HE PREACHES ON THE WATERS OF MEROM.

Continuation of Hls Series Descriptive of His Trip Through the Holy Land-A Beautiful Series of Word Paintings-A Discourse That Will Be Remembered.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21.-Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and again in the evening at The Christian Hem! service in New York. His text was Joshua xi, 5: "And when all these kings were met together they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel."

We are encamped to-night in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched, our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization a variety of food that would not compromise a first class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning. We detain only two mules carrying so much of our baggage as we might accidentally need, and a tent for the noonday luncheon. The malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and healthful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcases. Indeed it is time that we more minutely examine this Joshua, of whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land. A TRADITION OF THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one Person at the funeral, the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness but he has some one ready. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet. and the next with a stone wall, and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, Death -five great victories.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting. and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say, "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time-until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty flat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals, and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped; thirty miles of distance they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt

But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters waters perhaps uplifted half a they should not disturb the premmile—as the Almighty hand is taken ises, making us think of the divine

away, those waters rush down, and cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the some of the unbelieving Israelites say: 'Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back! Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through, and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated!" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate.

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords. no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days-once a day for six days and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times. and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base

THE FIRST DAY A FAILURE. The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall; not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it. Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall! It isn't philosophy." suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forelinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many

Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the elimaeteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

SHOUT, FOR THE LORD HATH GIVEN

YOU THE CITY! There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a voeiferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he eries out to his host; "Shout, for the Lord hath given on the city!" All the people begin to cry. "Down, Jericho, down, Jerisho!" and the long line of solld masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for her great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw that red cord they knew it was the divine indication

red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Merey for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and the ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's d. I verance,

When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow, And heaven's last thumler shakes the earth be-

Thou undismayed shalt o'er the roins saule, And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A secuting party comes back and says, "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell. and the Israelites run like reindeer. The northern troops at Pail Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai the men of Ai will take you.

Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary, "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people-"fall back, O church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary? Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, O church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of the church have never had any right to fall back.

JOSHUA HUMAN LIKE THE REST OF US. Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth.

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe op position, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai these scattered or seemingly scattered see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Camanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

FORWARD, MARCH! But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" eries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march at more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet, and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai.

sound a retreat, and as they begin to all Christian philanthropists of all ages retreat Joshua and his host spring upon are going to come and look at it. them like a panther, pursuing them What shall the inscription be? "There over the rocks, and as these Canaanites shall not any man be able to stand bewith sprained ankles and gashed fore- fore the all the days of thy life. heads retreat the catapults of the sky | But it is time for Jeshua to go home. Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-

victory. But do you not see the sun is going down? These America are has more subjects than all the present going to get away after all, and then population of the earth, his throne a they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us," See, the sun is going down! Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with ua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshna? Has he fallen in an apoplectie fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the deseending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted.

Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know he lies there he tells the story one, two and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

THOUGH DEAD THEIR WORKS DO FOL

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands Street church, in Brooklyn, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New York pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set! Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no. He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian church. Robert McCheyne was a consumptive

Presbyterian. It was said when he preached he coughed so it seemed as if walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm he would never preach again. His that lifted the spear toward the doomed name is fragrant in all Christendom, city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that name mightier today than was that exalted when the five kings fell. be an example to us; but I find he is a ever his living presence. He lived to But where shall we get the burnished preach the gospel in Aberdeen, Edin-granite for the headstone and the footvery early. He preached himself into line that for the head it shall be the sun the grave. sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day the foot the meon that stood still in ended? Oh, no. His dying delirium the valley of Ajalon. was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his family and the benediction upon his country he seemed to say: "I cannot die now. I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the church that will never cense. I am only 30 years of age. Sua of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still. A long time ago there was a Christian woman, very consecrated, and she him and says: "Now, let us go up and had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She last her children, and there came

the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all these nights of trouble and darkness and sorrow and sickness were illumined by the grace of the gospel, and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a have left the city and are in pursuit of | Christian could be sick and how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon regiments Joshua stands on a rock. I that illumined that night of trouble was a reflection from the Sun of rightconsness. In the last hour of that city, and that is the signal. The men | night-that night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward heaven, these who stood nearest her pillow could hear the whisper- for she wanted to live on in the generations that were to follow, consecrated to God; she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her hand was lifted and her lips were moving those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her say, "Thou moon, stand still in the valley of Ajalon!"

