Edated Aug. 2, 1881.]

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TAX NOTICE.

THE TREASURER OF SUNTER COUNTY gives notice that his books will be open from the FIFTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1890 to the FIFTEENT'H DAY OF DECEM-BER, 1890, for the collection of Taxes for the Fiscal year commencing November 1st, 1889, in Sumter Coraty. The following are the rates per centum of.

1. For State purposes-five and one fourth mills on every dollar of the value of all

half mills on every dollar of such value, of which the proceeds of three mills are to be applied to ordinary County expenses, and one half of one mill to paying the deficiences of the ascal year ending October 31, 1889. 3. For the support of public schools—two mils on every dollar of such value.

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etween the ages of 21 and 50 years.)

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IF YOU ARE GOING WEST Texas, Missouri, Colorado, Oregon and Cali-

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By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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Oueen City" Lient. Fred Lane, U. S. A. receives two letters-one informing him of his promotion to the rank of captain, the other a brief note from Mabel Vincent. CHAPTER 2 .- Gordon Noel, a lieutenant in Lane's cavalry regiment, succeeds, through wheedling the wife of his colonel, in being appointed to the vacancy caused by Lane's promotion. He is disliked by his brother fficers, as he has in the past several times dodged active service in Indian campaigns.

turn the recruiting over to his successor. CHAPTER 4 .- Lieut. Noel arrived to take charge of the recruiting office. He is handsome and agreeable and succeeds in creating the impression that he was a very gallant officer and done brave service on the plains. It is discovered that a clerk named Taintor has embezzled some of the funds of the reeruiting office (forging Lane's name) and decasaped. Noel professes an enthusiastic friendship for Lane. CHAPTER 5 .- Lane writes to Mabel's father

asking permission to pay his addresses to her.
This is granted. Vincent is on the brink of financial disaster. Lane proffers his services. CHAPTER 6 .- The transfer of the recruiting office to Noel is made by Lane, who has orders to return to his regiment in the west. Lane makes good the deficit in the accounts

be money which saves the latter from ruin. Before Lane starts, for the west Mabel promises to marry him. The engagement is to be kept secret at her parents' request.

CHAPTER 8—Noel succeeded in making himself a social favorite by telling false stories of

because of his professed friendship for Lune. CHAPTER 9 -Lane arrives at the frontier post whither be has been ordered and takes command of his company. He writes often to Mabel, and her replies contain frequent reference to Noel who is very attentive. CHAPTER 10 .- Mrs. Viucent is worried by Noel's constant attentions to Mabel. The Vincents go to the mountains, where Noel

visita Mabel. Noel's visit be is somewhat annoyed. He color, as all could see, and then inquired: advises her not to encourage these visits. The Vincents announce the engagement. Lane receives a letter from Mr. Vincent, begging sir. I came slowly, because my horse him to come east at once. Just before Lane was worn out, and because Capt. Lane starts he learns that Mr. Vincent's partner thought that I would meet the troop has defaulted and that Mr. Vincent has died very much nearer the pass. It's more Arriving at the Vincent mansion he enters unannounced, and finds his fiancee clasped in

writes a long, heartbroken letter to Lane, begging forgiveness for her daughter. A few months later Noel and Mabel are married. Lane's health fails again, and he is sent east side. on sick leave. While there he discovers his defaulting clerk, Taintor. News is received of an Indian uprising, and Lane starts, post haste to join his regiment.
CHAPTER 13.—Gordon Noel is made a captain

nd ordered to roport at the frontier for duty in the Indian campaign. His cowardice leads him to resort to every subterfuge to avoid the dangerous duty, but be fails. Lane arrives at the post just in time to head his old company on a raid. Noel is obliged to reluctantly follow with his men.
CHAPTER 14.- Lane and his men head off

the Apaches and, though they are greatly outnumbered, attack them and rescue their captives. The hostiles rally and fall upon the gallant little band with awiul vigor,



