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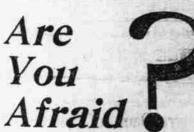
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The Morning Star.

With ugly little bodies of the hue of parbolled

And with noses like a satyr's, and with eyes like inky blots.

ianbed ugly little backgrounds, all as meaningless as mud, And ugly little sunsets all suggesting fire and

Then that ugly little artist kicked up ugly lit-tle heels, And indulged in grim grimaces and in grewand he cried: "Hooray! On loveliness shall man no longer feast,
I have proved that art's true subject is not
Beauty, but—the Beast!"

A FAIR COMPANION.

Once I was compelled to make the trip to Turin by the way of Corsica. So I took

the steamer at Nice for Baslia. As soon as we were under way I began to look around and observe my fellow pas-sengers. I noticed a modest looking young sengers. I noticed a modest looking young woman sitting on deck alone and apparently a stranger. I immediately said to myself, "There is my traveling companion," so I placed myself where I could watch the graceful contour of her head and shoulders, the exquisite coloring of her richly tinted cheeks and the dreamy look of her dark eyes gazing far out at sea. I noted the fine lines of her hands, a little too larger and strong, but white and heave too large and strong, but white and beau-tifully shaped; the delicate, shell-like ears which always indicate good blood better than a certificate of birth, sometimes con-

As I watched my neighbor I asked my-self all those questions we usually ask about an unknown woman in whom we are interested: "Who is she?" "Where is she going?" "Why is she traveling alone?" Without seeming to notice my scrutiny, she settled herself constortably in her chair, opened her satchel and took out a newspaper. I rubbed my hands exultingly and said, "Now, let me see what she reads and I will tell you her character and thoughts." I gave the paper a quick glance, and to my surprise saw it was a Parisian journal. She began at the first page with a dainty, satisfied manner; read on and on, sometimes a smile on her lips,

on and on, sometimes a smile on her lips, but always a look of interested attention. I drew my seat near to her, took out a volume of poems I had bought just before starting and pretended to be equally in-A good many passengers walked up and down, but she appeared to think of nothing but her paper. Finally she seemed to have finished and laid it down on a seat between us. I immediately bowed and

her paper?"
"Certainly, monsieur, with the greatest

"In the meantime, allow me to offer you this volume of poetry. It may inter-

"Thank you. Is it amusing?" This rather disconcerted me. When one offers a volume of love songs to a woman, he does not expect to be asked, "Is it amusing?" Nevertheless, I answered:

"It is more than amusing-it is charm-She opened the book and began to run

through it with a little bewildered air, as if she was not in the habit of reading poe try. Suddenly I asked: "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, but I am not at all sentime I like something gay—very gay." With that she closed the book and we began to

I learned that she was the wife of an of-I learned that she was the wife of an officer at Ajaccio. She was going to rejoin
her husband. She added she had been
dragged from one little town to another,
and now she was going to be buried in
that lugubrious isle of Corsica.

In some way I fancied she did not love
her husband—loved him, perhaps, with
that cool reserve a woman gives to a man

who is not congenial to her.

She said she preferred living in Lyons.
She knew every one in Lyons—it was her

native place.

As we spoke of residences and places she

preferred. I asked: "How do you like Parist" "Oh, monsieur, do I like Paris? Is it

possible for any one to ask such a ques-tion?" But she began to talk of Paris with such ardor—such enthusiasm—I said to myself, "This is the string to pull." She provincial—with the longings of a bird who gazes at the wild, free woods from the window where he is imprisoned. Then began to question me with almost thless eagerness. She wanted to know

everything at once.
"Do you know Alphonse Daudet and M. Sardou—oh, he is gay, so amusing—and M. Zola—he always makes me cry? Aft-er reading one of his books, I am ill for a

She ran on in this way for about an kour; then her questions began to be exhausted and it was my time to talk.

