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(Schedule in Effect Nov. 25, 1906.)

DURHAM DIVISION.

Ex Sun Daily	Ex Sun Daily	Ex Sun Daily	Ex Sun Daily
p. m. a. m.	LV	Ar	a. m. p. m.
5:15	7:00	Durham	Ar 9:15
7:07	8:29	Roxboro	Ar 9:30
8:00	9:01	Denniston	Ar 9:53
8:28	9:24	S'th Boston	Ar 10:25
8:45	9:39	Houston	Ar 10:59
11:50	12:15	Lynchburg	Ar 3:00

WESTBOUND - LEAVE LYNCHBURG DAILY.

2:30 p. m. - The St. Louis Express Pullman sleeper, Roanoke to Columbus, Bluefield to Cincinnati, also for Radford, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Knoxville.

7:00 a. m. - For Roanoke, Rocky Mount, Winston Salem, Radford, Bristol, Bluefield, Norton, Welch.

5:30 p. m. - Daily for Roanoke.

EAST BOUND - LEAVE LYNCHBURG.

3:35 p. m. - Daily for Farmville, Richmond, Petersburg and Norfolk - Parlor Car.

7:30 a. m. - For Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk. Also Pullman sleeper between Lynchburg and Richmond.

8:50 a. m. - Daily for Farmville, Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.

Winston Salem Division. - Leave Roanoke 5:15 p. m., except Sunday, for Winston-Salem and intermediate stations and 9:50 a. m. daily for same stations and Charlotte, N. C.

North Carolina Divisions. - Leave Pulaski 6:10 a. m. daily, except Sunday, for Betty Baker and 8:25 a. m. daily, except Sunday, for Galax and Pries.

Cinch Valley Division. - Leave Bluefield 9:15 daily, 2:25 p. m. for Norton.

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## Southern Railway

IN EFFECT AUGUST 6, 1905.

This condensed schedule is published as information, and is subject to change without notice to the public.

Trains leave Durham, N. C. 3:30 a. m. No. 111 westbound daily for Greensboro and local points, connecting at Greensboro with Florida Express for Charlotte, Columbia, Savannah and Jacksonville, also with the Washington and Southwestern Limited, solid Pullman train, for Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile, and points south.

3:40 a. m., No. 112, eastbound, daily for Goldsboro and local stations, connecting at Goldsboro with Atlantic Coast Line for Wilmington, Tarboro and Norfolk, and with Atlantic & North Carolina Railway for Kinston and New Bern.

7:00 a. m., No. 162, mixed, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Keyville and local stations.

9:20 a. m., No. 108, eastbound, daily for Goldsboro and local stations, connecting at Selma for Wilson, Rocky Mount, Norfolk and Eastern North Carolina points.

9:40 a. m., No. 116, daily for Oxford, Chase City, Keyville and Richmond and local points. Handles through coach between Raleigh, Durham and Richmond.

10:00 a. m., No. 107, westbound, daily, for Greensboro and local stations, connecting at Greensboro with U. S. East Mail for Washington and New York and points North; close connection with train for Charlotte and local stations, also for Winston-Salem.

3:25 p. m., No. 125, eastbound, daily, for Goldsboro and local points.

4:30 p. m., No. 135, westbound, daily, for Greensboro and local stations, connecting at Greensboro with train No. 29 for Charlotte, Columbia, Savannah and Jacksonville. Pullman sleeper and first class day coach Washington to Jacksonville without change. Also connects with train No. 35, U. S. East Mail, for Atlanta and all points South and Southwest.

4:45 p. m., No. 174, mixed, daily except Sunday, for Keyville and local stations.

6:45 p. m., No. 118, daily for Raleigh and local points.

JOHN B. GRAHAM, Agent, Durham, N. C.