Meantime, where are the looked for upports? Lane, with wearied horses, had made the march from the railway station to the pass in a little over fourteen hours. It was 5:30 when he started and 8:15 when he unsaddled among the rocks. He had come through the blazing sunshine of the long June day; sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the lope, ofttimes dismounting and leading when crossing ridges or ravines. He was still pale and weak from his long illness, and suffering from a sorrow that had robbed him of all the buoyancy he had ever possessed. But the sense of duty was as strong as ever, and the soldier spirit triumphed over the ills of the flesh.

and men fresh and eager, with a guide who knew every inch of the way, and the bright starlight to cheer his comrades, could reasonably be expected to cover the same ground in the same time; every old cavalryman knows that horses travel better by night than by day. By good rights he and his men should be at the pass at least an hour before the time set by Lane. It was only a week before that the captain had declared at the Oneen City that he had never felt so 'fit" in his life, and a campaign would Lane started after Indians he was "dead | time rebuked him. enough to remind him.

ventured to suggest a quicker gait, but this troop, sir, and I am responsible for Noel refused, saving that he did not its proper conduct." mean to get his horses to the scene worn And Mason, rebuffed, fell back without and unfit for pursuit. Mr. Mason, out further word. who heard this, begged to remind the captain that pursuit was not the object; shot had been fired. Over the low ridge they were expected to get there in time the dismounted troopers went, and not to help Lane head off the attempt at fur- an Apache was in sight. Then at last it ther flight, and to hold the Apaches, became evident that to cross the stream wherever met, until the pursuing force they would have to ford; and then the could reach them from the north and "recall" was sounded, the horses were hem them in. Noel ranked Mason only run rapidly forward to the skirmish line, a few files, and knew well that all the the men swung into saddle, the rear regiment would side with his subaltern; platoon closed on the one in front, and so he was forced to a show of cordiality cautiously, with Mason leading and Noel and consideration. He rode by the lieu- hanging back a little as though to direct has just reached the railway, bringing tenant's side, assuring him of the sense the march of his column, the troop of strength it gave him to have with him passed through the river and came out a man of such experience. "For your on the other side. The moment they off into captivity. The other was shot sake, Mason, I wish I had been twelve reached the bank Mason struck a trot by a bullet in the desperate fight which hours later, so that you could have had without may orders and the men fol- occurred in San Simon Pass between the no one knew just what it all meant when the glory of this thing to yourself; but lowed him. you know I couldn't stand it. I had to Noel hastened forward, shouting our,

let me go, because I had had good luck ly ordered the leaders to decrease their Apaches fled through the mountains in a very nervous and irritable frame of in the class and number of the recruits I gait and not again to take the trot unless sent him. Personally, too, I'm in no he gave the command.

shape to ride. See how fat I've grown?" Just at this minute, from the heights Mason saw, but said a fifty mile ride to the right and left, half a dozen shots ought not to stagger any cavalryman, were fired in quick succession; a trooper hard or soft, and made no reply what- riding beside the first sergeant threw up ever to the captain's account of how he his arms, with the sudden cry: "My God! succeeded in getting relieved. He didn't | Ive got it!" and fell back from the sadbelieve a word of it. Night came on and found them still twinge along his left arm, and, wheeling marching at a steady walk. Halts for his horse about, shouted: "To the rear! rest, too, had been frequently ordered, to the rear! We're ambushed!" And,

"Be Just and Fear not -- Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's "

he had burst out with an earnest appeal: taking the cue from their leader, reined time at this rate. Surely, sir, the orders | clattering out of the pass. you got from the general must be different from those that came to the post. They said make all speed, lose not a moment. Did not yours say so, too?"

"The general knew very well that I had marched cavalry too often not to understand just how to get there in time," was Noel's stately reply; and, though chafing inwardly, Mason was and still it was no better. Then both the lientenant and the guide, after a moment's consultation during a rest, approached the captain and begged him to ed, the command did, for a while, move

on at a jog, which Mason would fain have increased to the lope, but Noel interposed. Midnight, and more rests, found them fully ten miles behind the point where the guide and lieutenant had planned to be. Even the men had begun to murmur among themselves, and to contrast the captain's spiritless advance with Mr. Mason's lively methods. Two o'clock, and the Pyramid range was still far away. Daybreak came, and Mason was nearly mad with misery, the guide sullen and disgusted. Broad daylight-6 o'clock-and here at last were the Pyramid buttes at their right front, and, coming toward them on the trail, a single horseman. "It is Sergt. Luce," said some of the foremost

troopers. And Luce had a note, which he handed to Lieut. Mason; but that gentleman shook his head and indicated Noel. The captain took it in silence, opened it, CHAPTER 11.—When Mabel writes Lane of glanced over the contents, changed

