

DREAD HANDWRITING

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON
ON BABYLON'S FALL.If You Do Not Fear God You May One
Day Expect to See the Handwriting on
the Wall Yourself—A Powerful Dis-
course.BROOKLYN, Jan. 25.—Dr. Talmage
preached the following sermon this
morning in the Academy of Music in
this city, and he repeated it to-night at
The Christian Herald service in the
New York Academy of Music. His text
was Daniel v. 30: "In that night was
Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans,
slain."After the site of Babylon had been
selected, two million of men were em-
ployed for the construction of the wall
and principal works. The walls of the
city were sixty miles in circumference.
They were surrounded by a trench, out
of which had been dug the material for
the construction of the city. There
were twenty-five gates of solid brass on
each side of the square city. Between
every two gates a great watch tower
sprang up into the heavens.From each of the twenty-five gates
on either side a street ran straight
through to the gate on the other side,
so that there were fifty streets, each
fifteen miles long, which gave to the
city an appearance of wonderful regu-
larity. The houses did not join each
other on the ground, and between them
were gardens and shrubbery. From
housetop to housetop bridges
swung, over which the inhabitants
were accustomed to pass. A branch of
the Euphrates went through the city,
over which a bridge of marvelous
structure was thrown and under
which a tunnel ran. To keep the
river from overflowing the city in times
of freshet a great lake was arranged to
catch the surplus, in which the water
was kept as in a reservoir until times of
drought, when it was sent streaming
down over the thirsty land.A palace stood at each end of the
Euphrates bridge; one palace a mile
and three-quarters in compass, and the
other palace seven and a half miles
in circumference. The wife of Nebu-
chadnezzar, having been brought up
among the mountains of Media, could
not stand it in this flat country of
Babylon, and so to please her Nebuchad-
nezzar had a mountain four hundred
feet high built in the midst of the city.
This mountain was surrounded by ter-
races, for the support of which great
arches were lifted. On the top of these
arches flat stones were laid; then a layer
of reeds and bitumen; then two rows of
bricks, closely cemented; then thick
sheets of lead, upon which the soil was
placed.The earth here deposited was so deep
that the largest trees had room to
anchor their roots. All the glory of the
flowery tropics was spread out at that
tremendous height, until it must have
seemed to one below as though the
clouds were all in blossom, and the
very sky leaned on the shoulder of the
cedar. At the top an engine was con-
structed which drew the water from
the Euphrates, far below, and made it
spout up amid this garden of the skies.
All this to please his wife! I think she
must have been pleased.

A CITY OF REVELINGS.

In the midst of this city stood also
the temple of Belus. One of its towers
was one-eighth of a mile high, and on
the top of it an observatory, which gave
the astronomers great advantage, as,
being at so great a height, one could
easily talk with the stars. This temple
was full of cups and statues and cen-
sers, all of gold. One image weighed
a thousand Babylonish talents, which
would be equal to fifty-two million dol-
lars. All this by day; but now night
was about to come down on Babylon.
The shadows of her two hundred and
fifty towers began to lengthen. The
Euphrates rolled on, touched by the
fiery splendors of the setting sun, and
gates of brass, burnished and glittering,
opened and shut like doors of flame.The hanging gardens of Babylon,
wet with the heavy dew, began to pour
from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a
fragrance for many miles around. The
streets and squares were lighted for
dance and frolic and promenade. The
theatres and galleries of art invited the
wealth and pomp and grandeur of the
city to rare entertainments. Scenes of
riot and wassail were mingled in every
street; goddess mirth, and outrageous
excess, and splendid wickedness came to
the king's palace to do their mightiest
deeds of darkness.A royal feast to-night at the king's
palace! Rushing up to the gates are
chariots, upholstered with precious
cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-
eyed horses from Togarah, that rear
and neigh in the grasp of the chariot-
eers, while a thousand lords dismount,
and women dressed in all the splen-
dors of Syrian emerald, and the color
blending of agate, and the chasteness
of coral, and the soubler glory of Ty-
rian purple, and princely embroideries
brought from afar by camels across the
desert, and by ships of Tarshish across
the sea.Open wide the gates and let the
guests come in. The chamberlains and
cup bearers are all ready. Hark to the
rustle of the robes, and to the carol of
the music! See the blaze of the jewels!
Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap
the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let
the night go by with song and dance
and ovation, and let that Babylonish
tongue be palsied that will not say,
"Oh, King Belshazzar, live forever!"

