

THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

"You poor little sprats. And you want to go up to the front with the regiment, do you? Why?"

"I've worn the queen's uniform for two years," said Jakin. "It's very hard, sir, that a man don't get no recompense for doin' 'is dooty, sir."

"An—an if I don't go, sir," interrupted Lew, "the bandmaster 'e says 'e'll catch an make a bloo—a blessed musician o' me, sir. Before I've seen any service, sir."

The colonel made no answer for a long time. Then he said quietly: "If you're passed by the doctor, I dare say you can go. I shouldn't smoke if I were you."

The boys saluted and disappeared. The colonel walked home and told the story to his wife, who nearly cried over it. The colonel was well pleased. If that was the temper of the children, what would not the men do?

Jakin and Lew entered the boys' barrack room with great stateliness and refused to hold any conversation with their comrades for at least ten minutes. Then, bursting with pride, Jakin drawled: "I've bin interviewin the colonel. Good old beggar is the colonel. Says I to 'im, 'Colonel,' says I, 'let me go to the front along o' the regiment.'" "To the front you shall go," says 'e, "an I only wish there was more like you among the dirty little devils that bang the bloomin drums." Kidd, if you throw your 'countermarts at me for tellin you the truth to your own advantage your legs'll swell."

None the less, there was a battle royal in the barrack room, for the boys were consumed with envy and hate, and neither Jakin nor Lew behaved in conciliatory wise.

"I'm goin out to say adoo to my girl," said Lew to cap the climax. "Don't none o' you touch my kit, because it's wanted for active service, me bein specially invited to go by the colonel."

He strolled forth and whistled in the clump of trees at the back of the married quarters till Cris came to him, and, the preliminary kisses being given and taken, Lew began to explain the situation.

"I'm goin to the front with the regiment," he said valiantly.

"Piggy, you're a little liar," said Cris, but her heart misgave her, for Lew was not in the habit of lying.

"Liar yourself, Cris," said Lew, slipping an arm round her. "I'm goin. When the reg'ment marches out, you'll see me with 'em, all gallant an gay. Give us another kiss, Cris, on the cheek."

"If you'd on'y a-staid at the depot, where you ought to ha' bin, you could get as many o' 'em as—as you dam please," whimpered Cris, putting up her mouth.

"It's 'ard, Cris. I grant you it's 'ard. But what's a man to do? If I'd a-staid at the depot, you wouldn't think anything o' me."

"Like as not, but I'd 'ave you with me, Piggy. An all the thinkin in the world isn't like kissin'."

"An all the kissin in the world isn't like 'avin a medal to wear on the front o' your coat."

"You won't get no medal."

"Oh, yus, I shall, though. Me an Jakin are the only acting drummers that'll be took along. All the rest is full men, an we'll get our medals with 'em."

"They might ha' taken anybody but you, Piggy. You'll get killed—you're so venturesome. Stay with me, Piggy, darlin, down at the depot, an I'll love you true forever."

"Ain't you goin to do that now, Cris? You said you was."

"O' course I am, but the other's more comfortable. Wait till you've grown a bit, Piggy. You aren't no taller than me now."

"I've bin in the army for two years, an I'm not goin to get out of a chanst o' seein service, an don't you try to make me do so. I'll come back, Cris, an when I take on as a man I'll marry you—marry you when I'm a lance."

"Promise, Piggy?"

Lew reflected on the future as arranged by Jakin a short time previously, but Cris' mouth was very near to his own.

"I promise, s'elp me Gawd!" said he.

Cris slid an arm round his neck.

"I won't 'old you back no more, Piggy. Go away an get your medal, an I'll make you a new button bag as nice as I know how," she whispered.

"Put some o' your 'air into it, Cris, an I'll keep it in my pocket so long's I'm alive."

Then Cris wept anew, and the interview ended. Public feeling among the drummer boys rose to fever pitch, and the lives of Jakin and Lew became unenviable. Not only had they been permitted to enlist two years before the regulation boy's age—14—but, by virtue, it seemed, of their extreme youth, they were allowed to go to the front—which thing had not happened to acting drummers within the knowledge of boy. The band which was to accompany the regiment had been cut down to the regulation 20 men, the surplus returning to the ranks. Jakin and Lew were attached to the band as supernumeraries, though they would much have preferred being company buglers.