"How far is it, sergeant?" "It must be fifteen miles from here,

"Had the attack begun before you "Yes, sir: and I could hear the shots as I came out of the pass-hear them dis-

tinctly.' "May I inquire what the news is, captain?" said Mr. Mason, riding up to his

"Well," was 'the reply, "Lane writes that he has headed the Apaches, and that he is just moving in to the attack." "Will you permit me to see the note,

sir?" said Mason, trembling with exasperation at the indifferent manner in which it was received. Noel hesitated: "Presently-presently,

Mr. Mason. We'll move forward at a

Sergt. Luce reined about, and, riding beside the first sergeant of K troop, told him in low tones of the adventures of the previous day and night, and the fact that the Apaches were there just north of the pass and in complete force. The result seemed to be, as the word was passed among the men, to increase the gait to such an extent that they crowded upon the leaders, and Noel, time and again, threw up his hand and warned

the men not to ride over the heels of his Seven o'clock came, and still they had not got beyond the Pyramids. Eight o'clock, and they were not in sight of the pass. Nine o'clock, and still the gorge was not in view. It was not until nearly ten that the massive gateway seemed to open before them, and then. far to the front, their eager ears could catch the sound of very sharp and rapid

"My God!" said Mason, with irrepressible excitement, "there's no question about it, captain, Lane's surrounded there! For heaven's sake, sir, let's get

ahead to his support." "Ride forward, sergeant," said Noel to Luce, "and show us the shortest way you know to where Capt. Lane has corraled his horses-I don't like the idea of entering that pass in column, Mr. Mason. The only safe way to do it will be to dismount and throw a line of skirmishers ahead. If Lane is surrounded the Apaches undoubtedly will open fire on us as we pass through."

"Suppose they do, sir; we've got men enough to drive them back. What we want is to get through there as quickly

But Noel shook his head, and, forming line to the front at a trot, moved forward a few hundred yards, and then, to the intense disgust of Mr. Mason, ordered the first platoon dismounted and pushed shead as skirmishers. Compelled to leave their horses with number four of each set, the other troopers, sullenly, but in disciplined silence, advanced afoot up the gentle slope which led to the heights on the right of the gorge.

Not a shot impeded their advance; not a sound told them that they were even watched. But far up through the pass itself the sound of sharp firing continued, and every now and then a shrill yell indicated that the Apaches were evidently having the best of it.

Again Mason rode to his captain. "I beg you, sir," he said, "to let me take

The pass was reached, and still not a

pull wires like sin to get relieved, as it "Walk, walk." But, finding that they was. Old Hudson, the head of the re- either did not or would not hear in his cruiting service, just swore he wouldn't galloped in front of the troop and stead-

dle. Noel at the same instant felt a and at last Mason could stand it no lon- despite the rallying cry of Mason and ger. After repeated looks at his watch the entreaties of the guide, the men, "Capt. Noel, we'll never get there in to the right and left about and went

More shots came from the Apaches, some aimed at the fleeing troop and others at the little group of men that remained behind; for the poor fellow who had been shot through the breast lay insensible by the side of the stream, and would have been abandoned to his fate but for the courage and devotion of Mason and two of the leading men. compelled to silence. Ten o'clock came, Promptly jumping from their horses, they raised him between them, and, laying him across the pommel of one of the saddles, supported by the troopers, the wounded man was carried back to the increase the gait; and when they mount- ford, and from there out of harm's way.

> gone four cr five hundred yards to the rear, and there the first sergeant—not he -rallied the troop, reformed it, counted fours, and faced it to the front. When Mason returned to them, leading the two troopers and the dying man,

> his face was as black as a thunder cloud. He rode up to his captain, who was stanching with a handkerchief a little stream of blood that seemed to be coming down his left arm, and addressed to him these words: "Capt. Noel, there were not more than

> heights. There was no excuse in God's world, sir, for a retreat. I can take my platoon and go through there now without difficulty, and once again, sir, I implore you to let me do it."