R. L. VERNON, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Third Quarter, For July 7, 1907.

### THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. xvi, 1-15. Memory Verse, 4—Golden Text, John vi, 51—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The history of Israel in the wilderness on their way to the promised land, while literally true, is also typical of the life of the believer from the day of his redemption till he enters into the rest and joy and fullness which are his in Christ Jesus. This all believers might do very quickly, but as a rule many are slow to enter in, and some never do. Read I Cor. x, 6, 11, and context and Heb. iii, 12, to iv, 11, and give heed to the Spirit's testimony concerning Israel's misconduct and to His warnings to us not to fall into the same sins. In poetry Canaan is often taken to represent heaven and Jordan death, but this is not the teaching of Scripture, as there are no foes to overcome nor fighting to be done in heaven. The Passover plainly teaches redemption by the blood of the Lamb; the overthrow of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red sea suggests our complete separation from the world, the world crucified to us and we to it (Gal. vi, 14), while Jordan, with its memorial heap in the bed of the river and another on the Canaan side, speaks of death to self, crucifixion, burial and risen with Christ (Gal. ii, 20; Rom. vi, 6-11; Col. iii, 1-4).

Last week's lesson was all victory and praise, but the first unpleasant thing, the waters of Marah, set them all murmuring. How like them we are. See how by a tree the waters are made sweet, and consider how the lost ax was recovered by a piece of a tree also (I Kings vi, 6). The lost restored and the bitter made pleasant by a tree—what can it mean but Himself, the tree of life of Eden and Revelation, the green tree of Luke xxiii, 31? Obedience to Him brings health to body and soul and gives us Eilm instead of Marah (Ex. xv, 23-27).

How short lived was their peace! Just a few days farther on their journey and again they murmur because there is nothing to eat (xvi, 2). Did our Lord have this in mind when He said: "Take no anxious thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink (Matt. vi, 25). "Seek not ye what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink. Live not in careful suspense. . . . Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" (Luke xii, 29, margin). No doubt, for it was He who said to Moses, "I will rain bread from heaven for you" (verse 4), who afterward said of Himself, "I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven" (John vi, 51).

He gave them flesh also, for in the evening the quails came up and covered the camp, and in the morning when the dew was gone the ground was covered with manna, which they gathered, some more, some less, every man according to his eating (verses 12-15). This bread from heaven with which He fed them, so suggestive of Himself, the True Bread, had to be gathered every day, the portion of a day in His day (verse 4, margin). In connection with this last phrase see II Kings xxv, 30; Jer. iii, 24, margin, and be sure that the same Lord is appointing your portion of all things needful every day, and He would have you without fail gather your portion from His Word every day, for "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live" (Deut. viii, 3; Matt. iv, 4). He would have us eat His Word with rejoicing and esteem it more than our daily food (Jer. xv, 16; Job xxiii, 12).

We must also accept all the events of life as His best portion for us and never murmur, for all our murmurings are not against people or circumstances, but against God Himself, and He hears every murmur (verses 8-12). Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (I Tim. v, 8; Heb. xiii, 5).

The manna was to be gathered fresh every day and not kept over, yet here in some disobey (verse 20). They were to keep holy the Sabbath day and on the sixth day gather enough for two days, being assured that that would keep, yet herein some transgressed also and went out to gather it on the seventh day, but found none (verses 27-30). A golden pot was to be filled and kept for future generations to see how God provided for their fathers. This pot of manna, with Aaron's rod that budded, was at one time kept in the ark (which Moses afterward made), with the tables containing the Ten Commandments (Heb. ix, 4). It is not for us to question the commands of God, but meekly receive His Word, hold it fast and cheerfully obey it. He who redeemed us will certainly care for us (Rom. viii, 32), and it is our part joyfully to trust Him. Hidden manna is one of the things promised to the overcomer (Rev. ii, 17). May we some day know the full significance of it! We may if we will. The manna tasted like honey (verse 31). David may have had this in mind when he wrote that the Word of God was sweeter than honey or the honeycomb (Ps. xix, 10). All the dealings of God with Israel were intended to make them know Him as the Lord their God, that through them others might know Him also (verse 12; Josh. iv, 21). It is the same with us.

thing torn. He listened eagerly. What could it be? Minutes passed. There were no more sounds until the padlock was tried and a hand went feeling for the key. Tom raised his head for the first time as the moon streamed in through the open door, when he perceived that it was Peggy's bare feet which had made no noise. With that he lowered his head again, for there was no place in it even for surprise. But unconsciously he gave a moan.

She went upon her knees beside him and flung out her arms, but drew them back, with a shiver, from that loose spread blanket. "Tom!" she whispered. "Speak to me, darlin'. It's Peggy come to see how y' are."

He never spoke, never looked up nor gave any sign that he heard her words, unless it was that his bowed head hung more heavily than before.