FIVE MORE KINGS TO BE BEHEADED. But Joshna was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five Hebron, king of Jarmuth, king of Lachish, king of Egion? Let it be by able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But before you fasten up the door I King Lust, King Superstition, King In-There is no use fighting." And they and what shall the epitaph be? For une.

pour a volley of hailstones into the He is 110 years old. Washington went valley, and all the artillery of the down the Potomae, and at Mount Verheavens with bullets of iron pound the non-closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is "Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a to have his greatest battle now. After 110 years he has to meet a king, who pyramid of skulls, his parterre the grave yards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearsethe king of terrors. But if this is Josh-Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminis-

Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff, as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won, so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead. I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through. As or three times-you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over- and he answers, "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve

A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah Jirch, we take thee at thy promise. "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee.

JOSHUA'S DAYS NUMBERED.

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the burgh and Dundee, but he went away stone? I bethink myself now. I imag-Has Robert McCheyne's that stood still upon Gibeon, and for

The Naming of the Months.

In looking up the peculiar names given each of the twelve months of the year it becomes necessary for us to go back to the old Romans who have linnosed upon us a set of names equally as absurd as those which the Norsemen, the Scandinavians and Saxons applied to the week. January is named from Janus, the god of doors and gates, because the month opens the year; some say that he is a two faced god, and could look back on the last year and forward to the coming. February is from februo, to purify. March was originally the first month, and was named for Mars, the god of war. April is from aperire, to open, because the buds open in that month.

May is from Main, a goddess; June is from Juno, the patron of marriage, and is, therefore, the favorite month for weddings. July was named for Julius Casar and August for Augustus Caesar. Originally August had but thirty days, and February twenty nine in the common year and thirty in leap years. Augustus was jealous that Julius' month should have more days than his own; therefore, he took one from February and added it to August. September, October, November, December are so called because they were originally the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the year. The names are inappropriate and rank misnomers as now applied. - Exchange.

Old Times Recalled by a Prairie Schooner. There was an interesting sight on Broadway last week, and it brought back to many the thoughts of days long, long ago. It was nothing less than a "prairie schooner," with canvas top and sides, a barrel of water between the wheels with a bucket dangling beneath the feed box, and all the other necessaries for a journey across the dead kings-king of Jerusalem, king of plains. The picture was complete in every detail, for the cumbersome wagon was drawn by three horses, with rope Joshua. What is his text? What shall harness, and a little colt trotted debe the epitaph put on the door of the murely behind. On the seat was a tomb? "There shall not any man be brawny looking man in flannels and overalls, with his wife attired in cotton dress and big straw hat on one side, and a freekle faced boy on the other. want five more kings beheaded and The journey had evidently been a long thrust in: King Alcohol, King Fraud, one, for all were travel stained, and were watched and commented on by GIVE THIS ROUTE A TRIAL. fidelity. Let them be beheaded and all they met. They went slowly up hurl them in. Then fasten up the door Broadway and San Pablo avenue forever. What shall the inscription toward the foothills.-Oakland Trib-

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Friends

and Patrons of the old and long establish ed firms of Tappey, Lumsden & Co., Tappey & Steel and Tappey & Delaney. We desire to state that we have bought the Machinery, Patterns, good will, etc.,

and will continue to carry on the Foun-

dry and Machine business at the stand

occupied by them for the past 40 years, All inquiries and orders will receive prompt attention and we trust to be favored with the patronage of the friends of the above mentioned concerns. Hav. ing been associated with them as foreman and book-keeper for about 30 years, we feel confident in entering upon this enterprise we do so with a thorough and

practical knowledge of the business. STEEL & ALEXANDER.

