. 58.	Leaves Florence	↑ 7:45
	Arrive at Sumter	9:30
No. 52.	Leaves Sumter	*9:53 a. m.
	Arrives at Columbia	10:05

No. 52 runs through from Charleston via Central Railroad, leaving Lanes 8:40 a. m., Manning 9:15 a. m.

#### GOING NORTH.

No. 51.	Leaves Columbia	*4:30 a. m.
	Sumter	5:57 a. m.
	Arrives at Florence	7:15 a. m.
No. 56.	Leaves Florence	7:40 a. m.
	Marion	8:33
	Arrive at Wilmington	11:10
No. 53.	Leaves Columbia	*4:30 p. m.
	Arrives at Sumter	5:35
No. 59.	Lv. Sumter	5:45 p. m.
	Ar. Florence	6:55 p. m.

\*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

No. 53 runs through to Charleston, via Central R. R., arriving at Manning 8:15 p. m., Lanes 7:00 p. m., Charleston 8:45 p. m.

Trains on Manchester & Augusta R. R. leave Sumter daily, except Sunday, at 10:50 a. m., arrives at Rimini 11:50 a. m., Returning leaves Rimini 1:00 p. m., arrives at Sumter 2:10 p. m.

Trains on Wilmington Chadbourn & Conway railroad leave Chadbourn 10:10 a. m., arrive Conway 12:50 p. m., returning leave Conway at 3:55 p. m., arrive Chadbourn 4:50 p. m., leave Chadbourn 7:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m., arrive Hub at 7:45 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Returning leave Hub 8:15 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrive Chadbourn 9:00 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

J. R. KENLEY, General Manager.  
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.  
J. F. DIVINE, General Superintendent.

### C., S. & N. R. R.

All Trains Daily Except Sunday.

NORTH BOUND.		SOUTH BOUND.	
1	STATIONS.	2	
A. M.		P. M.	
8 10 Lv.	Pregnalla	Ar. 8 50	
8 16	Harleyville	8 50	
8 24	Pecks	8 55	
8 34	Holly Hill	8 55	
8 41	Conners	8 55	
8 50	Lawrenceville	8 57	
9 02	Vances	7 55	
9 17	Merriam's	7 40	
9 29	St. Paul	7 37	
9 35	Sumterton	7 20	
9 44	Silver	7 10	
9 52	Packville	7 00	
10 05	Tindal	6 47	
10 20 Ar.	Sumter	Lv. 6 30	
10 25 Lv.	Sumter	Ar. 6 10	
10 38	Oswego	5 58	
10 51	St. Charles	5 45	
11 01	Ellotts	5 35	
11 16	Lamar	5 20	
11 30	Syracuse	5 05	
11 45 Lv.	Darlington	Ar. 4 50	
12 00	Mont Clare	4 38	
12 11	Robbins Neck	4 20	
12 26	Mandeville	4 05	
12 40 Ar.	Bennettsville	Lv. 3 50	
12 48	Bredens	3 42	
12 53	Alice	3 37	
1 05	Olson	3 25	
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