"It's Peggy O'Brine," the girl pursued, with a sob in her throat. "Sure an' ye've not forgotten Peggy the cook? It's to comfort ye I've come, dearie, an' haven't I the right? Ah, then, an' wasn't it all through me it was?"

The sob got loose, and she was wringing her hands and gasping; at Tom through her tears as though her heart would break for him. In return he stared heavily at her, but shook his head as her meaning came home to him.

"Indeed an' it was," persisted Peggy. "Only for one you niver would have struck 'm at all. An' to think it was myself that warned ye in the beginning an' went an' drove ye to it in the ind!"

If only you had let 'm strike me dead at his feet! It'd have been better than that—an' this!"

Still he looked at her without a word, and still there was no light, no life, no feeling in the look, but only dumb and dead despair.

"You thought I liked 'im!" exclaimed Peggy wildly. "They've been tellin' ye their black lies in the butts. It's little they know how it's been between as from the start. I'll tell ye this, Tom, letther a hundred times be the man he's a spite agin than the girl he's his wicked eye upon. That's Mr. Nat for ye, an' I hate 'im—I loathe 'im—'tis God's truth I'm telling ye. Tom, dear, he cot me out there last night—I niver went out wid 'im. He cot me prowlin' about, as he said, an' that's the truth, too, though he told it. I couldn't sleep for thinkin' o' the two o' ye. It's well I knew he was up to some divil's work at last. I'd seen 'im talkin'—an' what do you suppose he's up to now?" asked Peggy, going off at a tangent. "What do you suppose he's doin' at this moment? Llyn' drunk on his bed—lyin' de'd drunk for the shame of it! You knocked 'm down. You knocked 'm down. He won't get over 't till his dyin' day. Nobody else iver so much as lifted a han' agin 'im on the farm. But glory be to God, you knocked 'm down!"

There was more than unthinking exultation in her tone; there was a very singular sort of pride also, and this as unthinking as the other, it was so ingenuous and plain. But Tom saw nothing with those dreadful eyes and heard but little beyond her soothing brogue. And then she did think and saw a mark on the blanket in a rod of moonlight (for she had shut the door) and cried out to God to forgive the most selfish woman in all the world. She had thought of herself and not of Tom. She had talked about herself and not about Tom. In her selfishness she had forgotten what she had brought him, and a medicine bottle of pilfered milk and rum was at his parched lips in an instant. She made him drink of it, and drink deep, and nutton sandwiches, deliciously cut and salted, she put between his teeth with her own fingers, bite after bite, as though he had been her infant. And all the time she was railing at herself for forgetting this and being the most selfish woman in the world, while he ate and drank from her tender hand and never said a word.

But when this was over he took that hand in his, and so they sat as it seemed for hours in a thin rain of glittered moonshine. Still his eyes were steadily downcast the whole time. Thus they missed the happy tears in hers.

At last he spoke, and it was terrible, for she could not understand a word. Then he coughed and tried again and said, "God bless you, Peggy—only there isn't one in New South Wales!" And that left them both silent and the girl grieving openly for almost as long again.

Then he said quite quietly: "You know I've been in the condemned cell, Peggy. But it was nothing to this. My God, it was nothing to this!"

Peggy pressed his hand. "The condemned cell at Newgate," he went on. "I was there up to the very last night and heard the people taking their places to see me swing. Well, that night was nothing to this. And if they had hanged me in the morning it would have been nothing—nothing—it would have been nothing—"

The horse-voice broke, sob after sob shook the tortured body, and the girl glowed with shame to find herself the useless witness of an agony so supreme. But his tears dried hers and bound their fount. It froze her heart to hear and see him. She was afraid to speak to him, to touch his hand. She withdrew a little, and her bare foot pressed a cold oasis on the warm ground. She stooped and picked up a coin.

"Ha!" cried Tom. His voice was very bitter now, but under control in a moment.

"Where did it come from?" asked Peggy, with the coin to a shining crevice.

"I am ashamed to tell you," and he ground his teeth. "But you will never guess. From a greater brute than I."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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The undersigned having qualified as administrator of H. B. Lewter, deceased, hereby gives notice to all persons holding claims against said estate to present the same to him on or before May 1, 1908, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will come forward and pay up.

This 30th of April, 1907.

G. F. LEWTER, Administrator.

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