> heard too much from you today, Mr. Mason. If I hear one more word you go to the rear in arrest. I am wounded, sir, but I will not turn over this command to you."

> "Wounded be hanged! Capt. Noel, you've got a scratch of which a child ought to be ashamed," was the furious reply, upon which Noel, considering that he must at all hazards preserve the dignity of his position, ordered Lieut. Mason to consider himself in arrest. And, dismounting, and calling to one or two of the men to assist him, the captain got out of his blouse and had the sleeve of his undershirt cut off, and then, in full hearing of the combat up the pass, proceeded to have a scratch, as Mason had truly designated it, stanched and

> Meantime, the troop, shamefaced and disgusted, dismounted and awaited further developments. For fifteen minutes they remained there, listening to the battle a mile away, and then there came a sound that thrilled every man with excitement-with mad longing to dash to the front; there came crashes of musketry that told of the arrival of strong re-enforcements for one party or another -which party was soon developed by the glorious, ringing cheers that they well recognized to be those of their comrades of Greene's battalion.

"By heavens!" said Mason, with groan, "after all, we have lost our chance! It's Greene, not old K troop, that got

new captain by the men, standing in sullen silence at their horses' heads, were not those that any soldier would have

ments that they anticipated no further resistance. The arriving horseman dismounted, saluted the captain, and reported substantially that the pass was now in possession of Maj. Greene's men,

Then at last it was that the "mount" was sounded by the trumpeter, and half an hour afterwards-fu'l three hours after they should have been there-Capt. Noel, with K troop, arrived at the scene. Lane, faint from loss of blood, was lying under a tree; four of his men were killed; one of the helpless recaptured women had been shot by an Indian bullet; five more of the "Devil's own D's" were lying wounded around among the rocks. Desperate had been the defense; sore had been their need; safe, thoroughly safe, they would have been had Noel got there in time, but it was Greene's battalion that finally reached them only at the last moment. And yet this was the thrilling announcement that appeared in The Queen City Chronicle in its morning edition two days af-

"Gallant Noel! Rescue of the Indian Captives! Stirring Pursuit and Fierce Battle with the Apaches!

"A dispatch received last night by the Hon. Amos Withers announces the relenting foe. She need not be surprised, distant Peloncillos. The words of the of us out of the saddle; and if you fol- return from the front of Capt. Noel, who therefore, if this gentleman should strive young infantry adjutant kept recurring low with the rest of the men they can so recently left our midst, with a portion to do him grievous harm. Mabel blushto him, and he knew of old that when easily be taken care of." But Noel this of his troop, bringing with him the women and children who had been run off | some of her friends, and that night at sure to get 'em," as Mr. Mason was good | "Mr. Mason, I have had too much of by the Apaches on their raid among the the club it was hinted that Lane had your interference," he said, "and I will ranches south of their reservation. The been placed in close arrest for failing to Twice before sunset the guide had tolerate no more. I am in command of captain reports a severe fight, in which support Noel in his desperate assault. many of the regiment were killed and Just at this time, too, Mr. Withers came wounded, he himself, though making back from Washington looking myslight of the matter, receiving a bullet | terious.

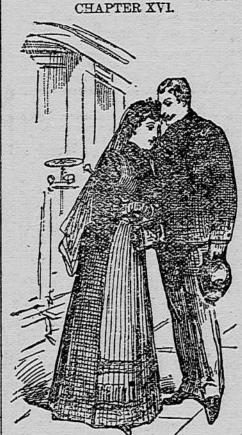
> mander to escort the captives back to the railway. "This dispatch, though of a private failure to carry out positive orders.

official report of the general commanding the department to the adjutant general of the army. It reads as follows: "Cant. Noel, of the Eleventh cavalry, with him all but one of the women and children whom the Apaches had carried

their plunder behind them.

"'It is impossible as yet to give accuheavy.'