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Condensed Schedule.

	TRAINS	GOING S	OUTH.	
Dated	Dec. 7th 1890.	No. 23, Daily	No.27, fast mail Daily.	No 41 daily ex Sur
	Weldonky Mount	19 D PM	5 43 P M	600 an
Leave' Arrive	boro Tarboro, Wilson	102) AM 102) AM 218 PM		7 43
	Seima	5.30 "	*********	
Leave	Goldsboro Warsaw	3 15 "	7 40 **	8 35
	Magnolia Wilmington	5.50 "	8 40 "	9 49

TRAINS GOING NORTH

	No 14, daily	No 78 daily	No 40 a daily ex Sunday
Leave Wilmington Leave Magnolia Leave Warsaw	1201 ax	9 00 AM 10 84 ** 10 50 **	
Arrive Goldsboro Leave Fayetteville Arrive Selma	*********	11 55 " *0 29 " 11 18 "	6 53 "
Arrive Wilson Leave Wilson Arrive Rocky Mount	3.03	12 20 " 12 54 pm 1 30 "	7.47
Arrive Tarboro Leave Tarboro Arrive Weldon	****	*2 17 ·· 10 20 am 2 55 p m	

11 39 a. m.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon at 310 p. m. Ha ifax 3:37, arrive Scotland Neck at 4.2 p. m. Graenville 6:92 p. m. Kinston 7:5 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 6:00.7; m. Greenville 7:20a m. Arriving at Halifax 10:10. Greenville 720a m. Arriving at Hallfax 1040.

a m. Weidon 1039a m analysecept Sunday.
Local Freight leaves Wess, a at 1030a, m Hallfax 1130 a m. Scotland Neck 230 p. m., Greenville 530, p. m. Kinsten 740 p. m. Returning bave Kinston 740 a. m. Greenville 930, a. m. Scotland Neck 140 p. m. Hallfax 335 p. m. arriving Weidon 440 p. m. deality sevept Sunday.
Lirain leaves Tarboro N. C., via Albemarle and Raleight R. Daily except Sunday 4405 p. m., Sunday 340 p. m., arrive Williamston N. C. 630 p. m., 420 s. m. Plymouth 750 p. m., 520 p. m. teturning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 540 a. m. Sunday 940 a. m. Williamston, N. C. 740 a. m. 558 a. m. arrive Tarboro 930 a. m. 1130 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Brauch, leaves, Golds boro N.C., daily except Sunday 6 00 a.m., arrive Smithiteld, N.C., 7 30 a.m. Returning leaves Smithiteld, N.C., 8 00 a.m., arrive Goldsboro, N

Smithheid, N. C., 800 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 950 p.m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 300 p. m., arrives at Nashville 340 p. m., spring Hope 415 p. m. Returning haves sprin. Hope 1000 a. m., Nashville 10-35 a. m., ar Rocky Mount 11 15 a. m. daily except Sunday. Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday at 600 p. m. and 11 10 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 820 a. m. and 340 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Not. 40, 11, 25 and 78.

Southbound train on Wilson and Favetteville Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Pranch is No. 51. Northbound is 50. *Daily ex

opt Sunday. Train No. 27 South will only stop at Wilson

Train No. 27 South will only stop at Wilson to debeto and Magnolia.
Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.
Trains makes close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington.
All trains run's lid between Wilmington and Washington and have Pullman Paiace Sleepers attached.

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On and after Monday. December 17th, and until further notice, the Steamer CHOWAN, Captain Withy, will

LEAVE FRANKLIN on Mondays, Wedsdays and Fridays for EDENTON, PLY-MOUTH and all intermediate points on arrival of mail train from Portsmouth, say 10:15 A. M.

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Passengers, by this arrangement, taking the Steamer Chowan at any point on the REACH NORFOLK by 11 oclock A. M.,

and thus have the entire day for the trans action of business in that city.

Respectfully, J. H. BOGART

Franklin Va., Dec. 15, 1888.