NO COMMON BANQUET.

Ah! my friends, it was not any com-
mon banquet to which these great peo-ple came. All parts of the earth had
sent their richest viands to that table.
Brackets and chandeliers flashed their
light upon tankards of burnished gold.
Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of
silver, entwined with leaves, plucked
from royal conservatories. Vases, in-
laid with emerald and ridged with ex-
quisite traceries, filled with nuts that
were thrashed from forests of dis-
tant lands. Wine brought from the
royal vats, foaming in the decanters
and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of
cassia and frankincense wafting their
sweetness from wall and table. Gor-
geous banners unfolding in the breeze
that came through the opened window,
bewitched with the perfume of hanging
gardens. Fountains rising from inclo-
sures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in
clattering rain of diamonds and pearls.
Statues of mighty men looking down
from niches in the wall upon crowns
and shields brought from subdued em-
pires. Idols of wonderful work stand-
ing on pedestals of precious stones.
Embroideries drooping about the win-
dows, and wrapping pillars of cedar,
and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory
and agate. Music mingling the thrum
of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and
the blast of trumpets in one wave of
transport that went rippling along the
wall, and breathing among the gar-
lands, and pouring down the corridors,
and thrilling the souls of a thousand
banqueters. The signal is given, and
the lords and ladies, the mighty men
and women of the land, come around
the table. Pour out the wine! Let
foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist
every one his cup, and drink to the
sentiment, "Oh, King Belshazzar, live
forever!"Bestarred headband and carcanet
of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted
chalices, as again and again and again
they are emptied. Away with care
from the palace! Tear royal dignity
to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give
us more light, wilder music, sweeter
perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain
ogles to captain. Goblets clash, de-
canters rattle. There come in the vic-
song, and the drunken hicough, and the
slavering lip, and the guffaw of
idiotic laughter bursting from the lips
of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot;
while mingling with it all I hear,
"Huzza! huzza! for the great Belshaz-
zar!"

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

What is that on the plastering of the
wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom?
Is it God? Out of the black sleeve of
the darkness a finger of fiery terror
trembles through the air and comes to
the wall, circling about as though it
would write, and then, with a sharp tip
of flame, engraves on the plastering the
doom of the king. The music stops.
Goblet falls from the nerveless grasp.
There is a thrill. There is a start.
There is a thousand voiced shriek of
horror. Let Daniel be brought in to
read that writing. He comes in. He
reads it, "Weighed in the balance and
found wanting."Meanwhile the Assyrians, who for
two years had been laying siege to that
city, took advantage of that carousal
and came in. I hear the feet of the
conquerors on the palace stairs. Massa-
cre rushes in with a thousand gleaming
knives. Death bursts upon the scene,
and I shut the door of that banqueting
hall, for I do not want to look. There
is nothing there but torn banners, and
broken wreaths, and the slush of upset
tankards, and the blood of murdered
women, and the kicked and tumbled
carcass of a dead king. For "in that
night was Belshazzar, the king of the
Chaldeans, slain."I go on to learn that when God writes
anything on the wall, a man had better
read it as it is. Daniel did not misin-
terpret or modify the handwriting on
the wall. It is all foolishness to expect
a minister of the Gospel to preach al-
ways things that the people like, or the
people choose. Young men, what shall
I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell
you of the dignity of human nature? Shall
I tell you of the wonders that our
race has accomplished? "Oh! no," you
say; "tell me the message that
came from God." I will. If there is
any handwriting on the wall it is this
lesson, "Accept of Christ and be
saved." I might talk of a great many
other things, but that is the message,
and so I declare it.Jesus never flattered those to whom
he preached. He said to those who
did wrong, and who were offensive in
his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye
whited sepulchers! how can ye escape
the damnation of hell?" Paul the
apostle preached before a man who
was not ready to hear him preach.
What subject did he take? Did he say,
"Oh, you are a good man, a very fine
man, a very noble man?" No; he
preached of righteousness to a man
who was unrighteous; of temperance
to a man who was the victim of bad
appetites; of the judgment to come to
a man who was unfit for it. So we
must always declare the message that
happens to come to us. Daniel must
read it as it is.A minister preached before James
I of England, who was James VI
of Scotland. What subject did he
take? The king was noted all over
the world for being unsettled and wa-
vering in his ideas. What did the min-
ister preach about to this man who
was James I of England and James VI
of Scotland? He took for his text
James i. 6: "He that wavereth is
like a wave of the sea, driven with the
wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer of-
fended the king by a sermon he
preached, and the king said, "Hugh
Latimer, come and apologize." "I
will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day
was appointed, and the king's chapel
was full of lords and dukes, and themighty men and women of the coun-
try, for Hugh Latimer was to apolo-
gize. He began his sermon by saying:
"Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou
art in the presence of thine earthly
king, who can destroy thy body. But
bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou
art in the presence of the King of heav-
en and earth, who can destroy both
body and soul in hell fire." Then he
preached with appalling directness at
the king's crimes.

