



ROCKADE-BREAKER. Copyright 1891 by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Published by Special Arrangement.

CHAPTER XV. THE PRECIOUS FREIGHT OF MEDICINES AND STORES REMOVED. Peto hauled his boat ashore and led the way through crisp grass and frozen brush.

"I must get to headquarters the first moment possible, Mr. Barron. And I would ask the best horse you can spare for the ride."

"Bad the best, so far as speed goes, in this stage of forage," the officer answered. "But you can take mine, if he'll stand a rider with that marvelous costume. My relief comes soon after sunrise, Miss Clay, and I can carry you in them."

"I suppose I do," the boy replied; though a comical look of bewilderment crossed his frank face, as he added: "But I'll obey, all the same. Good-by, Mr. Barron; and thank you heartily, sir. Good-by, Peto. Here, shake hands. You're a perfect paragon among beasts!"

"Thank you, bossy, I'm sholy," the black answered, gravely. "I wor fotted up dat way, from de nuss."

"Good-by, Caro, you dear, brave girl! You ought to be a man." The old vein dominated the reckless boy even then; for he bent from saddle to whisper low: "Even though Capt. Charlton would not think also a trusty guide and driver."

"Even though Capt. Charlton would not think also a trusty guide and driver," the boy said, looking at the general with a mischievous smile.

"You know the writer of this story," the general said, looking at the boy with a mischievous smile.

Spite of the bitter weather, federal cavalry had massed above Washington, and in the saddle, and silently and swiftly by forced march, that dropped man and horse by the way—bore down upon Stuart's advance.

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Parks for the People—They "Pay" in Every way. When a portion of a city is improved there are always spaces of ground at the junctions of streets, plots of irregular shape triangles, etc., that would be readily made to lead an elegant air to the neighborhood by the judicious use of a few trees, shrubs, and flowers.

Terrel, Texas, is a small land town, but "Uncle Jim Harris" is one of those sensible people who would rather be a big toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a large puddle.

During the early heat of the present campaign an unprominent citizen of Terrel, taking time by the forelock, started out with a petition for the appointment of himself as postmaster under the coming Democratic administration.

Notice. A meeting of the stockholders of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the Masonic Temple in the city of Sumter, at 10 o'clock, P. M. on the 5th day of January, 1893.

Notice. While visiting schools, and until further notice, the School Commissioner will be in his office, only on Saturdays and Sundays.

Fire Announcement. All goods damaged by water are put aside. Goods not damaged will be sold at New York cost.

Moses Green. A large and select line of Dolls, Toys, Etc., To be sold low down. T. C. Scaffé.

Iron Mixture. The Purest and Best Tonic in the World. Compound Oxygen. If you are suffering from catarrh—if you have indigestion or constipation—if you have little or no appetite—if life has become a burden to you—if you are nervous and if you are beginning to run down—if you would seek relief without risk—if you would seek remedy that already has the endorsement of tens of thousands of intelligent people, and is thoroughly established in the public confidence, send a postal of inquiry to Dr. S. S. Sturges, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., or to Mrs. A. W. Moore, Florence, S. C.

Atlantic Coast Line. Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta R. R. Condensed Schedule. Trains going South.

Atlantic Coast Line. Trains going North. Daily, 7 days except Sunday.