"How thoroughly have the predictions of The Chronicle with regard to this gallant officer been fulfilled! To his relatives and his many friends in our midst The Chronicle extends its most hearty congratulations. We predict that the welcome which Capt. Noel will receive will be all that his fondest dreams could possibly have cherished."



He was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet Mabel.

For a week the story of Gordon Noel's heroism was the talk of Queen City society. He had led the charge upon the Indians after a pursuit of over a hundred miles through the desert. He had fought his way to the cave in which these poor captive women were guarded, and had himself cut the thongs that bound them. He was painfully wounded, but never quit the fight till the last savage was driven from the field. For daring and brilliant conduct he was to be promoted over the heads of all the captains in his regiment. His name was already before the president for a vacancy in the adjutant general's department, and the appointment would be announced at once. He was coming east just as soon as the surgeon said he was well enough to travel. Mrs. Noel wanted to join him, but he had telegraped saying no, that he would soon be with her.

So rang the chorus for several days. At the club the men shook hands over the news and sent telegrams of praise and congratulation to Noel and drank his health in bumpers, and two or three old "soreheads," who ventured to point out that the official reports were not yet in, were pooh poohed and put down. Amos Withers had left for Washington on a midnight train immediately after

furnishing The Chronicle with the contents of his dispatch, making no allusion to that part of it which said, "Now push for that vacancy. Not an instant must be lost." Nobody could say nay to the man who had subscribed the heaviest sum to the campaign fund in his own state, and therefore both its senators and half its representatives in the house went with him to the president to urge the immediate nomination of Capt. Noel to the majority in the adjutant general's department made vacant by the promotion consequent upon the retirement of one of its oldest members. Already the war department had furnished the executive with the names and records of the four men whom it considered the most deserving, and Gordon Noel's name was not one of the four. But what was that in comparison with the eminent pecuniary and political services of Mr. Withers, when the nephew had just be-

haved so superbly in action? Meantime, the Apaches had scattered through the mountains, and escaped across the border, the remnant of Lane's troop taking part in the pursuit, and they, with their commander, only slowly returning to the railway. For three or four days Noel had the wires and the correspondents pretty much to himself; but then some of those enterprising news gathers had been getting particulars from the men, and there were two or three of K troop in the detachment who could not conceal their derision and contempt when the newspaper men spoke of the bravery of their captain. This set the correspondents to ferreting, and then the dispatches began to take a different color. The very day that Mabel received her first letter from her husband, and was reading extracts from it to envious friends who had come in to swell the chorus of jubilee and congratulation. an evening paper intimated that recent dispatches received from the seat of war revealed a different state of affairs than

was popularly supposed. But by this time interest was waning. It is the first impression that is always the strongest, the first story that is longest remembered; and no man who has believed one version will accept the truth without vigorous resistance. In his letter to his wife Noel had spoken modestly of himself and slightly of his wounds. This only made her worship him-her hero, her gallant Gordon-the more insanely. He intimated that he had been compelled to place in arrest one of the most prominent officers of the regiment for misconduct in the face of the enemy: and this and previous matters, he said, would surely make of this officer an un-

The next published dispatches were "While the rest of the command had from the general himself. He was ingone on in pursuit of the Apaches the censed over the escape of the Apaches. captain was sent by the battalion com- Measures for the capture were complete, and it was broadly hinted that a certain officer would be brought to trial for his "It is believed," said The Chronicle,

"that the officer referred to is well known in our community, as he had, oddly enough, been a predecessor in the recruiting'service of the actual hero of the campaign." Two weeks went by. There was no announcement of Noel's name as pro-

moted. Other matters occupied the at-

tention of the club and the coteries, and

commands of Capts. Lane and Noel and swidenly left for the frontier to join her husband. Perhaps his wounds were -ore severe than at first reported. Then

the wildest confusion, leaving much of mind, that constant dispatches were passing between him and Capt. Noel in the west, and that suddenly he departed rate accounts of the killed and wounded. again on some mysterious errand for but our losses are reported to have been Washington. And then it was announced that Capt: Noel would not be able to visit the east as had been ex-