I related all the stories of the fashionable world I could think of. I gave her a beautiful idea of the grand dames of Paris, satisfied her curiosity in the most fantas-tic manner, told wonderful adventures of the gay city. She listened with all her ears and all her heart. Then I mocked

ears and all her heart. Then I mocked with cruel irony all those poor women who were bound to husbands who did not appreciate them and could not understand their delicacy of sentiment.

The little woman said no more—only sighed now and then—and once she asked:

"Is it really like that in the gay world?"

The night had come—soft and warm—the great steamer, throbbing from her machinery, glided over the sea, hencath an immense canopy of violet sky, starred with drops of fire. Suddenly my neighbor was up and saying:

"It is late. I must retire. Bon soir, monsieur."

I answered, "Bon soir, madam," and I knew she must take the night dili-gance from Baslin to Ajacolo—there was no other way to cross the mountains—so I

laid my plans to meet my fair companion again. Next morning as soon as we landed in Basila I hired the entire diligence for myself—engaged every seat.

The shades of night were falling when I entered the old vehicle for Ajaceto.

The driver came to me and humbly shed.

"Would you yield any one of the seats to a lady?"
"What lady?" I brusquely demanded.
"The wife of an officer going to Ajacolo
to join her husband."

"Certainly. Tell the lady I gladly offer her a seat."

My traveling companion soon appeared, laughingly said she had been asleep all the afternoon preparing for the night trip across the mountains, thanked me for my kindness and entered the carriage. kindness and entered the carriage.

This old vehicle was like a hermetically

each side, with little glass windows above. We were sitting face to face, opposite each other, and away we started, the horses go-ing on a quick trot until we reached the

mountains.

The fresh, pungent odor of aromatic berbs came through the lowered glass of the doors—that delicious fragrance that Corsics spreads around her, as if the ground was impregnated with perfume which the hot sun drew forth and scattered

on every passing breeze.

Again I began to talk of Paris—bright, beautiful, bewildering Paris. She listened with keen attention.

By now the night had grown so dark I could scarcely distinguish the face of my companion. It appeared like a whitish

were slowly walking up the steep ascent, the carriage lanterns the only light to show the road. Every now and then the sound of a torrent dashing over the rocks would come to us. Then it would be lost in the distance.

My companion beat in the distance.

My companion had been very quiet for some time, breathing softly, with now and then a gentle sigh. The darkness and stlence amboldened me. I softly laid my hand on hers. It was not withdrawn. Growing still bolder, I went on whispering a lot of sentimental rubbish; talked of "love at first sight," "kindred spirits," etc., with my lips very near her ear—in truth, dangerously near her mouth. She was still silent. I fancied I could hear the beatings of her heart, mingled with her gentle sighs.

gentle sighs.

At last I softly placed my lips upon her cheek. She started as if just aroused from sleep. But such a start! It hurled me to the far side of the carriage. Then, before I had time to comprehend, consider or the far side of the carriage. Then, before I had time to comprehend, consider or even think, I received five or six frightful slaps full in the face, then a perfect hall of fisticuffs, hard and sharp, falling everywhere, on my head, my face, my neck, quick and fast as summer rain.

In the thick darkness that surrounded in I with the carriage of the carriage of the carriage.

us I vainly tried to parry the blows, to seize her hands. Impossible! So I turned around and presented my back to her furi-ous attacks, and hid my head in the corner

of the vehicle.

She seemed to comprehend (by the sound of the blows, no doubt) this movement of despair and suddenly ceased to beat me, and, throwing herself back in the corner and the of the carriage, she burst into a wild par-oxysm of sobs and tears, which continued for an hour or so, I shrinking back in my corner, distressed and very much ashamed. I wanted to speak but what could I say!

"Excuse me?" That would have been tame and absurd. What would you have said? Nothing—just as I did.

She continued to weep, every now and then uttering great sighs which nearly broke my heart. I wanted to console her, o take her in my arms and soothe her as you would a crying child, to beg her par-don, to fall on my knees and entreat her to forgive me, but I dared not. These sit-

ustions are very embarrassing.

