

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Jesus Was Born in the Winter, and Will Be a Help in Time of Trouble—The Wise Men of the East and the West Bow to Him.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 28.—Dr. Talmage's sermon today was appropriate to the season. Its subject was the Christmas jubilee. A crowd which filled the Academy of Music in every part listened to it in the morning, and another enormous audience thronged the New York Academy of Music to hear it in the evening, when the doctor preached under the auspices of The Christian Herald. His text was Luke ii, 15: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

Amid a thousand mercies we give each other holiday congratulations. By long established custom we exhort each other to healthful merriment. By gift, by Christmas trees which blossom and fruit in one night, by early morning surprise, by clusters of lighted candles, by children's procession, by sound of instruments sometimes more blatant than musical, we wake up the night and prolong the day. I wish you all in the grandest, noblest and best sense a merry Christmas. The event commemorated is the gladdest of the centuries. Christ's cradle was as wonderful as his cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which he entered was as tremendous as the door by which he went out.

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

On the Mediterranean steamer going from Athens to Alexandria I met the eminent scholar and theologian, Dr. Lansing, who for thirty-five years has been a resident of Cairo, and he told me that he had been all over the road that the three fugitives took from Bethlehem to Egypt. He says it is a desert way, and that the broad journey of the infant Christ must have been a terrible journey. Going up from Egypt, Dr. Lansing met people from Bethlehem, their tongues swollen and hanging out from the inflammation of thirst, and although his party had but one goat-skin of water left, and that was important for themselves, he was so moved by the spectacle of thirst in these poor pilgrims that, though it excited the indignation of his fellow travelers, he gave water to the strangers.

Over this dreadful route Joseph and Mary started for this land of Egypt. No time to make much preparation. Herod was after them, and what were these peasants before an irate king? Joseph, the husband and father, one night sprang up from his mattress in great alarm, the beads of sweat on his forehead and his whole frame quaking. He had dreamed of massacres of his wife and babe. They must be off, that night, right away. Mary put up a few things hastily, and Joseph brought to the door the beast of burden, and helped his wife and child to mount. Why, those loaves of bread are not enough; those bottles of water will not last for such a long way. But there is no time to get anything more. Out and on. Good-by to the dear home they expect never again to see. Their hearts break. It does not need that ours be a big house in order to make us sorry to leave it.

Over the hills and down through the deep gorge they urge their way. By Hebron, by Gaza, through hot sand, under a blistering sun, the babe crying, the mother faint, the father exhausted. How slowly the days and weeks pass! Will the weary three ever reach the banks of the Nile? Will they ever see Cairo? Will the desert ever end? When at last they cross the bay beyond which old Herod has no right to pursue, their joy is unbounded. Free at last! Let them dismount and rest. Now they resume their way with less anxiety. They will find a place somewhere for shelter and the earning of their bread. Here they are at Cairo, Egypt.

FROM A BARN TO A CELLAR.

They wind through the crooked streets, which are about ten feet wide, and enter the humble house where I have been today. But the terminus of the journey of these fugitives was not as humble as their starting point at Bethlehem. If that journey across the desert ended in a cellar it started from a barn. Everything humble around that barn, but everything glorious overhead. Christ's advent was in the hostelry called the house of Chim Ham; the night with diamond finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doostep of heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good will. Soon after the white bearded astrologists kneel, and from leather pouch

chink the shakels, and from open sacks exhale the frankincense, and nuzzle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star, the escaped doxology of celestials, the chill December night allush with May morn, our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hackneyed by oft repeated? Oh, yes. Know, in the first place, it was a sidereal appearance that led the way. Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction, a shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted no more destruction.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means merriment. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defense, for did not the stars fight in their courses against Siserand for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? A star! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

The unusual appearance that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. As the transit of Venus in our time was foretold many years ago by astronomers, and astronomers can tell what will be the conjunction of worlds a thousand years from now, so they can calculate backward; and even infidel astronomers have been compelled to testify that about the year 1 there was a very unusual appearance in the heavens. The Chinese record, of course entirely independent of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year 1 there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens.

But it may have been a meteor, such as you and I have seen flash to the horizon. I saw a few years ago in the northern sky a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem, on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The University of Iowa and the British Museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung off from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky. So that it is not to me at all improbable the stellar or meteoric appearance on that night of which we speak. I only care to know that it was bright, that it was silvery, that it flashed and swayed and swung and halted with joy celestial, as though Christ in haste to save our world had rushed down without his coronet, and the angels of God had hurled it after him!

GLORIOUS CHRISTIANITY.