> All the same it came as a shock which completely devastated the social circles of the Queen City when it was announced in the New York and Chicago papers that a general court martial had been ordered to assemble at Fort Gregg, New Mexico, for the trial of Capt. Gordon Noel, Eleventh cavalry, on charges of misbehavior in the face of the enemy and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The Chronicle made no allusion to the matter until after it was heralded over the city by the other journals. Then it announced that it was in possession of information showing conclusively that Capt. Noel was the victim of the envy of certain officers in his regiment, and that the charges had been trumped up from the false and prejudiced statement of the man whom he had been compelled to place in arrest for misconduct in action. "Capt. Noel had demanded a court martial," said The Chronicle, "that he might be triumphantly vindicated, as he undoubtedly would be."

At the club several men surrounded Lieut. Bowen with eager inquiry as to the facts in the case. Bowen, who was now in charge of the rendezvous as Noel's successor, was very reticent when interrogated. He said that while an officer might demand a court of inquiry he could not demand a court martial; they were entirely different things; and it was certainly the latter that had been ordered.

"Was there not some likelihood of malice and envy being at the bottom of the charges?" he was asked. "And was it not unfair to let him be tried by officers prejudiced against him?"

Bowen said he did not belong to the Eleventh, but he knew it well enough to say no to the first part of the question. As to the other, there were only two officers from that regiment on the court. and one was Noel's old friend and colonel

-Riggs. It was in the midst of this talk that Mr. Amos Withers had suddenly appeared and hegged a few words in private with Mr. Bowen.

Withers was in a state of nerrous ex-

citement, as any one could see. He talked eagerly, even pleadingly, with the silent lieutenant, and at last suddenly arose, and, with the look of a defeated and discomfited man, left the club house, entered his carriage and was driven rapidly That night an officer from the war department arrived in the Queen City and

was closeted for a while with Lieut.

Bowen, after which the two went to the

chief of police, and in company with

him visited the cell where Taintor, deserter and forger, was confined, took his statement and that of the chief, and with these documents the officer went on to division headquarters. Meantime, the campaign had come to an end. Capt. Noel had reported, in arrest, to the commanding officer at Fort Gregg, and Mrs. Riggs had tearfully greeted him: "She would so love to have her sympathy and friendship; but so many officers of high rank were coming on the court that the colonel was compelled to give every bit of room he had to them." Noel thanked her nervously. and said he could be comfortable any-

where, but his wife was coming; she had telegraphed that she could not be separated from him when he was suffering wrong and outrage. Capt. and Mrs. Lowndes, moved to instant sympathy. begged that he would make their quarters his home, and placed their best room at his disposal. Two evenings afterwards he was per mitted to go himself to the railway to meet poor Mabel, who threw herself into his arms and almost sobbed her heart out at sight of his now haggard and careworn face. Mrs. Lowndes then came forward and strove to comfort her, while Noel rushed off to send some telegrams. Then they drove out to the post, and Mabel's spirits partially revived when

she found that it was not a prison she

had come to share with her husband.

Everybody was so gentle and kind to her; she began to believe there was nothing very serious in the matter after all. It lacked yet five days to the meeting of the court, and in the intervening time there arrived at the posta prominent and distinguished lawyer from the east, sent to conduct the defense by Mr. Withers' orders; and many a long talk did he hold with his client and the officers who were gathering at Gregg.

The charges of misconduct in face of the enemy had been preferred by the department commander, who cited as his witnesses Capt. Lane, Lieut, Mason, Lieut. Royce, the guide and two or three non-commissioned officers. To the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" there were specifications setting forth that he had caused to be circulated and published reports to the effect that it was his command that had been severely engaged, and his command that had rescued the captives and defeated the Indians, which statements he well knew to be false. Two or three correspondents and railway employes and the telegraph operator were witnesses. This would be a hard one to prove affirmatively, as the judge sdvocate found when he examined his witnesses as they arrived, and the great lawyer assured the accused officer that he could secure him an acquittal on that charge. The real danger lay in the testimony of Capt. Lane and Lieut. Mason. who had not yet come.