Finally she grew calm. We both remained in our separate corners, mute and motionless, the diligence moving steadily on, only stopping now and then for a rela of horses. When the light of the stabl lanterns would flash into the carriage we

We sped on through the night, the aro ressing our cheeks and lips, sweet and ex-hilarating as wine.

Christie, what a lovely trip—if—if my neighbor had not been so foolish. The day begins to break. As the first pale rays of dawn begin to glide into the carriage I look at my neighbor. She seems

The sun coming up from behind the mountains discloses an immense blue gulf, streaked with gold and surrounded by enormous peaks of granite. On the far side of this gulf a white city, steeped in the shading light of the early morning,

appears.

My neighbor starts up as if just aroused from sleep, opens her eyes. They are very red. She yawns as if she had slept a long time, blushes, heattate.

"Yes, madam, in less than an hour."
"Oh, I wish we were there." oice was a little tremulous, her manne little confused; otherwise she seemed to

have forgotten everything.

Oh, what diplomatists women are—diplomatists by instinct as well as by birth! How I envied her her savoir faire! A great dragon—a kind of Heroples—was standing at the office door waving his handkerchief as the diligence appeared. The driver had scarcely brought his horses to a standstill before my neighbor leaped into his arms with a bound, embracing him again and again, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! How longed to be with you again!"

My trunk had been taken down from the imperial. I was about to retire discreetly when she called out: "Oh, monsieur, you are not going with out bidding me adleu."

I stammered, "I leave you to your hap-piness, madam."

Then she turned to her husband, saying: "My dear, you must thank monsieur for his kindness to me. He has been charming, even offering me a seat in the dili-gence which he had engaged entirely for himself. It is delightful to meet with such an agreeable traveling companion."

The husband warmly clasped my hand and thanked me with the greatest effusion. His wife, standing by, regarded us with a malicious, mocking smile, while I felt and looked very foolish, I assure you.—Guy de

UP STAIRS BY EXPRESS.

The Through Elevators Run In Tall

"All aboard! Seventh floor first stop! This cry greeted a reporter yesterday as he stepped into a down town office build-ing and faced a half dozen elevators. He wished to go to the ninth floor. He step-ped into an elevator over which was the sign: "Express. First stop, seventh floor." In it there were three men and a middle aged woman. The starter said "All right," and the elevator man grasped the throttle of the "express." It was the usual cable rope, and as the man pulled it began its journey upward. The lone woman pas-

senger gave vent to a slight "Oh!" and held her breath. Floor after floor was passed at a speed of about eight miles an hour. When the sixth floor was reached, the woman wanted to get off, but was informed that she was on an express, and it was against the rules to stop an express until its destination was reached. The elevator arrived at the seventh floor on time. It took exactly eight

seconds to make the upward journey of 85 feet. The elevator man then announced that the next stop would be the top floor, 100 feet above. The top floor, according to the directory, was the fourteenth, and the elevator flew upward once more, arriv

ing near the roof a few seconds later. ing near the roof a few seconds later.

"We can make a round trip in 45 seconds, including short stops," said the engineer of the express, "but we have made it in about 40 without stops. There are but two express elevators and four regulars, that we call way trains. They stop at every floor and for everybody who shouts. Often I get passengers who want to get out at the sixth or tenth floors. They get mad too, when they are told They get mad, too, when they are told they must go up and take another elevator

down. The other express makes no inter-mediate stops at all during the busy hours."—New York Press. The Community of Letters. It is not a community of writers, but a community of letters. One gets admiser so cleverly, like a gentleman and a man of wit—but because he is literate, a true initiate into the secret craft and mystery of letters. What that secret is a man may know, even though he cannot practice of appropriate it. If a man can see the per

appropriate it. If a man can see the permanent element in things—the true sources of laughter, the real fountains of tears, the motives that strike along the main lines of conduct, the acts which display the veritable characters of men, the trifles that are significant, the details that make the mass—if he know these things and can also choose words with a like knowledge of their newer to illuminate and can also choose words with a like knowledge of their power to illuminate and reveal, give color to the eye and pas-sion to the thought; the secret is his, and an entrance to that immortal communion. —"On an Author's Choice of Company," by Professor Woodrow Wilson, in Century.