"Don't matter much," said Jakin after the medical inspection. "Be thankful that we're 'lowed to go at all. The doctor 'e said that if we could stand what we took from the bazaar sergeant's son we'd stand pretty nigh anything."

"Which we will," said Lew, looking tenderly at the ragged and ill made housewife that Cris had given him with a lock of her hair worked into a sprawling "L" upon the cover.

"It was the best I could," she sobbed. "I wouldn't let mother nor the sergeant's tailor 'elp me. Keep it always, Piggy, an remember I love you true."

They marched to the railway station 960 strong, and every soul in cantonments turned out to see them go. The drummers gnashed their teeth at Jakin and Lew marching with the band, the married women wept upon the platform, and the regiment cheered its noble self black in the face.

"A nice level lot," said the colonel to the second in command as they watched the first four companies entraining.

"Fit to do anything," said the second in command enthusiastically. "But it seems to me they're a thought too young and tender for the work in hand. It's bitter cold up at the front now."

"They're sound enough," said the colonel. "We must take our chance of sick casualties."

So they went northward, ever northward, past droves and droves of camels, armies of camp followers and legions of laden mules, the throng thickening day by day, till with a shriek the train pulled up at a hopelessly congested junction where six lines of temporary track accommodated six 40 wagon trains; where whistles blew, Babocs sweated and commissariat officers swore from dawn till far into the night amid the wind driven chaff of the fodder bales and the lowing of a thousand steers.

"Hurry up! You're badly wanted at the front," was the message that greeted the Fore and Aft, and the occupants of the Red Cross carriages told the same tale.

"Tisn't so much the bloomin fightin'," gasped a head bonnet trooper of Hussars to a knot of admiring Fore and Afts. "Tisn't so much the bloomin fightin', though there's enough o' that. It's the bloomin food an the bloomin climate. Frost all night 'cept when it hails an b'illin sun all day, an the water stinks fit to knock you down. I got my 'ead chipped like an egg. I've got pneumonia, too. an my ruts is all out o' order. Tain't no bloomin picnic in those parts, I can tell you."

"Wot are the niggers like?" demanded a private.

"There's some prisoners in that train yonder. Go an look at 'em. They're the aristocracy o' the country. The common folk are a dashed sight uglier. If you want to know what they fight with, reach under my seat an pull out the long knife that's there."

They dragged out and beheld for the first time the grim, bone handled, triangular Afghan knife. It was almost as long as Lew.

"That's the thing to j'int you," said the trooper feebly.

"It can take off a man's arm at the shoulder as easy as slicing butter. I halved the beggar that used that un, but there's more o' his likes up above. They don't understand thrustin, but they're devils to slice."

The men strolled across the tracks to inspect the Afghan prisoners. They were unlike any "niggers" that the Fore and Aft had ever met—these huge, black haired, scowling sons of the Bnei-Israel. As the men stared the Afghans spat freely and muttered one to another, with lowered eyes.

"My eyes! Wot awful swine!" said Jakin, who was in the rear of the procession. "Say, old man, how you got pucked, eh? Kiswasti, you wasn't hanged for your ugly face, hey?"

The tallest of the company turned, his leg irons clanking at the movement, and stared at the boy. "See!" he cried to his fellows in Pushto. "They send children against us. What a people and what fools!"

"Hya!" said Jakin, nodding his head cheerily. "You go down country. Khana get, peenikapane get—live like a bloomin raja ke marfik. That's a better bandobust than baynit get it in your innards. Goodby, ole man. Take care o' your beautiful figure'd an try to look kushy."

The men laughed and fell in for their first march, when they began to realize that a soldier's life was not all beer and skittles. They were much impressed with the size and bestial ferocity of the niggers whom they had now learned to call "Paythans," and more with the exceeding discomfort of their own surroundings. Twenty old soldiers in the corps would have taught them how to make themselves moderately snug at night, but they had no old soldiers, and, as the troops on the line of march said, "they lived like pigs." They learned the heartbreaking cussedness of camp kitchens and camels and the depravity of an E. P. tent and a wither wrong mule. They studied animalcules in water and developed a few cases of dysentery in their study.

At the end of their third march they were disagreeably surprised by the arrival in their camp of a hammered iron slug which, fired from a steady rest at 700 yards, flicked out the brains of a private seated by the fire. This robbed them of their peace for a night and was the beginning of a long range fire carefully calculated to that end. In the daytime they saw nothing except an occasional puff of smoke from a crag above the line of march. At night there were distant spurts of flame and occasional casualties, which set the whole camp blazing into the gloom, and occasionally into opposite tents. Then they swore vehemently and vowed that this was magnificent, but not war.