THE HORROR OF THE ENDING.

Another lesson that comes to us.
There is a great difference between the
opening of the banquet of sin and its
close. Young man, if you had looked
in upon the banquet in the first few
hours you would have wished you had
been invited there, and could sit at the
feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshaz-
zar's feast!" you would have said, but
you look in at the close of the banquet,
and your blood curdles with horror.
The king of terrors has there a ghast-
lier banquet, human blood is the wine
and dying groans are the music.Sin has made itself a king in the
earth. It has crowned itself. It has
spread a banquet. It invites all the
world to come to it. It has hung in its
banqueting hall the spoils of all king-
doms and the banners of all nations.
It has gathered from all music. It has
strewn from its wealth the tables and
the floors and arches. And yet how
often is that banquet broken up, and
how horrible is its end! Ever and anon
there is a handwriting on the wall. A
king falls. A great culprit is arrested.
The knees of wickedness knock to-
gether. God's judgment, like an armed
host, breaks in upon the banquet, and
that night is Belshazzar, the king of the
Chaldeans, slain.Here is a young man who says: "I
cannot see why they make such a fuss
about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is
exhilarating! It makes me feel well.
I can talk better, think better, feel
better. I cannot see why people have
such a prejudice against it." A few
years pass on, and he wakes up and
finds himself in the clutches of an evil
habit which he tries to break, but can-
not, and he cries out, "Oh, Lord God,
help me!" It seems as though God
would not hear his prayer, and in an
agony of body and soul he cries out,
"It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth
like an adder." How bright it was at
the start! How black it was at the
last!Here is a man who begins to read
corrupt novels. "They are so charm-
ing," says he, "I will go out and see
for myself whether all these things are
so." He opens the gate of a sinful life.
He goes in. A sinful spirit meets him
with her wand. She waves her wand,
and it is all enchantment. Why, it
seems as if the angels of God had
poured out phials of perfume in the
atmosphere! As he walks on he finds
the hills becoming more radiant with
foliage, and the ravines more resonant
with the falling water. Oh, what a
charming landscape he sees! But that
sinful spirit with her wand meets him
again; but now she reverses the wand,
and all the enchantment is gone. The
cup is full of poison. The fruit turns
to ashes. All the leaves of the bower
are forked tongues of hissing serpents.
The flowing fountains fall back in a
dead pool, stenchful with corruption.
The luring songs become curses and
screams of demoniac laughter. Lost
spirits gather about him, and feel for
his heart, and beckon him on with:
"Hail, brother! Hail, blasted spirit,
hail!" He tries to get out. He comes
to the front door where he entered, and
tries to push it back, but the door turns
against him, and in the jar of that
shutting door he hears these words,
"This night is Belshazzar, the king of
the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open
bright as the morning. It ends dark
as the night!

DEATH AT THE FEAST.