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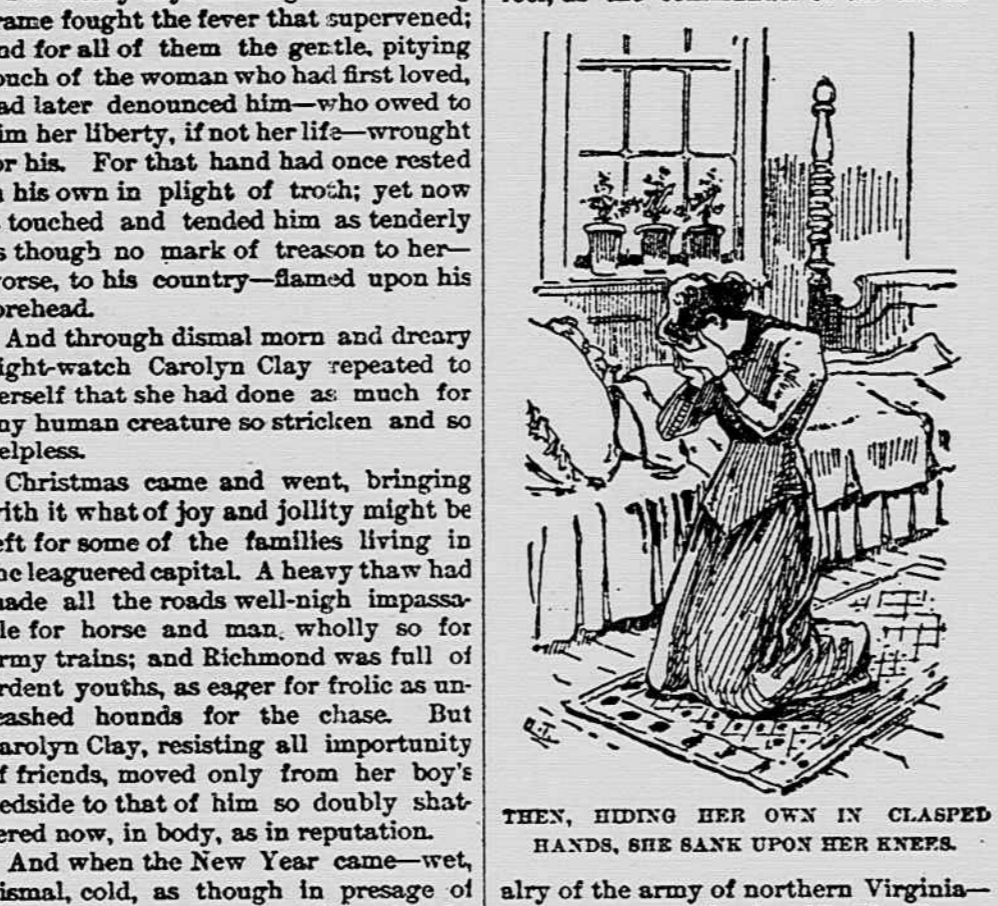
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THEY, HIDING HER OWN IN CLASPED HANDS, SHE BARE UP HER KNEES.

alry of the army of northern Virginia—"Lee's strong right hand," Flag Regent Arturicus—ran down the stairs as lightly as a boy. And, bound to solemn council with the president and corps commanders as he was, his mellow baritone voice rolled out, not softly:

"What day is it?" she asked, feebly. "New Year day," she rose, speaking very low.

"New Year! Twelve months ago you—" "Hush," she whispered. "You must not talk."