Indeed it was not. The regiment could not halt for reprisals against the franc-tireurs of the countryside. Its duty was to go forward and make connection with the Scotch and Gurkha troops with which it was brigaded. The Afghans knew this and knew, too, after their first tentative shots, that they were dealing with a raw regiment. Thereafter they devoted themselves to the task of keeping the Fore and Aft on the strain. Not for anything would they have taken equal liberties with a seasoned corps—with the wicked little Gurkhas, whose delight it was to lie out in the open on a dark night and stalk their stalkers—with the terrible, big men dressed in women's clothes who could be heard praying to their God in the night watches, and whose peace of mind no amount of "sniping" could shake—or with those vile Sikhs, who marched so ostentatiously unprepared

and who dealt out such grim reward to those who tried to profit by that unpreparedness. This white regiment was different—quite different. It slept like a hog, and, like a hog, charged in every direction when it was roused. Its sentries walked with a footfall that could be heard for a quarter of a mile; would fire at anything that moved—even a driven donkey—and, when they had once fired, could be scientifically "rushed" and laid out a horror and an offense against the morning sun. Then there were camp followers who straggled and could be cut up without fear. Their shrieks would disturb the white boys, and the loss of their services would inconvenience them sorely.

Thus at every march the hidden enemy became bolder, and the regiment writhed and twisted under attacks it could not avenge. The crowning triumph was a sudden night rush ending in the cutting of many tent ropes, the collapse of the sodden canvas and a glorious knifing of the men who struggled and kicked below. It was a great deed, neatly carried out, and it shook the already shaken nerves of the Fore and Aft. All the courage that they had been required to exercise up to this point was the "O'clock in the morning courage," and they so far had only succeeded in shooting their comrades and losing their sleep.

Sullen, discontented, cold, savage, sick, with their uniforms dulled and unclean, the Fore and Aft joined their brigade.

"I hear you had a tough time of it coming up," said the brigadier. But when he saw the hospital sheets his face fell.

"This is bad," said he to himself. "They're as rotten as sheep." And aloud to the colonel: "I'm afraid we can't spare you just yet. We want all we have, else I should have given you ten days to recruit in."

The colonel winced. "On my honor, sir," he returned, "there is not the least necessity to think of sparing us. My men have been rather mauled and upset without a fair return. They only want to go in somewhere where they can see what's before them."

"Can't say I think much of the Fore and Aft," said the brigadier in confidence to his brigade major. "They've lost all their soldiering, and by the trim of them might have marched through the country from the other side. A more fagged out set of men I never put eyes on."

"Oh, they'll improve as the work goes on. The parade gloss has been rubbed off a little, but they'll put on field polish before long," said the brigade major. "They've been mauled, and they quite don't understand it."

They did not. All the hitting was on one side, and it was cruelly hard hitting, with accessories that made them sick. There was also the real sickness that laid hold of a strong man and dragged him howling to the grave. Worst of all, their officers knew just as little of the country as the men themselves and looked as if they did. The Fore and Aft were in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition, but they believed that all would be well if they could once get a fair go in at the enemy. Pot shots up and down the valleys were unsatisfactory, and the bayonet never seemed to get a chance. Perhaps it was as well, for a long limbed Afghan with a knife had a reach of eight feet and could carry away enough lead to disable three Englishmen. The Fore and Aft would like some rifle practice at the enemy—all 700 rifles blazing together. The Gurkhas walked into their camp, and in broken, barrack room English strove to fraternize with them; offered them pipes of tobacco and stood them treat at the canteen. But the Fore and Aft, not knowing much of the nature of the Gurkhas, treated them as they would treat any other "niggers," and the little men in green trotted back to their firm friends, the highlanders, and, with many grins, confided to them: "That dam white regiment no dam use. Sulky—ugh! Dirty—ugh! Hya, any tot for Johnny?" Whereat the highlanders smote the Gurkhas as to the head and told them not to vilify a British regiment, and the Gurkhas grinned cavernously, for the highlanders were their elder brothers and entitled to the privileges of kinship. The common soldier who touches a Gurkha is more than likely to have his head sliced open.