Baron X. had been going over the muse um of a little country town and when

there was anything more to be seen.

"Yes, baron," was the reply; "there remains a little casket."

"No doubt used as a deposit for the jewelry of some eminent personage?" inquired the baron.

"No, sir; that is where I put the tip given to me by visitors to the museum." —L'Illustration.

That Infant. "No, my dear. Why do you ask?"
"Why, I heard him say the other night
that you couldn't hold a candle to grandpa."—Detroit Free Press.

WHY I'M AN OLD MAID

Because I couldn't help it! Do you suppose I want to be an old maid? I'm resigned now—at least so far as a woman can be resigned—but I wasn't always so. I came very near being engaged once, and ence I was all but married. He was a fat, jovial, middle aged widower, with two daughters. He didn't actually come to see daughters. He didn't actually come to see me vary often, but he was always stopping at our gate and having nice little chats, and strolling home from church with me. And one evening he dropped in about dusk. I heard him scraping his boots on the mat. "Come in, Squire Dutton, and have a pipe," says my father, as hospitable as sould be.

"No, thank'ee," says he; "I've called to see Miss Hetty."

"Oh," says my father, with a little chuckle. "Well, you'll find her in the big hall." I made believe never to hear until he was close to me. And then I started and cried, "Dear me!"
"Don't be frightened; Miss Hetty," says

"Now, what do you suppose I'm going to say to you, my dear?"
"I'm sure I don't know," says I, hang ing my head.
"I've been thinking this long while.

"Ye been thinking this long while, Miss Hetty, that you were fitted to adorn another sphere than that you so admirably occupy here."

I didn't make any answer, but I resolved that when we were married I'd have a wing put on the south end of the Duttor house, and I'd have new curtains, and the old hemlock tree should be cut down as quick as ax could level it.

"Do you suppose," he went on, "you could be induced to leave your home here and your kind father? I know it's asking a great deal of you."

"Yes," I faltered, "but"—

"But if you would accept the offer I Little as I was experienced in such mat-ters, I felt that the time had come to speak. "Can you doubt it?" I asked, trying hard to blush.

"Then it is yes?" "Of course it is yes!" I said archly.
"You are fond of children? My two
girls will be among the claimants for your
time and affection."

"And what time could you"

and let you know as early as possible. I told the trustees I thought you could be persuaded to accept the position."
"What trustees?"

the trustees of the St. Genevien semi-nary. The position of which I speak is that of English teacher.

"You see," he pursued, "I have a very special reason for wishing to send my daughters to a boarding school just now. I don't mind telling you in confidence that

plode-for life without my darling's de

"You will then be mine?"
"Yes," I faltered. What else could I was engaged this time, fairly and squarely, and how the widows and maid-ens of Mme. Rocheparde's boarding house did envy me, to be sure. The Countess Dupin—for Gustave had hinted at a title to which he was heir-how delightfully it would sound, and how I should enjoy sending my wedding cards to Mrs. Dutton It was the day before the eventful Thurs

Gustave came in with disheveled hair and cravat tied all on one side. "Dear me, Gustave, what is the matter?" "It is that your Gustave is wretched that he seeks but to bid his Henriett

the note of a commercial friend; that the friend had failed to meet his engage ments, and that Gustave consequently b

"But a paltry \$100, and tomorrow gold will flow in upon me in streams. My arrangements are all made. I shall receive remittances tomorrow. But today—alas, my Henrietta, why do I live?" "I can let you have \$100, Gustave!"

"My angel! My queen! It is but for one lee-tal day, and then your Gustave will heap the treasures of all his ancestors at your feet!"