And now, hour after hour, for two days, Mabel was reading in her huspossessed him; nay; more, the truth was being revealed to her in all its damning details. It might be impossible for the prosecution to prove that he had actually caused the false and boastful stories to be given to the press and the public; Mr. Withers had so proudly come to just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. show her? How about the telegrams a bottle, at J. F. W. DeLotme's Drug Store. 2 and letters she herself had received? What impression could she derive from them but that he was the hero of the whole affair, and that he was lying painfully wounded when he wrote? The or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned in gash through the beautiful white arm blood. No matter how it becomes pois turned out to be a mere scratch upon the must be purified to avoid leath. Dr. Acker's skin, that a pin might have made. It English Hood Elixir has never failed to rewas Greene's command from Fort Gra-hard that had reserved Land and Land under positive guarantes, by J. F. W. ham that had rescued Lane, and Lane DeLorme. with his men who had rescued the captives, and then fought so hard, so desperately; figurest such fearful odds; and Are serive, effective and pure. For sick sustained their greatest losses while her headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite; hero-her Gordon-with nearly fifty bid complexion and biliousness, they have men, was held only a mile away by half

a dozen ragamuffins in the rocks. She

and she loved him Again and again did she question Mr. Falconer, the eminent counsel, as to the possibilities. This gentleman had fought all through the war of the rebellion; and had won high commendation for bravery. He had taken the case because he believed, on Withers' statement, that Noel was a wronged and injured man, and because, possibly, a fee of phenomenal proportion could be looked for. He met among the old captains of the Eleventh men whom he had known in Virginia in the war days, and learned from them what Noel's real reputation was, and, beyond peradventure, how he had shirked and played the coward in the last campaign; so that he, who had known Mabel Vincent from her babyhood and loved her old father, now shrank from the sorrow of having to tell

hinged on the evidence that might be given by Capt. Lane and Mr. Mason. That very night these two officers arrived, together with three members of the court. The following day at 10 o'clock the court was to begin its sessionand four of its members were still to come. That night Mr. Falconer and Noel were closeted with several men in succession, seeking evidence for the defense. That night there came a dispatch from Withers saying he had done his best in Washington, but that it seemed improbable that the president would interfere and accept Noel's resignation from

her the truth. Yet she demanded it, and

he had to say that her busband's fate

Noel showed this to Mabel and sank upon the sofa with a groan of despair. "Oh, my darling!" she whispered; kneeling by his side and throwing her arms about his neck, "don't give way! There must be hope yet! They cannot prove such cruel chargest There must be a way of averting this trouble."

the service.

"There is one," said he, starting un-"There is one, if you will only do it to save me." "What would I not do to save you; Gordon?" she asked, though her face was

paling now with awful dread of what the demand might be: "Mabel, my wife, it is to see him at once. There is nothing that he will not do for you. I know it-for I know what he has done. See him. You know what to say. I cannot prompt you. But get him to tell as little as he possibly can in

regard to this case."

"Gordon!" she cried, "you ask me to do this after the great wrong I did "There is no other way," was the sullen answer. And he turned moodily

speechless:

TO BE CONTINUED | erms for "Man" and "Woman" in Societa There exists much confusion in people's minds as to the proper application of the terms hady or gentleman. It is in very bad taste for a hady to task about "a gentleman friend," or for a gentleman to speak of "a lady friend." He should mention her as "Mrs." or "Miss So-and-So."

and she should simply speak of him as

"Mr. Blank." In fashionable circles a girl says, "I ami going to dance or dine with a man." A man, however, would not announce his intention of dining at a woman's, but at a ledy's house. When to discriminate as to him under her roof, that she might show the proper uses of the words lady or gentleman is the outcome of association with well bred persons, as no ironclad rules can be laid down upon this subject.

A word which makes a cold shiver run down the spinal column of a cultured person is "genteel," which should never be applied to any one in a position above that of a menial. It might be quite proper to speak of a genteel looking maid servant or butler, but no well bred or refined person would express himself in these terms in speaking of an equal.—Countess Annie de Montaigu in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Missouff's Mound Builders. The southeastern corner of this state: comprising the counties of Stoddard, Scott, Mississippi, New Madrid, Pemiscot and Dunklin, must at one time have had an immense population. No quarter of Missouri is so rich in burial mounds covering the remains of previous races. Tumuli and funeral relics, comprising jars, bottles, vases and other objects of earthenware are to be found everywhere, even in

the midst of the swamps. the midst of the swamps.