Three days later the brigadier arranged a battle according to the rules of war and the peculiarity of the Afghan temperament. The enemy were massing in inconvenient strength among the hills, and the moving of many green standards warned him that the tribes were "up" in aid of the Afghan regular troops. A squadron and a half of Bengal lancers represented the available cavalry, and two screw guns, borrowed from a column 30 miles away, the artillery at the general's disposal.

"If they stand, as I've a very strong notion that they will, I fancy we shall see an infantry fight that will be worth watching," said the brigadier. "We'll do it in style. Each regiment shall be played into action by its band, and we'll hold the cavalry in reserve."

"For all the reserve?" somebody asked.

"For all the reserve, because we're going to crumple them up," said the brigadier, who was an extraordinary brigadier and did not believe in the value of a reserve when dealing with Asiatics. And indeed, when you come to think of it, had the British army consistently waited for reserves in all its little affairs, the boundaries of our empire would have stopped at Brighton beach.

That battle was to be a glorious battle.

The three regiments, debouching from three separate gorges, after duly crowning the heights above, were to converge from the center, left and right upon what we will call the Afghan army, then stationed toward the lower extremity of a flat bottomed valley. Thus it will be seen that three sides of the valley practically belonged to the English, while the fourth was strictly Afghan property. In the event of de-

feat the Afghans had the rocky hills to fly to, where the fire from the guerrilla tribes in aid would cover their retreat. In the event of victory these same tribes would rush down and lend their weight to the screw of the British.

The scout guns were to shell the head of each Afghan rush that was made in close formation, and the cavalry, held in reserve in the right valley, were to gently stimulate the break up which would follow on the combined attack. The brigadier, sitting upon a rock overlooking the valley, would watch the battle unrolled at his feet. The Fore and Aft would debouch from the central gorge, the Gurkhas from the left and the highlanders from the right, for the reason that the left flank of the enemy seemed as though it required the most hammering. It was not every day that an Afghan force would take ground in the open, and the brigadier was resolved to make the most of it.

"If we only had a few more men," he said plaintively, "we could surround the creatures and crumple 'em up thoroughly. As it is, I'm afraid we can only cut them up as they run. It's a great pity."

The Fore and Aft had enjoyed unbroken peace for five days and were beginning, in spite of dysentery, to recover their nerve. But they were not happy, for they did not know the work in hand and, had they known, would not have known how to do it. Throughout those five days in which old soldiers might have taught them the craft of the game they discussed together their misadventures in the past—how such a one was alive at dawn and dead ere the dusk, and with what shrieks and struggles such another had given up his soul under the Afghan knife. Death was a new and horrible thing to the sons of mechanics who were used to die decently of zymotic disease, and their careful conservation in barracks had done nothing to make them look upon it with less dread.

Very early in the dawn the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with a misguided enthusiasm, turned out without waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and were rewarded by being kept under arms in the cold while the other regiments leisurely prepared for the fray.

The Fore and Aft waited, leaning upon their rifles and listening to the protests of their empty stomachs. The colonel did his best to remedy the default of lining as soon as it was borne in upon him that the affair would not begin at once, and so well did he succeed that the coffee was just ready when—the men moved off, their band leading. Even then there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour. Their band wheeled to the right after reaching the open and retired behind a little rocky knoll, still playing, while the regiment went past.

It was not a pleasant sight that opened on the unobstructed view, for the lower end of the valley appeared to be filled by an array of position—real and actual regiments, attired in red coats and—of this there was no doubt—firing Martini-Henry bullets, which cut up the ground 100 yards in front of the leading company. Over that pockmarked ground the regiment had to pass, and it opened the ball with a general and profound courtesy to the piping pickets, ducking in perfect time, as though it had been brazed on a rod. Being half capable of thinking for itself, it fired a volley by the simple process of pitching its rifle into its shoulder and pulling the trigger. The bullets may have accounted for some of the watchers on the hillside, but they certainly did not affect the mass of enemy in front, while the noise of the rifles drowned any orders that might have been given.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock high above all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others. A d let the screw guns get off."

But the screw guns, in working round the heights, had stumbled upon a wasp's nest of a small mud fort, which they incontinently shelled at 800 yards, to the huge discomfort of the occupants, who were unaccustomed to weapons of such devilish precision.

The Fore and Aft continued to go forward, but with shortened stride. Where were the other regiments, and why did these niggers use Martinis? They took open order instinctively, lying down and firing at random, rushing a few paces forward and lying down again, according to the regulations. Once in this formation each man felt himself desperately alone and edged in toward his fellow for comfort's sake.