Gustavel I was beginning to grow hysterical, when Mme. Rocheparde hurried in with a note.

remain so. All my contemporaries are married, but I am yet an unplucked rose. Somebody has lost a capital wife, that's all I know, and if he's at all conscious of

The Mole's Home

The mole's habitation is a regular forress, generally under a clump of bushes or

The Discovery Saved His Life. Mr. G. Callouette, Druggist, Beavers-ville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Dis-covery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Hav-ing Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight



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"They shall be sisters to me!" I an-

"At any time you please to hame."
"Ahem—yes—the first week in Septenber would, I suppose, be preferable."
"I will be ready then," I faltered.
"And I will ascertain the particula

"The trustees of the St. Genevien semi

I am-ahem-m-m, in short I am conemplating a speedy marriage with Lucy

Lucy Hooper, indeed—a pink faced little girl of 18, who knew no more about house keeping than I did about Chaldee verbs! And that was my first offer—or at least the first offer that I came near having. .It was two years after that, when I was boarding at Mme. Bocheparde's in Sylla place—for I had got tired of the country and wanted to enjoy a glimpse of fashionable life—that I became acquainted with Gus-tave Dupin, a dark eyed foreigner, with a

And the first I knew M. Dupin was at "I felicitate that mademoiselle has not yet her heart surrendered to other aspi-

rants," he said, "for is it not that I may "The charming mademoiselle-why do she hesitate?" he ejaculated. "I am her slave—her dog. Shall I my brains ex-

votion were but a lengthened misery?"
"How frightfully you talk," said I, beginning to be quite terrified.

day, and I was packing my trunk when

adieu ere he himself annihilates. Wee not, my angel, but forget that Gustave ever lived!" And then, in answer to my eager ques tionings, he confessed that he had inderse

"How much is it?" I asked.

The wedding morning came, but no bridegroom; the mystic hour, but still no

As for the maid, old and ugly, to whom I was affianced, she has served my turn. I have spent her dollars to buy a passage in La Reine, and I myself of her mock! Did she for an instant dream that I should squander myself on her? Adieu, my good madame, forever! I never have had any more chances. I'm a settled old maid now, and likely to

the lacking element of his life he will address a note to Miss Hetty Johnson, 7—th street, city.—New York News.

in some place not likely to be trodden upon by heavy animals. The central fortress, or habitation, is always provided with six or eight entrances, so that the mole can escape in any direction on short-



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†Daily except Sunday.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

SCHEDOLE IN EFFECT Sept. 17, 1896. DEPARTURE FROM WILMINGTON-NORTHBOURD, DAILY No. 48-Passenger-Due Magnolia 11.02 9.35 A M a m, Warsaw 11.14 a m, Goldsboro 12.05 a m, Wilson 12,52 p m, Rocky Mount 1, 80 p m, Tarboro 3,40 p m, Weldon 3,32 p m Petersburg 5.29 p m, Richmond 5.40 p m, Norfolk 5.05 p m, Washington 11,10 p m, Baltimore 13.68 a m, Philadelphia 3.45 a n, New York 5,53 a m, † doston 3,30 p m. No. 40-Passenger-Due Magnolia 8,30 p m, Warsaw 8,43 p m, Goldsboro 9,36 p m, Wilson 10,23 pm, †Tarboro 7.08 a m

m, Richmond 3.40 a m, Washington 7.00 a m, Baltimore 8,23 a m, Philadelphia 10,46 a m, New York 1,25 p m, Bostos 8,30 p m. SOUTHBOUND: DAILY No. 55-Passenger-Due Lake Wacca-,30 P M maw 4.45 p m, Chadbourn 5.19 p m, Ma rion 6,29 p m, Florence 7.10 p m, Samter 8.58 p m, Columbia 10.15 p m, Denmark 6,20 a m, Augusta 8,00 a m, Macon 11,00 a m, Atlanta 12,15 p m,