I learn further from this subject that
Death sometimes breaks in upon a ban-
quet. Why did he not go down to the
prisons in Babylon? There were people
there that would like to have died. I
suppose there were men and women in
torture in that city who would have
welcomed Death. But he comes to the
palace, and just at the time when the
mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch
Death breaks in at the banquet. We
have often seen the same thing illus-
trated. Here is a young man just come
from college. He is kind. He is lov-
ing. He is enthusiastic. He is elo-
quent. By one spring he may bound
to heights toward which many men
have been struggling for years. A pro-
fession opens before him. He is estab-
lished in the law. His friends cheer
him. Eminent men encourage him.After a while you may see him stand-
ing in the United States senate or mov-
ing a popular assemblage by his elo-
quence, as trees are moved in a whirl-
wind. Some night he retires early. A
fever is on him. Delirium, like a reck-
less charioteer, seizes the reins of his
intellect. Father and mother stand
by, and see the tides of his life going
out to the great ocean. The banquet
is coming to an end. The lights of
thought and mirth and eloquence are
being extinguished. The garlands are
snatched from the brow. The vision is
gone. Death at the banquet.We saw the same thing, on a larger
scale, illustrated at the last war in this
country. Our whole nation had been
sitting at a national banquet—north,
south, east and west. What grain was
there but we grew it on our hills.
What invention was there but our
rivers must turn the new wheel and
rattle the strange shuttle. What warm
furs but our traders must bring them
from the Arctic. What fish but our
nets must sweep them for the markets.
What music but it must sing in ourhalls. What eloquence but it must
speak in our senates.Ho! to the national banquet, reach-
ing from mountain to mountain, and
from sea to sea! To prepare that ban-
quet the sheepfolds and the aviaries of
the country sent their best treasures.
The orchards piled up on the table
their sweetest fruits. The presses
burst out with new wines. To sit at
that table came the yeomanry of New
Hampshire, and the lumbermen of
Maine, and the Carolinian from the
rice fields, and the western emigrant
from the pines of Oregon, and we were
all brothers—brothers at a banquet.
Suddenly the feast ended.What meant those mounds thrown
up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta,
Gettysburg, South Mountain? What
meant those golden grain fields, turned
into a pasturing ground for cavalry
horses? What meant the corn fields
gullied with the wheels of the heavy
supply train? Why those rivers of
tears, those lakes of blood? God was
angry! Justice must come. A hand-
writing on the wall! The nation had
been weighed and found wanting.
Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the
north! Woe to the south! Woe to the
east! Woe to the west! Death at the
banquet!

THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.

I have also to learn from the subject
that the destruction of the vicious and
of those who despise God will be very
sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed
to the highest point when that Assyrian
army broke through. It was unexpect-
ed. Suddenly, almost always, comes
the doom of those who despise God and
defy the laws of men. How was it at
the deluge! Do you suppose it came
through a long northeast storm, so that
people for days before were sure it was
coming? No; I suppose the morning
was bright; that calmness brooded on
the waters; that beauty sat enthroned
on the hills, when suddenly the heav-
ens burst, and the mountains sank like
anchors into the sea, that dashed clear
over the Andes and the Himalayas.The Red sea was divided. The Egyp-
tians tried to cross it. There could be
no danger. The Israelites had just
gone through. Where they had gone
why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was
such a beautiful walking place! A
pavement of tinged shells and pearls,
and on either side two great walls of
water—solid. There can be no danger.
Forward, great host of the Egyptians!
Clap the cymbals and blow the trump-
ets of victory! After them! We will
catch them yet, and they shall be de-
stroyed. But the walls begin to trem-
ble. They rock! They fall! The rushing
waters! The shriek of drowning
men! The swimming of the war horses
in vain for the shore! The strewing of
the great host on the bottom of the
sea, or pitched by the angry wave on
the beach—a battered, bruised and
loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruc-
tion came. One half hour before they
could not have believed it. Destroyed,
and without remedy.I am just setting forth a fact which
you have noticed as well as I. Ananias
comes to the apostle. The apostle says,
"Did you sell the land for so much?"
He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead!
as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife,
comes in. "Did you sell the land for
so much?" "Yes." It was a lie; and
quick as that she was dead! God's
judgments are upon those who despise
and defy him. They come suddenly.The destroying angel went through
Egypt. Do you suppose that any of
the people knew that he was coming?
Did they hear the flap of his great wing?
No! no! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he
came.Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot
a bird standing on a sprig near by. If
they are skilled they pride themselves
on taking it on the wing, and they wait
till it starts. Death is an old sports-
man, and he loves to take men flying
under the very sun. He loves to take
them on the wing.

HEED WHAT FOLLOWS!