The colored people do a good business fill digging up these relics and selling them, but what they find is but a tithe of what they leave undisturbed. In one ridge, about ten miles from New Madrid, there are over 200 mounds, from 10 to 20 feet in diameter, each probably containing remains and relics. They are not the remains of the present race of Indians, but of their predecessors, the mound builders, and are interesting to the antiquarian for no other reason than that he knows nothing about them, and is free to speculate concerning their origin and history.-St.

Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Was "In It" That Time. A benevolent looking gentleman of clerical appearance stopped at the bridge entrance and got a paper from one of the street gamins that hover about in that locality like bees before a hive. The happy urchin had scurried off for change and was soon lost to view with a "Hi Jimmie, give me de coppers." The benevolent gentleman waited a moment and then, concluding that he was perhaps face to face with an illustration of frail humanity wrestling in the throes of heavy temptation, started for the cars. He had gotten but a short distance when he felt a tugging at the tail of his cost. Looking around he saw the bright face of the little chap and his change

in the boy's extended fist. "Here's yer coppers, boss." "Are you always as honest as this?" said the gentleman. 'Cept when I ain't in it." piped the little

The gentleman took the hint, and the newsboy was "in it" to the extent of a

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind.; writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me sness that truth was defined feeling and ing from Kiddey and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best kidney and liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says : Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all rail down and don't care whether he lives or dies; but how about the telegrams and letters | he found new strength, good appetite and felt

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH: Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples

DR: ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS never been equaled, either in America or abroad: Sold by Dr J. F. W. DeLorme.

had almost adored him, believing him For Over Fifty Years. godlike in courage and magnanimity; Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup has been but now on every side the real facts need for children teething. It soothes the were coming to light, and she even child, softens the gums; allays all puis, cures wrung them from his rejuctant lips: wind colic, and is the best remedy for ticeu that Mr. Withers was in And yet-and yet-he was her husband; Diaribora. Twenty-five cents a bottle:

I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children."

Da. G. C. Oscoon,

Lowell, Mass.

Experienced Land Surveyor.

Best Baisse: and Collection Agency in forcis, or any point WEST or NORTH-er and desires property holders having I. IST— IT WILL PAY YOU To write to me.

Tecants accurate and rests collected FRED D. BUSH,

CHAPTER 1 .- In a recruiting office in the

CHAPTER 3 - Capt. Lane is desperately in love with Mabel Vincent. He prepares to

out of his own pocket.
CHAPTER 7.—Lane fernishes to Mr Vincent

his own bravery. He becomes acquainted with the Vincents and is invited to their house

Gordon Noel's arms CHAPTER 12 .- Lane returns to his post after long illness. Matel has thrown him over and becomes engaged to Noel. Mrs. Vincent



For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to

Noel, starting at 4:45 p. m., with horse just suit him. Things seemed to have a my platoon, or the other one, and charge different color, however, as he watched through there. It isn't possible that the going down of the sun behind the they can knock more than one or two

SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1890.

By this time Noel, at full gallop, had

six or eight Apaches guarding those

Noel's reply was, "I have already

there in time to save them." The looks that were cast towards their

Directing the first sergeant to talk half dozen troopers and feel their way cautionsly to the front and ascertain what that new sound meant, the rest of the men meanwhile to remain at ease, Noel still sat there on the ground, as though faint from loss of blood. The bleeding. however, had been too trifling to admit of any such supposition on the part of those who had been looking on. The cheering up the pass increased. The firing rapidly died away. Soon it was seen that the first sergeant was signaling, and presently a man came riding back. The sergeant and the others disappeared, going fearlessly into the pass, and evidently indicating by their move-

and that the Apaches were in full flight towards the south, some of the troops

through the left arm.

character, is fully substantiated by the

off. Gr -a's batendeavoring w tation of the Meyerth maived in time w

the Assences, whose retreat they were