Then the crack of his neighbor's rifle at his ear led him to fire as rapidly as he could—again for the sake of the comfort of the noise. The reward was not long delayed. Five volleys plunged the files in banked smoke impenetrable to the eye, and the bullets began to take ground 20 or 30 yards in front of the files, as the weight of the bayonet dragged down and to the right arms wearied with holding the kick of the leaping Martini. The company commanders peered helplessly through the smoke, the more nervous mechanically trying to fan it away with their helmets.

"High and to the left!" bawled a captain till he was hoarse. "No good! Cease firing, and let it drift away a bit."

Three and four times the bugles shrieked the order, and when it was obeyed the Fore and Aft looked that their foe should be lying before them in mown swaths of men. A light wind drove the smoke to leeward and showed the enemy still in position and apparently unaffected. A quarter of a ton of lead had been buried a furlong in front of them, as the ragged earth attested.

A private of the Fore and Aft spun up his company shrieking with agony, another was kicking the earth and gasping, and a third, ripped through the lower intestines by a jagged bullet, was calling aloud on his comrades to put him out of his pain. These were the casualties, and they were not soothing to hear or see. The smoke cleared to a dull haze

How to Be Strong.

Mr. Froebel, of Froebel and Ruge, the great gymnasts who were in the city last week, was asked about the best mode of exercise for a young man who wishes to become an athlete.

"If," said Mr. Froebel, "a young man wishes to enjoy the very best of health and build up his strength he should begin exercising with great care and moderation.

"I understand you have a good athletic club here. The young man should exercise as follows:

"He should run around the track or course for one minute with dumb bells weighing not more than two pounds. Then exercise on the rings one minute. Then jump up and down on the spring or batant board for one minute. Then go on the trapeze for one minute. Then on the horizontal bar one minute, and after that punch the bag for one minute, and then work with the rowing machine for one minute.

"That," said Mr. Froebel, "makes eight minutes a day, quite enough for a starter. Let him keep this exercise up for several weeks, and then increase the exercise gradually to three minutes on each machine—that will make 25 minutes a day. He can afterwards as he gains agility and strength increase to five minutes on each machine named.

"Now, then," said the gymnast, "if a feeble, sickly young man will do what I have advised, in one year this daily exercise will not only make him a new and perfectly healthy man, but one of the greatest athletes of the country.

"I am not telling the young man how to train for a profession. I am simply telling him how to get health, the greatest of all blessings, and strength—how to build up his body.

"After each day's exercise the young man should bathe in tepid water, then take a cold shower bath and be rubbed down thoroughly. He will be sore, of course, at first, but this will soon pass off.

"Now then," said he, "the running will strengthen the lungs and legs, the dumb bells and rings the arms, chest and shoulders, the rowing machine the back, the horizontal bar the stomach, the spring board the feet and ankles, punching the bag will quicken the eye and hand, and the trapeze will steady and make strong the nerves, train the eyes, strengthen the judgment and improve the mind."

"What else?"

"Young men," said he, "should always wear a supporter when exercising, the lightest gymnastic clothes that can be had."

"Should young women take gymnastic exercises?" he was asked.

"Yes—the same as young men. Let them take these exercises which I have outlined, either at home or establish a ladies' gymnasium such as they have in the north and west. The south needs such women gymnasiums. They will give health and strength and happiness to thousands of southern ladies who are weak and look like invalids and are undeveloped and move about slowly and sadly, all for the want of proper exercise.

"Proper physical exercise," said he, "is the best medicine in the world and will make new men and women out of people who mope around half sick, complaining and depressed.

"Ladies should follow the directions which I have given for the men, and with Macbeth they can say:

"'Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it.'"

Mr. Froebel is a German. He has spent his life in athletics, is never sick and ought to know exactly what he is talking about.—Atlanta Journal.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of South Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.
In effect November 20th, 1898.

SOUTHBOUND.

No. 35	No. 57
Lv Darlington,	8 02 am
Lv Elliott,	8 45 am
Lv Sumter,	9 25 am
Lv Sumter,	7 29 am
Lv Creston,	5 17 am
Lv Creston,	5 45 am
Lv Praelgals,	6 15 am
Lv Orangeburg,	5 40 am
Lv Denmark,	6 12 am

NORTHBOUND.

