

AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE'S APPEAL TO THE DIFFERENT AND PROCRASTINATING.

The Refinements of Life Are Good Things, and So Are Wealth and Comfort, Friendship and Love; but One Thing Thou Lackest Yet.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1.—The deep religious feeling manifested in Dr. Talmage's congregations since his recent arousing "Appeal to Outsiders" has apparently encouraged him to continue preaching distinctively evangelistic sermons. Today he delivered another discourse of the same gospel type, both at the morning service in the Academy of Music in this city, and at The Christian Herald service at night in the New York Academy of Music. His text was taken from Mark x, 21: "One thing thou lackest."

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable and frank and earnest and educated and refined and respectable and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you. "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are not lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is perhaps no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you.

And in these winter evenings, the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home. Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have on appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the king's son. If I am well clothed on other occasions I will be in religious audience. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage I shall have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of everyday life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

WORLDLY SUCCESS HAS ITS VALUE. Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry.

Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house, you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means, "I'll stand by you," and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store," and the mangoes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion, and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian.

It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say, "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says, "I am a sinner." You respond, "So am I." Some one says, "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say, "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you, and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to your last account, "One thing thou lackest."

THE CHRISTIAN'S HAPPINESS.

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what is the matter with you. You say, "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness," or, "I have eaten some

thing that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. Oh, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition! Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or stung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever.

I never shall forget one man in my first parish, who in exasperation of body cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Jesus." Why, his face was illumined! There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in his service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than two months who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in those two months they had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jeer and they shout, but nobody has any idea that they are happy.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an old man arose in a praying circle and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart; but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, away from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me; but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of his hands."

I went into the room of an aged man, his eyesight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone, and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said, "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there."

What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and rest? Physical exuberance? No; it has all gone. Sunshine. He cannot see it. The voices of friends. He cannot hear them. It is the grace of God, that is brighter than noonday and that is sweeter than music. If a harpist takes a harp and finds that all the strings are broken but one string, he does not try to play upon it. Yet here I will show you an aged man the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction, such melody that the angels of God stop the swift stroke of their wings and hover about the place until the music ceases. Oh, religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, "One thing thou lackest."

CHRIST CALLS YOU TO USEFULNESS.

Remark, again, that you lack the element of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 250 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley, but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ, and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath.

There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. Oh, hear you not the more than million voices of those in these two cities who are unconverted? Voices of those who in these two cities are dying in their sins? They want light. They want bread. They want Christ. They want heaven. Oh, that the Lord would make you a flaming evangelist! As for myself, I have sworn before high heaven that I will preach this gospel as well as I can, in all its fullness, until every fiber of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every passion of my soul, is exhausted. But we all have a work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment, "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South ferry or Fulton ferry with you to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity!

O father of the weary step, O moth-

er bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee! Through all these years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feeling, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this, "One thing thou lackest!"

Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces! Oh, if you could only feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps! I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out, "One thing thou lackest." It was an impetuous appeal a young man made in a prayer meeting when he rose up and said: "Do pray for my old father. He is 70 years of age, and he don't love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life, and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is, it is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by his omnipotent grace; he can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half-past 11—at one minute of 12 he can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious gospel.

I must make application of this subject also to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures in heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the disconsolation so much more appalling! As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed!"

CONSOLATION FOR THE POOR ALSO.

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot bath was the streaming blood of his own heart.

Oh, you poor man! Oh, you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him to-night. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says, "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea you have been surprised on the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail; but when a sail does come in sight the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near then the captain through the trumpet cries loudly across the water, "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water, "Whither bound? whither bound?"

I know what service that craft was made for; but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of that sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help,

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all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voices of mercy and love. Taste and see that the Lord is gracious. In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving, and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words, "One thing thou lackest."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A year ago Harvard had 2,079 students; Columbia, 1,620, and Yale, 1,477.

Pointed slippers and ties, as well as shoes, should be one size larger than those of an ordinary shape.

Take two large spoons, drive large nails through them in the wall about two inches apart and hang your broom up, brush end up.

On a recent Monday morning in New York city 105,000 letters were taken out by carriers in the first delivery.

The new 10-inch guns are expected to range 13,650 yards at 20 degs. elevation. The 12-inch guns will range 14,700 yards at 20 degs. elevation.

Fifty-five ladies practicing medicine in India have presented a memorial to the viceroy that the age of consent in marriage may be raised to 14.

Prince Valdemar, the youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, is a naval officer. He has worked his way up from a humble position to the rank of captain.

The average stipend of curates of the church of England who have been twenty-five years in holy orders is only £118 a year. So it is stated in the report of the curates' augmentation fund.

One of the most vulgar and unbecoming things in the world is devotion to dress, which, in many minds, grows into a form of insanity, and leads to the worship of dry goods and dress-makers.

A good remedy for bee or wasp stings is common earth mixed to a mud paste with water. Apply to the afflicted spot immediately, covering with a cloth.