Are there any here who are unpre-
pared for the eternal world? Are there
any here who have been living without
God and without hope? Let me say to
you that you had better accept of the
Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your
last chance be gone. The lungs will
cease to breathe, the heart will stop.
The time will come when you shall go
no more to the office, or to the store,
or to the shop. Nothing will be left
but Death and Judgment and Eternity.
Oh! flee to God this hour! If
there be one in this presence who has
wandered far away from Christ, though
he may not have heard the call of the
gospel for many a year, I invite him
now to come and be saved. Flee from
thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the
gospel! Now is the accepted time;
now is the day of salvation.Good-night, my young friends! May
you have rosy sleep, guarded by him
who never slumbers! May you awake
in the morning strong and well! But
oh! art thou a despoiler of God? Is this
thy last night on earth? Shouldst
thou be awakened in the night by
something, thou knowest not what,
and there be shadows floating in the
room, and a handwriting on the wall,
and you feel that your last hour is
come, and there be a fainting at the
heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a
catching of the breath—then thy doom
would be but an echo of the words of
the text, "In that night was Belshaz-
zar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."Hear the invitation of the gospel!
There may be some one in this house
to whom I shall never speak again,
and therefore let it be in the words of
the Gospel, and not in my own, with
which I close: "Ho, every one that
thirsteth! Come ye to the waters.
And let him that hath no money come,buy wine and milk without money, and
without price." "Come unto me, all
ye who are weary and heavy laden,
and I will give you rest." Oh! that
my Lord Jesus would now make him-
self so attractive to your souls that you
cannot resist him; and that, if you
have never prayed before, or have not
prayed since those days when you knelt
down at your mother's knee, then that
to-night you might pray, saying:Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou hast not come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!But if you cannot think of so long a
prayer as that, I will give you a shorter
prayer that you can say, "God be mer-
ciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you can-
not think of so long a prayer as that,
I will give you a still shorter one that
you may utter, "Lord, save me, or I
perish!" Or if that be too long a
prayer, you need not utter one word.
Just look and live!

ODDS AND ENDS.

Seven hundred million oranges are
exported every year from Europe to
this country.The average number of murders an-
nually committed in England and
Wales is 170.Bullock's sweetbread when decom-
posed yields a principle named collidine.It is said to be a curious fact that all
of the girls in Wellesley college who
lead their classes are blondes.Sixty thousand people are said to be
out of work in the city of Berlin.
Ninety thousand are out of work in the
east end of London alone.Although among the Bedouins a wife
is considered as a slave, singleness is
looked upon as a disgrace.Let us try to give our children the
advantage of happiness, and though
we have no personal motive we shall
surely not go unrewarded.In large cities men rarely walk in the
street in their dress suits without wear-
ing a very thin overcoat, even in sum-
mer. This is to avoid being conspicu-
ous.One of the simplest and most efficient
means of fumigating a room is by drop-
ping vinegar slowly upon a very hot
iron shovel; a cover from the kitchen
stove will answer very well.In digging out an old well at Mur-
phys, Calaveras county, Cal., the other
day, a skeleton with handcuffs on was
found. Its history is unknown.Ex-Senator Bruce's 12-year-old son
is named Roscoe Conkling Bruce, and
is the proud possessor of a silver cup,
knife, fork and spoon given to him by
the late senator.The book of lamentations should
never be opened in public. One's trou-
bles do not concern the world at large,
and grief is too sacred a thing to be
poured out into unsympathetic ears.

Married Across the Flood.

Justice Weir received a message re-
questing his presence at the hamlet of
Blue Lick to marry a couple. He at
once mounted and started, but was
greatly impeded by the swollen streams
that lay across his path. When he
reached Blue Lick Creek he found that
ordinarily placid stream a raging, roar-
ing torrent, impassable.While trying to devise some plan to
get across there was a clatter of hoofs
on the opposite side of the stream, and
in a moment a horse was pulled up on
the edge of the water. On its back
was Harvey Taylor, who held on the
pommel of his saddle Kate Newny.
The couple wanted to get married, and
that quickly. How to do it in view of
the water barrier was a question.Finally the Justice from this side of
the creek suggested that the license be
wrapped in a handkerchief and tied to
a rock and thrown over to him for ex-
amination. This was done. Then the
Justice mounted his horse, and using
his hands for a trumpet, shouted the
words that are usually employed in
marriage ceremonies at the hand in
hand couple across the stream. They
shouted back the responses, and the
Justice declared the knot tied.About 200 feet of water separated
Justice Weir from the couple, and the
roar of the torrent and the patter of
the rain probably rendered the service
and responses inaudible, but as all
formalities were observed the marriage
is certainly legal.—Louisville (Ky.)
Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Fortunate Musician.