No. 32	No. 56
Lv Denmark,	4 17 pm
Lv Orangeburg,	4 00 pm
Lv Praelgals,	10 00 am
Lv Creston,	3 50 pm
Lv Creston,	5 13 pm
Lv Sumter,	6 03 pm
Lv Sumter,	6 40 pm
Lv Elliott,	7 20 pm
Lv Darlington,	8 05 pm

†Daily except Sunday.
Trains 82 and 35 carry through Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping cars between New York and Macon via Augusta.
T. M. EMERSON, H. M. EMBESSON,
Traffic Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE
North-Eastern R. R. of S. C.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

Dated	No. 35	No. 23	No. 53
Apl. 17, '99	am	pm	53*
Lv Florence	3 25	7 45	
Lv Kingtree		8 55	
Lv Lanes	4 33	9 13	pm
Lv Lanes	4 33	9 13	6 20
Lv Charleston	6 03	10 50	8 00

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 78*	No. 32*	No. 52*	
Lv Charleston	6 33	4 49	7 00
Lv Lanes	8 03	6 14	8 32
Lv Lanes	8 03	6 14	
Lv Kingtree	8 20		
Lv Florence	9 20	7 20	
	am	pm	am

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.
No. 52 runs through to Columbia via Central R. R. of S. C.
Trains Nos. 78 and 32 run via Wilson and Fayetteville—Short Line—and make close connection for all points North.
Trains on C. & D. R. R. leave Florence daily except Sunday 9 50 a. m., arrive Darlington 10 15 a. m., Hartsville 9 15 a. m., Cheraw 11 30 a. m., Wadesboro 2 25 p. m., leave Florence daily except Sunday 7 55 p. m., arrive Darlington 8 20 p. m., Bennettsville 9 17 p. m., Gibson 9 45 p. m., leave Florence Sunday only 9 30 a. m., arrive Darlington 10 05 a. m.
Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 6 00 a. m., Bennettsville 7 00 a. m., arrive Darlington 8 00 a. m., leave Darlington 8 50 a. m., arrive Florence 9 15 a. m., leave Wadesboro daily except Sunday 3 00 p. m., Cheraw 4 45 p. m., Hartsville 7 00 a. m., Darlington 6 25 p. m., arrive Florence 7 00 p. m., leave Darlington Sunday only 8 50 a. m., arrive Florence 9 15 a. m.
J. R. KENLY, JNO. F. DIVINE,
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Sup't
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Atlantic Coast Line.
WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND ASHLEY RAILROAD.
Condensed Schedule.
Dated April 17, 1893.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 55	No. 35
Lv Wilmington	8 35
Lv Marion	8 24
Arrive Florence	7 15
	pm
Lv Florence	7 45
Arrive Sumter	8 57
	am
Lv Sumter	8 57
Arrive Columbia	10 20


No. 52 runs through from Charleston via Central R. R., leaving Charleston 7 a. m., Lanes 8 34 a. m., Maconing 9 09 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 54	No. 53
Lv Columbia	8 05
Arrive Sumter	8 05
	pm
Lv Sumter	8 05
Arrive Florence	9 20
	am
Lv Florence	9 50
Lv Marion	10 30
Arrive Wilmington	1 15

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.
No. 53 runs through to Charleston, S. C. via Central R. R., arriving Maconing 5 41 p. m., Lanes 6 17 p. m., Charleston 8 00 p. m.
Trains on Conway Branch leave Chadbourn 5 35 p. m., arrive Conway 7 40 p. m., returning leave Conway 8 30 a. m., arrive Chadbourn 11 20 a. m., leave Chadbourn 11 50 a. m., arrive Hub 12 25 p. m., returning leave Hub 3 00 p. m., arrive Chadbourn 3 35 a. m., Daily except Sunday.
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
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STANDARD BRED STALLION



Modoc,
Will Stand the Season in Sumter
—AT—
Boyle's Stables.
Chestnut Stallion, foaled May 1892; bred by Maj. Campbell Brown, Ewell Stock Farm, Tennessee.

"MODOC" sired by McEwen, 2.18; first dam Lady Radawa; registered in Vol. 12, American Stud Book. He is one of the finest bred stallions in the State; bred for size, style, beauty and speed. He is of kind and gentle disposition. A sure footed getter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

I have on hand a lot of Home-made Vinegar of very fine quality. The flavor is delicate, while the strength is equal to any to be had.

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