The venerable preacher, Dr. Robert Collyer, boasts that he has never been sick abed. In spite of his advanced years he is hale and robust. His nearest approach to a severe illness came when he had a gripe.

The bureau of vital statistics in New York city has received a certificate announcing the marriage of a Chinaman to a Chinese woman. It is said to be the first official record of a Chinese marriage in New York.

Trades and Trade Schools.

If every boy learned a trade thoroughly the market would not be glutted as at present with unskilled labor, and there would not be so many young men sitting around in offices trying to make themselves generally useful at \$5 to \$9 a week, while they are learning scarcely anything of actual business and are on the road to nowhere in particular. This is the situation, and Col. Auelmuty, of the New York trade school, described the remedy in an extremely interesting and valuable lecture at the board of trade rooms Wednesday evening. The apprenticeship system has passed out of vogue in the United States, and the majority of skilled workmen are foreign born. A young man nowadays must pick up his trade, at best in a slipshod manner, in such a position as he can get. The trade unions are hostile to the training of apprentices; their policy is to corner skilled labor.

The trade school is the solution of the problem. The 2,500 young men who have learned trades in Col. Auelmuty's school have earned \$2.50 to \$5 per day on leaving, and testify that the school has been the making of them. Plasterers have gone right out and earned \$1 a day. Bright young men master the course in plumbing in three months, in some instances, and find work awaiting them on graduating. The work of the bricklayers who learn the trade there is far superior to the average contract work. The old system of training induces a boy to leave school to find employment in a workshop.

The trade school system encourages him to remain at school, to go to college if he can, and then learn his trade in a trade school. Thirty-one of the forty-four states of the Union are represented at the New York school. Col. Auelmuty asks what more useful and enduring gift Springfield could receive from the business men than such a school.—Springfield Homestead.

A Big Umbrella.

The biggest umbrella in the world has been made by Messrs. Wilson, Matheson & Co., of Glasgow, for the use of a West African king. The umbrella, which can be closed in the usual manner, is twenty-one feet in diameter, and is affixed to a polished mahogany staff of the same length. The canopy is made of Indian straw, lined with cardinal and white, has a score of straw tassels and a border of crimson satin. On the top is a pine shaped straw ornament which terminates in a gilded cone. When in use the umbrella is fixed in the ground, and under its shelter the king is able to entertain thirty guests at dinner.—London Tit-Bits.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

W. & W. R. R. BRANCHES

Condensed Schedule.

Table with columns: Dated Jan. 19th 1891, No. 23 Daily, No. 27 Daily, No. 29 Daily. Rows: Leave Weldon, At Rocky Mount, At Tarboro, Leave Tarboro, Arrive Weldon, Arrive Selma, Arrive Fayetteville, Leave Goldsboro, Leave Warsaw, Arrive Magnolia, Arrive Wilmington.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: No. 14 Daily, No. 78 Daily, No. 80 Daily. Rows: Leave Wilmington, Leave Magnolia, Leave Warsaw, Arrive Fayetteville, Arrive Selma, Arrive Weldon, Leave Goldsboro, Leave Warsaw, Arrive Tarboro, Arrive Weldon.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon at 3:30 p. m. It has 2:32 arrive Scotland Neck at 4:18 p. m. Greenville 6:12 p. m. Kingston 7:10 p. m. Returning leaves Kingston 7:00 p. m. Greenville 8:04 a. m. Arriving at Halifax 10:45 a. m. Weldon 11:55 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro N. C. via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday 4:05 p. m. Sunday 3:00 p. m. arrive Wilmington N. C. 6:30 p. m. Weldon 11:15 a. m. daily except Sunday. Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 6:20 a. m. Sunday 5:00 a. m. Wilmington, N. C. 7:40 a. m. 9:58 a. m. arrive Tarboro 10:55 a. m. 11:20 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro 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. 10:30 p. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Fayetteville 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. Arrive Fayetteville 11:15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw, Va. Clinton, daily except Sunday at 6:00 p. m. and 11:45 a. m. Returning leave Clinton at 8:20 a. m. and 3:10 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 40, 41, 2, and 78.

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

Train No. 37 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 15th, leaving Weldon Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2:00 p. m., arriving Wilmington 2:00 a. m., returning leave Wilmington Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9:00 a. m., arriving Weldon 6:15 a. m. All trains run solid Weldon to Washington and have Pullman Palace Sleepers attached.

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

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

PETERSBURG & WELDON R. R.

Condensed Schedule.

Table with columns: Dated Jan. 19th, 1891, No. 23 Daily, No. 27 Daily, No. 29 Daily. Rows: Leave Weldon, Leave Stony Creek, Leave Jarratts, Leave Bellfield, Arrive Weldon.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

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The New York and Florida Special will run tri-weekly, commencing January 15th, 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 N. CAROLINA

On and after Monday, December 17th and until further notice, the Steam CHOWAN, Captain Withy, will LEAVE FRANKLIN on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for EDENFON, PL. MOUTH and all intermediate points of arrival of mail train from Portsmouth, 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 East Mail train from Raleigh to Portsmouth and with Express train to 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.