A crippled musician is to be found in
Scotland, traveling on the line of rails
between Dundee and Broughty Ferry.
He performs on the concertina, and
has been in the business for the last
ten or fifteen years. He is known to
every passenger, and has his regular
customers, who never fail to subscribe
to the entertainment. Traveling does
not seem to diminish his energy, for,
with the aid of his crutch, he gets from
one carriage to another with as much
agility as his more fortunate fellow
passengers.—London Tit-Bits.

The Uncle Sam's Powerful New Rifle.

The armed despots of the Old World
who may be contemplating plundering
the United States are respectfully in-
formed that Uncle Sam has recently
perfected a new Springfield rifle that
speeds a bullet 2,200 feet per second,
with force enough to penetrate at 500
yards sixteen pine boards of one inch
thickness, each placed one inch apart.
Any foreign despot who thinks he is
thicker than sixteen inches of pine
boards will cheerfully be accorded a
position as a target.—New York Tele-
gram.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

W. & W. R. R. BRANCHES.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.			
Dated Jan. 19th 1891.	No. 23, Daily.	No. 27, fast mail, Daily.	No. 41, daily ex- press.
Leave Weldon.....	12:30 PM	5:45 PM	6:00 AM
At Rocky Mount.....	1:40 "	7:15 "
At Tarboro.....	2:17 "	7:42 "
Leave Tarboro.....	10:55 AM
Arrive Wilson.....	2:18 PM	7:00 "	7:58 "
Leave Wilson.....	2:40 "
Arrive Selma.....	3:10 "
Arrive Fayetteville.....	3:30 "
Leave Goldsboro.....	3:15 "	8:40 "
Leave Warsaw.....	4:10 "	9:24 "
Leave Wagonville.....	4:24 "	8:40 "
Arrive Wilmington.....	1:50 "	9:55 "	11:20 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.			
Dated Jan. 19th 1891.	No. 14, Daily.	No. 78, Daily.	No. 40, daily ex- press.
Leave Wilmington.....	12:35 PM	9:15 AM	4:00 PM
Leave Wagonville.....	2:05 "	10:07 "	5:36 "
Leave Warsaw.....	11:11 "	5:53 "
Arrive Goldsboro.....	3:03 "	12:13 "	6:55 "
Leave Fayetteville.....	3:10 "
Arrive Selma.....	11:18 "
Arrive Wilson.....	12:20 "
Leave Wilson.....	1:30 "	8:15 "
Arrive Rocky Mount.....	2:17 "
Arrive Tarboro.....	10:55 AM
Leave Tarboro.....	10:55 AM
Arrive Weldon.....	12:30 PM	9:30 "

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves
Weldon at 3:10 p. m. in 1891, arrive Scotland
Neck at 4:15 p. m. Greenville 6:02 p. m. in 1891
7:10 p. m. Returning leaves Kingston 7:00 a. m.
Greenville 8:04 a. m. Arriving at Halifax 10:45
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.
arrive Wilmington 8:30 a. m. Returning leaves
Smithfield N. C. 9:00 a. m. arrive Goldsboro N. C.
4:30 p. m. Plymouth 7:00 p. m. 8:30 p. m.
Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday
6:30 a. m. Sunday 9:00 a. m. Wilmington N. C.
7:40 a. m. 9:58 a. m. arrive Tarboro 10:05 a. m.
11:50 a. m.Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Golds-
boro N. C. daily except Sunday 7:00 a. m. arrive
Smithfield N. C. 8:30 a. m. Returning leaves
Smithfield N. C. 9:00 a. m. arrive Goldsboro N. C.
4:30 p. m.Train on Nashville Branch leaves Foy's
Mount at 3:00 p. m. arrives at Nashville 5:40 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
11:15 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a. m.
and 3:10 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 ex-
cept Sunday.Train No. 27 south will only stop at Wilson
Goldsboro and Maconville.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.The New York and Florida special will run