

A WONDERFUL WORD.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE PREACHES AN ABLE SERMON ON "COME."

This Word May Be Used for Good or for Evil—It Is Found Many Times in the Scriptures—It Beckons, Other Words Drive.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 18.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning to an overflowing congregation in the Academy of Music, this city. At night, when The Christian Herald service was held in the New York Academy of Music, fully six thousand persons were massed in the large building. A marked solemnity pervaded the assembly, and at its close many persons in various parts of the house rose at the invitation of the preacher to ask for prayers for their salvation. Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon—"Come" (Gen. vi, 18); "Come" (Rev. xii, 17).

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and prodigal. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

ALL THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY IS IN THAT WORD.

Today I weigh anchor, and haul in the planks and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and dredge I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coerced, but they cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions, and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

MANY SLAIN BY THAT WORD COME.

You must remember that in many cases our "come" has a mightier "come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gambling table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay boat through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "come."

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined and she said, "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowning in the corner of the bar room said, "There he is. Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Undo those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me!" Victim

was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

COME WITH US. Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them; yea, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from which it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his cathis by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard wakened from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering and hicoughing? No. It was, "Come with me to church today and hear our singing." "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire." "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring." "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you today. Are you all right with God? "No," you say. "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come, then, and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God, I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others, the envious and jealousies are let loose from their kennels. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects.

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unknown. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoelast, have gained a victory that mad the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

A SUBLIME FAITH.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said, "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said: 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things

the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have filled in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive today, and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say "Come!"

HOW TO COME.

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condescend! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round; for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, some time through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome our coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues and green with foliage, and all a sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of gospel mercy, and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life saving stations all along the coast, and boats that can hover unharmed like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the lifeline or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

THEN YOU HAVE PASSED FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I side; but as tunnels are decidedly unpopular we must confine our ears by devices placed entirely below the windows. Fortunately the modern methods of bridge truss design lend themselves readily to a tough like construction of considerable depth, with undersides that will confine the wheels, or some other projecting part of a car running in the trough, so that it cannot escape in any direction. This, too, can be done without much extra material beyond that required for the depth and consequently strength of the trusses themselves. Such construction is obviously unfitted for crossing any other kind of roadway at grade, and therefore must, in many situations, be elevated upon columns or arches.—Oberlin Smith in Forum.

Destructive Sea Waves.

In 1864 a revolving storm passed over Calcutta, the accompanying wave rose ten feet above the highest spring tides, and drowned 45,000 persons. Coringa was destroyed by a storm wave in 1789, and 20,000 people perished. A great hurricane blew at Raratonga in 1846, and a vessel from Tahiti was driven by the storm wave over the palm trees inland. Her captain informed a missionary that he felt the tree tops grating against his vessel's bottom as she sped along with the wave.—Chambers' Journal.

Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackles? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No; no! As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of these gospel "Comes." "Come then and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Come, for all things are now ready." "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come,' and let him that heareth say 'Come' and let him that thirst come."

The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned, and rightly lifted, and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming "Come, come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

PEACE!

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The czar says peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches.

So today, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting peace!

A Military Road in the West.

A military road was constructed by the United States government to connect the military posts of the far west with one another. Beginning at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, it passed through Fort Riley at the junction of the forks of the Kaw, and then, still keeping up the north side of the Republican fork, went on to Fort Kearny, still farther west, then to Fort Laramie, which in those days was so far on the frontier of our country that few people ever saw it except military men and the emigrants to California. At the time of which I am writing there had been a very heavy emigration to California, and companies of emigrants, bound to the golden land, still occasionally passed along the great military road.

Interlacing this highway were innumerable trails and wagon tracks, the traces of the great migration to the Eldorado of the Pacific; and here and there were the narrow trails made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human feet and of unshod horses and ponies; then the well defined trail of hunters, trappers and Indians; then the wagon track of the military trains, which in course of time were smoothed and formed into the military road kept in repair by the United States government.—Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.

A Proposed Railway Revolution.

The ideal construction for a railway absolutely to avoid derailment would seem to be tubular, with the cars inside; but as tunnels are decidedly unpopular we must confine our ears by devices placed entirely below the windows. Fortunately the modern methods of bridge truss design lend themselves readily to a tough like construction of considerable depth, with undersides that will confine the wheels, or some other projecting part of a car running in the trough, so that it cannot escape in any direction. This, too, can be done without much extra material beyond that required for the depth and consequently strength of the trusses themselves. Such construction is obviously unfitted for crossing any other kind of roadway at grade, and therefore must, in many situations, be elevated upon columns or arches.—Oberlin Smith in Forum.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

From beef and other flesh meat when fat a poisonous body known as vendin has been extracted.

Dr. Emile Weldon, president-elect of the Swiss confederation, has held that office three times—in 1875, 1880 and 1884.

A married lady's calling cards bear her husband's name, as Mrs. Henry J. Smith. She uses her own name or initials in signing letters.

"There is no foundation for the report," says Mr. Labouche, "that Buckingham palace and Marlborough House have been hired by an American millionaire."

There are a hundred chances that any boy or girl will be struck by lightning for every one chance of having hydrophobia.

The oldest clergyman in the Church of England, the Rev. John Elliott, vicar of Randwick, began his hundredth year on Dec. 19. He has served in Randwick for more than seventy years.

From geological observations on the Alps vegetation on the higher portions seems to be retreating, and the poplars that at one time adorned the crest of the hills are now nearly all dead.

Over one hundred and thirty species of fish abound along the coast of Uruguay, and more than two thousand species of insects have been classified within its borders.

Probably very few people know that Congressman-elect Sherman Hoar was the model for the statue of John Harvard which stands in the delta at Cambridge, Mass., near Harvard college.