Not a black cloud of threat, but a gleaming star of hope, is our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and dying college student until the words flashed from his pale fingers and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips as Kirke White wrote these immortal words:

When marshaled on the nightly plain  
The glittering hosts beated the sky,  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.  
Hark, hark to God; the chorus he asks  
From every host, from every pen;  
But one alone, the favored, speaks—  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Notice also in this scene that other worlds seemed to honor our Lord and master. Bright star of the night, wheel on in thine orbit. "No," said the star, "I must come nearer, and I must bend, and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus." Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made a bow of obeisance. I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference; but I believe the millions and the billions and the quadrillions of worlds are all inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still such creatures as God designed to make, and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion. Isaac Newton and Kepler and Herschel only went on Columbus voyage to find these continents of our King's domain.

ONLY ONE DISCORD.

I think all worlds were loyal but this. The great organ of the universe, its pedals, and its pipes, and its keys all one great harmony save one injured pedal, save one broken stop—the vox humana of the human race, the discordant world. Now you know that, however grand the instrument may be, if there be one key out of order it spoils the harmony. And Christ must mend this key. He must restore this broken stop. You know with what bleeding hand, and with what pierced side, and with what crushed foot he did the work. But the world shall be attuned and all worlds will yet be accordant. Isle of Wight, larger in comparison with the British empire than our island of a world as compared with Christ's vast domain. If not, why that celestial escort? If not, why that sentinel with blazing badge above the car-

avanary? If not, why that midnight watchman in the balcony of heaven?

Astronomy surrendered that night to Christ. This planet for Christ. The solar system for Christ. Worlds ablaze and worlds burned out—all worlds for Christ. Intense microscope cannot see the one side of that domain. Parallax reaching telescope cannot find the other side of that domain. But I will tell you how the universe is bounded. It is bounded on the north and south and east and west and above and beneath by God, and that God is Christ, and that Christ is God, and that God is ours. Oh, does it not enlarge your ideas of a Saviour's dominion when I tell you that all the worlds are only sparks struck from his anvil? That all the worlds are only the fleecy flocks following the one shepherd? That all the islands of light in immensity are one great archipelago belonging to our King?

ALL WISE MEN BOW TO HIM.

But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men of the east came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were the magi, or they were the alchemists, or they were the astrologists, and we say it with depreciating assentation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of these astrologers to study the stars. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the wise men knew the precession of the equinoxes, and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they understood the distance of the sun from the earth. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden time did not suppose the world was flat, as some have said, but that he knew, and the men of his time knew, the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study. Then the alchemists spent their lives in the study of metals and gasses and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came from the east, and tradition says the three wisest came—Caspar, a young man; Balthazar, a man in midlife, and Melchior, an octogenarian—the three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger.

So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, the brainiest men come to the manger. Who was the greatest metaphysician this country ever has produced? Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest astronomer of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest poet ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest writer on law? Blackstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship. Come now, let us understand in ourselves and by inches this whole matter.

In post-mortem examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightiest brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ. Here it is, the brain weighing sixty-three ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now let me find what that brain thought of Christ. In the dying moment that man said: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in light and joy and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the east followed by the wise men of the west.

A PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE.

Know also in this scene that it was a winter month that God chose for his son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms, had he been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses, had he been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests, had he been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards, had he been born in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But he was born in a winter month.

It was in closing December that he was born to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero. That is the reason he is so often found among the destitute. You can find him on any night coming off the moors. You can see him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see him putting his hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and he is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December Christ that Washington and his army worshipped at Valley Forge when without blankets they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the Mayflower wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and in the years that went by the graves dug were more in number than the houses built. Oh, I tell you we want a December Christ, not a Christ for

fair weather, but a Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide open graves. Not a springtime Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, but a winter Christ. Oh, this suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed and soothed and rocked and lulled in the arms of sympathetic Omnipotence! No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and he rocks it into placidity and quietness as he says, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."

MERCY TO THE ANIMALS.

Notice also a fact which no one seems to notice, that this Christ was born among the sheep, and the cattle, and the horses, and the camels, in order that he might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. It means mercy for overdriven, underfed, poorly sheltered, galled and maltreated animal creation. Hath the Christ who compared himself to a dove no care for the creakities of the pigeon shooting? Hath the Christ who compared himself to a lamb no care for the sheep that are tied and contorted, and with neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart, or the cattle train in hot weather from Omaha to New York, with no water—fifteen hundred miles of agony? Hath the Christ whose tax was paid by a fish, the coin taken from its mouth, no care for the tossing fins in the fish market? Hath the Christ who strung with his own hand the nerves of dog and cat no indignation for the horrors of vivisection? Hath the Christ who said, "Go to the ant," no watchfulness for the transfixed insects? Hath the Christ who said, "Behold the fowls of the air" himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation which cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its trouble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation. In the glorious millennial time the child shall lead the lion and play with the cockatrice only because brute and reptile shall have no more wrongs to avenge. To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle pen. The first bleat of the Lamb of God heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds. The white horse of eternal victory stabled in a barn.