Rocky Mouat 11.65 p m, Weidon 1.01

m, t.-orfolk 10.40 a m, Petersburg 2.38

Charleston 10,58 p.m. Savannah 12,50 a r Jacksonville 7.00 a m. St. Augustin 9.10 a m, Tampa 6.00 p m. RRIVALS AT WILMINGTON-FROM THE NORTH. AIL.) No. 49—Passenger—Leave *Boston 1.00 p 5,45 PM m, New York 9.00 p m, Phy delphia 12,05 a m, Baltimore 2,55 a m, ton 4,30 a m, Richmond 9.65 a n Petersburg 10.00 a m, Norfolk 8.40 a m Weldon 11.55 a m, Tarboro 12.12 p m, Rocky Mount 12.45 p m, Wilson 2.15 p m, Golds-

boro 8,10 pm, Warsaw 4,02 pm, Magnolis

4,16 pm.

DAILY No. 41-Passenger-Leave Boston 19,00 9,30 a m a m, New York 9,30 a m, Philadelphia 12.08 p m, Baltimore 2.25 p m, Washington 3.46 p m, Richmond 7.30 p m, Petersburg 8.13 p m, †Norfolk 2.20 p m, Wel-HOW TO CURE YOURSELF WHILE don 9,44 p m, †Tarboro 5.58 p m, Rocky Mount 5.45 a m, leave Wilson 6.15 a m, Goldsboro 7.63 a m, Warsaw FROM THE SOUTH.

DAILY No. 54—Passenger—Leave Tampa 7.00 a 12,35 a m m, Sanford 1.55 p m, Jacksonville 7,00 p m Sayannah 12.10 night, Charleston 4.55 a m, Columbia 5.45 a m, Atlanta 7.15 a m, Macon 9.00 a m, Angusta 2,25 p m, Denmark 4.17 pm, Sumter 7.10 a m, Florence 8.50 a m, Marion 9.31 a m, Chadbourn 10.35 †Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Settlend Nock Branch Road leave Weldon 3.55 p m, Hallian 4.18 p m, arture Scotland Nock 5.05 p m, Greenville 6.47 p m, Kinston 7 45 p m. Re-

ring Halifax at 11 00a m, Weldon 11,30 a m, dally arcept Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 5,00 a m and 2 00 p m, arrive Parmele 5,50 a m and 5 40 p m; returning leaves Parmele 9 5) a m and 6 20 p m, arrives Washington 11 25 a m and 7,10 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily at 5.83 p m, ar

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily at 5.33 pm, arrives Plymouth 7.35 pm. Returning, leaves Plymouth daily at 7.40 am. Arrive Tarboro 9.45 am. Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 5.00 am; arrive Smithfield, N. C., 7.30 am. Returning, leaves Smithfield 7.50 am, arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 9 15 am.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4.30 pm. arrives Nashville 5.05 pm. Spring Hope 5.36 pm. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 am, Nashville 8 25 am; arrive Rocky Mount 9 05 am, daily except Sunday. 4.30 p.m., arrives Nashville 5.05 p.m., Spring Hope 5.80 p.m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a.m., Nashville 385 a.m.; arrives Rocky Mount 9 06 a.m., Asahville 385 a.m.; arrives Rocky Mount 9 06 a.m., daily except Sunday at 11.10 a.m. and 11.30 a.m.. Floresce Railroan seave Pee Dee 9 65 a.m., arrives Latta 9.31 a.m., Dillon 9 35 a.m., Rowland 9 52 a.m., returning leaves Rowland 6 65 p.m., arrives Dillon 6.25 p.m., Latta 6.37 p.m., Pee Dee 6.58 p.m., daily. Trains on Conway Branch leave Hub at 8.30 a.m., Chadbourn 10.40 a.m., arrive Conway 12.55 p.m., Latta 6.37 p.m., Pee Dee 6.58 p.m., daily. Trains on Conway Branch leave Hub at 8.30 a.m., Chadbourn 10.40 a.m., arrive Conway 12.55 p.m., leave Conway 2 30 p.m., Chadbourn 5.35 p.m., arrive Hub 6.30 p.m., Daily except Sunday. Trains on Cheraw and Darlington Kailroad leave Florence 8 55 a.m., 9 60 a.m. and 7 45 p.m., arrive Hub 6.30 p.m., leave Cheraw 12 45 p.m., arrive Wadesboro 2 25 p.m., Returning leave Wadesboro 3 p.m., arrive Cheraw 4 50 p.m., leave Cheraw 4 50 p.m., arrive Florence 2 25 p.m., Returning leave Wadesboro 3 p.m., arrive Cheraw 4 50 p.m., leave Cheraw 4 50 p.m., arrive Florence 6 3.5 p.m., 7 p.m. and 6 27 p.m., Leave Darlington 7 30 p.m., 6 39 and 7 45 a.m., arrive Florence 6 3.5 p.m., 7 p.m. and 8 15 a.m., Only except Sunday. Sunday trains leave Floyds 7 80 a.m., arrive Florence 6 3.0 p.m., Darlington 9 33 a.m., arrive Floresce 6 3.5 p.m., 7 p.m. and 8 15 p.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 a.m., Trains leave Floyds 9 40 a.m., Trains leave Floyds 9 40 a.m., Darlington 7 40 a.m., arrive Florence 8 15 p.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 p.m., Darlington 9 33 p.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 p.m., Darlington 9 30 p.m., Darlington 7 40 a.m., Bennettsville 6 41 a.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 a.m., Trains leave Floyds 9 40 a.m., Trains leave 10 a.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 a.m., Trains leave 10 a.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 a.m., arrive Florence 8 15 p.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 a.m., arrive Florence 8 10 a.m., arrive Benzeutsville 9 40 a.m., arrive Be

Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manaper. sep 27 tf

Time Table.



Arrive Leave Arrive Train 4 connects with W. & W. train bound North, saving Goldsboro at 11 35 a m., and with Southern Rallway train West, leaving Goldsboro 2.00 p. m., and with W. N. & N. at Newbern for Wilmington and intermediate colors.

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT AUGUST 23, 1896. No. 3. No. 4. 15 p m

No. 15. MIXED.

SOUTH BOUND. MINED.

No. 16. MIXED.

At Fayetteville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points North and East, at Sanford with the Beaboard Air Line, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company, at Walnut Cowe with the Nortolk & Western R. R. for Winston Salem. At Walnut Cove with the Norfolk & Western Kallroad for Roancke and points North and West, at Greensbore with the Southern Railway Company for Raleigh, Richmond and all points North and East, at Fayette-ville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points South, at Maxton with the Senboard Air Line for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South and Southwest.

W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Passenger Agent.



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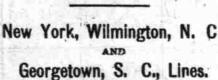
urning, leaves Kinston 7 20 a m, Greenville 8.22 a m,

Cliston

EAST AND NORTH. Ra'eigh Arrive Portsmouth

Arrive in Wilmington from all poin's North, Fast, Fouth and West, 12 50 noon Daly, and 8.50 s. m. daily except Monday. Pullman Sleepers between Hamlet and Atlanta.
Trains 405, 402, 41 and 38.
Pullman Sleepers between Hamlet and Portsmon h.
Trains 402, 403, 38 and 41.
Pullman Sleepers between Ham'et and Washington.
Trains 408 and 402. Trains 408 and 403 are "The Atlanta Special "
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Traios 402 and 403.
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Northwest.

*Daily. †Daily ex. Sunday. ‡Daily ex. Monday.
For further information apply to
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T. ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
H. W. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager.
V. E. McBEE, Gen Supt.
E. Sr. JOHN, Vice-President and Gen'l Manager.
ma 13 tf



The Clyde Steamship Co.

CROATAN. Saturday, Oct. 8 Wednesday, Oct. 7

Oct. 10 Wilmington for New York. day, Oct. 18 CROATAN. Tuesday, Oct. Tuesday, Oct, 18 ONBIDA

THEO. G. EGER, T. M. Bowling Green, N. V. WM. P. CLYDE & CO. General Agenta, Bowling Green N. V. D. O'Connor,

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