William Morris, the English poet and socialist, is so busy in other pursuits that he writes the poetry, which has given him most fame, only on Saturdays and Sundays.

Slippers and stockings match the color of the evening dress. White undressed kid gloves are worn with any evening gown. Small flowers, daisies, or a fringe of rose petals, with bows and bands of ribbon, trim the dresses of very young ladies.

In a New Haven primary school the music teacher explained what was meant by "the space below." Then, pointing to the space above the staff, he asked what that was called, and a little girl answered promptly, "The space below."

In changing feathers always put them into new ticks, as the feathers will surely prick through washed ticks. Our grandmothers rubbed the inside of the ticks with hard soap to prevent this. Old ticking can always be put to good use.

A newspaper at Newcastle, England, commemorated its centenary by republishing its first issue. During the day a country couple called at the office to answer an advertisement for help on a farm. They were informed they were 100 years late.

The Real Colors of Metals.

We do not always see objects precisely in their natural colors; the white light which falls upon them is composed of the seven tints of the solar spectrum (or rainbow), and when a body reflects yellow light, for instance, it absorbs all the other colors, but this absorption is never complete in a first reflection, so that the light reflected from a metallic surface is mixed to a certain extent with undecomposed white light. In order to see the precise color of a metal, the light of the sun must be reflected from it to a second surface of the same metal, and from this second piece to a third and so on, until we obtain a tint which does not change by further reflections. In this experiment the undecomposed white light is all absorbed, and the true color of the metal is seen. In this manner gold is seen to be of a brilliant orange color; copper, nearly carmine red; tin, pale yellow; silver, white; lead, blue, etc.—Chambers' Journal.

The Word Puzzled Him.

There are some good Scotch anecdotes which will bear telling. One is that of a careful mother who had a smattering of higher talk gained from association with "the quality."

"Ye maun gang to the minister and tell him to come baptize the bairn, but mind, John, that ye dinna say bairn—say infant."

Her better half pondered the word, and when he had committed it to memory he had reached the minister's house. As soon as he saw the reverend parson he began his message.

"Maggie says ye air to come over and baptize the—"

"Is it the bairn ye mean, John?"

"Na, na, it's noo that at a," said John in deep distress, "it's the—the—it's the elephant, sir!"—Detroit Free Press.

Old Saws for Out of Doors.

Modern writers have the following: An old cart well used may outlast a new one abused. He has changed his one eyed horse for a blind one. Tim was so learned that he could name a horse in nine languages; so ignorant that he bought a cow to ride on. The wolf sheds his coat once a year, his disposition never. The eagle snatches a coal from the altar, but it fired her nest. Subtlety set a trap and caught itself. Jack Little sowed little and little he'll reap. He may well win the race that runs by himself. A wolf eats sheep but now and then, ten thousand are devoured by the horse. Eusebius, the horse of Alexander, hath as lasting a fame as his master. —C. E. Riddler in Boston Transcript.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

W. & W. R. R. BRANCHES.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Dated Jan. 19th 1891, No. 25, No. 27, No. 41. Rows include Levee Weldon, Ar. Rocky Mount, etc.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: No. 14, No. 78, No. 40. Rows include Levee Wilmington, Levee Magnolia, etc.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon at 3:30 p. m. Halifax 3:32, arrive Scotland Neck at 4:15 p. m. Greenville 6:02 p. m. Kingston 7:10 p. m. Returning leaves Kingston 7:00 a. m. Greenville 8:10 a. m. Arriving at Halifax 9:45 a. m. Weldon 11:05 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C. via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday 4:05 p. m. Returning 3:00 p. m. arrive Wilmington N. C. 6:30 p. m. 4:20 p. m. Plymouth 5:30 p. m. 3:30 p. m. arrive Weldon 11:05 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C. via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. Daily except Sunday 4:05 p. m. Returning 3:00 p. m. arrive Wilmington N. C. 6:30 p. m. 4:20 p. m. Plymouth 5:30 p. m. 3:30 p. m. arrive Weldon 11:05 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train on Midland S. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro N. C. daily except Sunday 7:00 a. m. arrive Smithfield N. C. 8:30 a. m. Returning leave Smithfield N. C. 9:00 a. m. arrive Goldsboro N. C. 10:30 a. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Levee Mount at 10:00 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. arrive Levee Mount 11:15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

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

Southbound train on Wilson and Fayetteville Branch is No. 51. Northbound is 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 makes close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington.

The New York and Florida Special will run tri-weekly, commencing January 19th, leaving Weldon Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 p. m. arriving Wilmington 9:00 a. m. returning leave Wilmington Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9:00 a. m. arriving Weldon 6:15 p. m.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington and have Pullman Palace Sleeper attached.

J. F. DIVINE, General Supt. T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

PETERSBURG & WELDON R. R.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: Dated Jan. 19th, 1891, No. 23, No. 27. Rows include Levee Petersburg, Levee Stony Creek, etc.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: No. 14, No. 78. Rows include Levee Weldon, Le. Belfield, etc.

The New York and Florida Special will run tri-weekly, commencing January 19th, leaving Petersburg Monday, Wednesday and Friday 8:15 p. m., arriving Weldon 9:45 p. m. Returning leave Weldon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:15 a. m., arriving Petersburg 7:55 a. m.

All trains run solid Weldon to Washington.

E. T. D. MYERS, T. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Superintendent, Gen. Passenger Agent.

TO THE PATRONS

OF THE

ALBEMARLE STEAM

NAVIGATION CO

QUICK TIME

Between NORFOLK and EASTERN S. CAROLINA

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 transaction of business in that city.

GIVE THIS ROUTE A TRIAL.

Respectfully, J. H. BOGART Franklin Va., Dec. 15, 1888. Supt'