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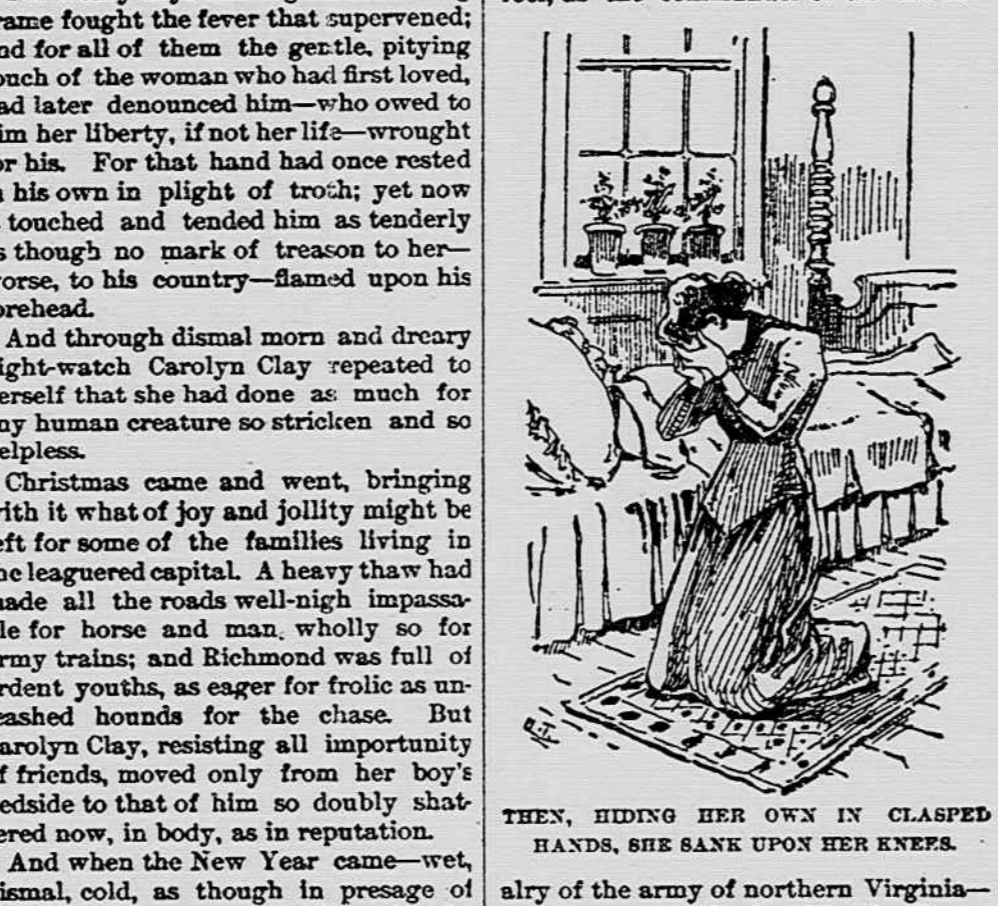
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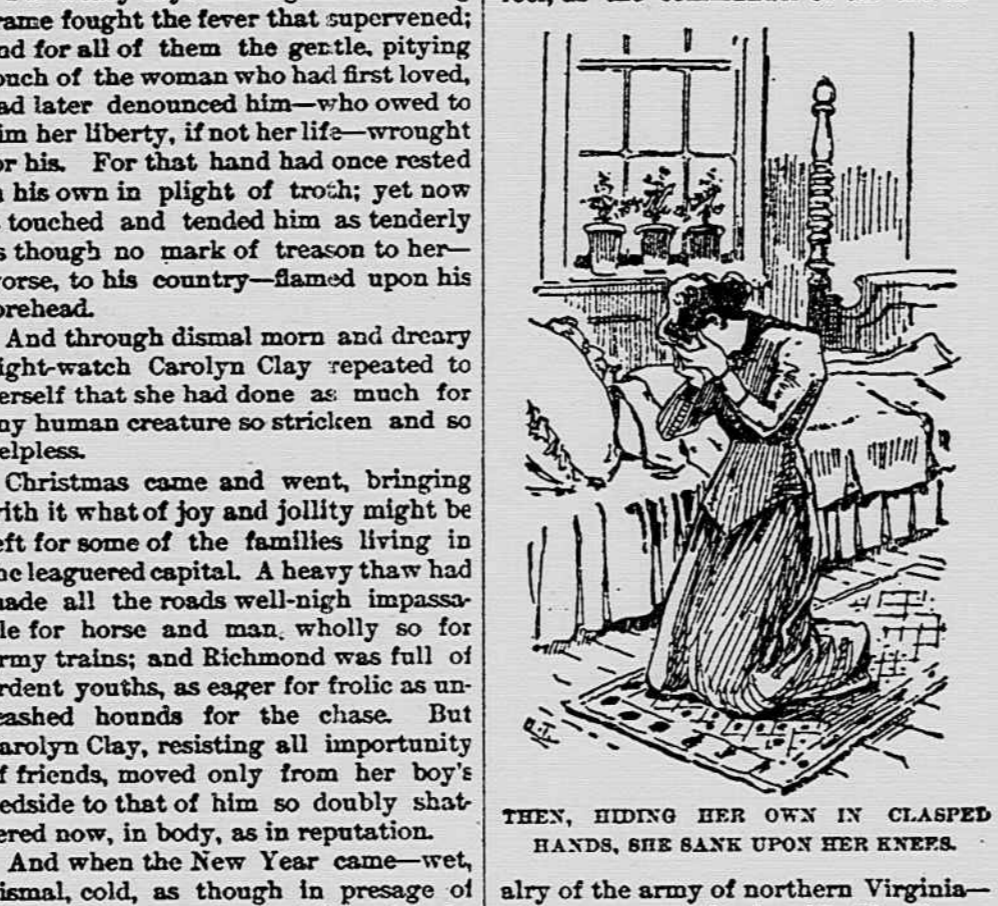
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