But notice also in this account the three Christmas presents that are brought to the manger. Gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold to Christ—that means all the affluence of the world surrendered to him. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the cripples whom they helped, feeling their slow way like the blind people whom they sheltered. Millions of dollars for Christ where there are now thousands for Christ. Railroads owned by Christian stockholders and governed by Christian directors and carrying passengers and freight at Christian prices. George Peabody and Abbott Lawrence and James Lenox of France, United States treasury, all the moneyed institutions of the world for Christ. The gold for Christ. Gold not merely paid the way of Joseph and Mary and the divine fugitive into Egypt, but it was typical of the fact that Christ's way shall be paid all around the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ, Australia, Nevada and Colorado for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ.

But I notice that these wise men also shook out from their sacks the myrrh. The cattle came and they sniffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The pungent gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into his cup when he was dying. Myrrh. That is what they put under his head in the wilderness. Myrrh. That is what they strewed his path with all the way from the cattle pen in Bethlehem to the mausoleum at Joseph's country seat. Myrrh. Yes, says the Psalmist, "All thy garments smell of myrrh." That is what the wise men wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the babe. That is what the Marys twisted in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the Saviour's sorrow! Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

CHRISTMAS FRANKINCENSE.

But I notice, also, from another sack they shake out the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is filled with perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the farthest part of the building inhale it, and it floats out upon the air until passers by wonder how in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of alabaster, Frankincense. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient temple. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes, and all the churches, and all the capitals, and all the nations, from cellar of stalactited cave clear up to the silvery rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from our hearts today, so that the nostrils of Christ, once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross, shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. Frankincense in song and sermon and offertory and handshaking and decoration.

Praetium, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies and earth and heaven! Cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensign! Morning with your castles of cloud, and evening with your billowing clouds of sunset! Do you know how they used to hold the censer in the olden time, and what it was made of? Here is a metal pan, and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this metal pan were put living coals, on the top of them a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the temple. This frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for worship then the cover was lifted from this censer and from all the other censers, and the perfumed smoke arose until it hung amid all the folds and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside or above the temple, rising clear up toward the throne of God.

So we have two censers today, of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them wreath all these pillars and hover amid all these arches and then soar to the throne.

But here is the other censer of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs, and the seraphim theirs, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs, and all the cherubim theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I dash them together in one great hallelujah unto him to whom the wise men of the east brought the gold, and the myrrh, and the frankincense. Blessed be his glorious name forever!

The Forgetful Employee.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was 18 which were afterward of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man; "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said: 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think about it again.'"—American Grocer.

Value of Literary Ideas.

A primitive literary worker said to me a few evenings ago while talking on this subject, "Do you mean to say that literary ideas are really commercial commodities today, and are paid for the same as articles or stories?" I told her, as I write here: Most decidedly, as those who are in position to know are well aware. I have known as high as \$1,000 paid for a single idea—a circulation idea for a periodical—and again and again have I known \$250 and \$500 being paid. Said an editor in my hearing only recently: "I don't want people who can write. I can reach a score of such within an hour. What I want is ideas, suggestions for striking features which will raise my periodical above the others and attract the public eye to it." And he voiced the feeling of several whom I know. A creative mind, capable of clever adaptation of an idea to a demand, is a possession in the literary world today which I envy any man or woman if put to good use.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

A House Building Fish.

In Lake Nyassa, in the interior of "Darkest Africa," there is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives term a house. In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some 2 or 3 feet broad, heaping up the mud removed from the hole so as to form a little wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall measured together make a basin from 15 to 20 inches deep. In this lake within a lake this queer little fish erects a mud house, the average sized specimen measuring 14 inches across the bottom, rapidly coming to a point in the shape of a broad cone. A hole 4 inches in diameter, always on the south side, serves as an opening for egress and ingress. A dried specimen of this queer domicile preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin has two doors and a partition separating it into two rooms.—St. Louis Republic.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Friends

and Patrons of the old and long established firm of Tappay, Lumsden & Co., Tappay & Steel and Tappay & Delaney. We desire to state that we have bought the Machinery, Patterns, good will, etc., and will continue to carry on the Foundry 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. Having 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.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

W. & W. R. R. BRANCHES.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Dec. 7th 1890.	No. 23, Daily	No. 27, Daily	No. 41, Daily
Leave Weldon	12:30 p.m.	5:43 p.m.	6:00 a.m.
Ar Rocky Mount	1:40 "	"	7:10 "
Ar Tarboro	2:15 "	"	"
Leave Tarboro	2:15 a.m.	7:00 "	7:45 "
Leave Weldon	3:20 "	"	"
Arrive Selma	5:30 "	"	"
Arrive Fayetteville	5:30 "	"	"
Leave Goldsboro	5:15 "	7:40 "	8:25 "
Leave Warsaw	4:10 "	"	9:25 "
Leave Magnolia	4:20 "	8:40 "	9:40 "
Arrive Wilmington	5:50 "	9:55 "	11:20 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 14, Daily	No. 78, Daily	No. 40, Sunday
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Leave Wilmington	12:01 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	4:00 p.m.
Leave Magnolia	1:21 "	10:34 "	5:56 "
Leave Warsaw	"	10:50 "	6:53 "
Arrive Goldsboro	2:21 "	11:55 "	"
Leave Fayetteville	"	9:29 "	"
Arrive Selma	"	11:18 "	"
Arrive Weldon	"	12:20 "	"
Leave Weldon	3:03 "	12:51 p.m.	7:47 "
Arrive Rocky Mount	"	1:30 "	8:18 "
Arrive Tarboro	"	2:17 "	"
Leave Tarboro	"	10:20 a.m.	"
Arrive Weldon	4:30 "	1:55 p.m.	9:30 "

\*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Seaboard Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon at 5:15 p.m. It leaves 5:37, arrives Seaboard Neck at 4:15 p.m., Greenville 6:22 p.m., Kinston 7:15 p.m., returning leaves Kinston 6:00 a.m., Greenville 8:00 a.m., Weldon 10:30 a.m. daily except Sunday.

Local Freight leaves Weldon at 10:30 a.m., Halifax 11:20 a.m., Seaboard Neck 2:00 p.m., Greenville 3:20 p.m., Kinston 7:40 p.m., returning leaves Kinston 7:00 a.m., Greenville 9:30 a.m., Seaboard Neck 1:10 p.m., Halifax 3:35 p.m., arriving Weldon 4:00 p.m., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C. via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday 4:05 p.m. Sunday 5:00 p.m., arrive Wilmington N. C. 6:20 p.m., 4:20 p.m., Plymouth 7:50 p.m., 5:30 p.m., returning leaves Plymouth 6:00 a.m., Sunday 6:00 a.m., Monday 9:00 a.m., Wilmington N. C. 7:10 a.m., 9:58 a.m., arrive Tarboro 9:20 a.m., 11:30 a.m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro N. C. daily except Sunday 6:00 a.m., arrive Smithfield, N. C. 7:20 a.m., returning leaves Smithfield, N. C. 8:00 a.m., arrive Goldsboro, N. C. 9:30 a.m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 3:00 p.m., arrives at Nashville 3:40 p.m., Spring Hope 4:15 p.m., returning leaves Spring Hope 10:00 a.m., Nashville 10:35 a.m., at Rocky Mount 11:15 a.m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday at 6:00 p.m. and 11:30 a.m., returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a.m. and 3:15 p.m., connecting at Warsaw with No. 40, 41, 23 and 78.

Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch is No. 51, Northbound is No. 50. \*Daily except Sunday.

Train No. 27 South will only stop at Wilson Goldsboro 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 make close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington.

All trains run on schedule between Wilmington and Washington and have Pullman Palace sleepers attached.

J. R. KENLY, General Sup't.  
T. M. EMBISON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

TO THE PATRONS

—OF THE—

ALBEMARLE STEAM

NAVIGATION CO

—O—O—

QUICK TIME

Between NORFOLK and EASTERN N. CAROLINA

—O—O—

On and after Monday, December 17th, and until further notice, the Steamer CHOWAN, Captain Withy, will LEAVE FRANKLIN on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for EDENTON, PLYMOUTH and all intermediate points on arrival of mail train from Portsmouth, say 10:15 A. M.

RETURNING the "Chowan" will reach Franklin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:15 A. M., in time to connect with Fast Mail train from Raleigh to Portsmouth and with Express train for the South.

Passengers, by this arrangement, taking the Steamer Chowan at any point on the river, will REACH NORFOLK by 11 o'clock A. M., and thus have the entire day for the trans action of business in that city. GIVE THIS ROUTE A TRIAL. Respectfully, J. H. BOGART Franklin Va., Dec. 15, 1888. Sup't