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The Morning Star.

LINES.

[Suggested on reading the resolution passed by the Ladies' Memorial association of Columbia, wherein they refused to decorate any other graves than those of the Confederate soldiers.]

Let the brave and the noble rest in peace!
Let the warrors slumber on!
They are free from the battle's din and roar,
They have waded the river of crimson gore—
Then leave their ashes alone.

'Twere better that only the dews of the morn
Bedecked their graves than that woman's scorn
Should snap the garland of blue and of gray
And hurl the purest motives away
That e'er bloomed in a nation's heart.

Then leave their warrior couches alone,
Let the daisy starred sod and the crumbling bone
All mingle and waste away,
For 'tis better they rest in innocent sleep,
For now as they slumber they clasp hands of peace;
And vile hate is purged away.

But should woman's hand creep calmly down
And cast flowerets only on loved ones' mounds,
Forgetting the Christian creed?
Why, the dead bones fain would rise in their sleep
And clasp o'er the chasm and blood stained deep
That pardoning hand of peace.

'Tis better disturb not their pure, peaceful sod.
They are garlanded already by garlands from God,
For the blue tinted violet and grass tuft of gray
Will rest on both mounds free from strife or display.
And the pearl bars of Eden on Memorial day
Are always then lowered that spirits may pay
To their crumbling caskets that dwell with the clay.

But, oh, should those heroes, now brothers in God,
See strife and contention made over their sod,
See mothers and sisters they once deemed as true
Now shatter the garland of gray and of blue,
They'd turn from the scene, with their pinions bedewed,
And plead for forgiveness from Father and God
That he would in pardoning pity look down
And pluck out the thorn from the garland and crown!

GENIE ORCHARD STOVALL.

THE WEDDING DRESS.

How well I remember it all! We were sitting round the fire in the oak parlor of the old Dower House at Cromer—mother, Aunt Lettie and I. Dear Aunt Lettie, how beautiful she was still despite her snow white hair, and though she was 38, her complexion was as fresh and bright as any young girl's. We were chatting over the peace just proclaimed—the peace that ended the long war with France; the war that lasted 20 years.

I was at my mother's feet watching the faces gather among the glowing embers—they were ever the same face to me, the face of dear Jack Pendarves. Perhaps I ought not to say he was my lover, though we had been sweethearts since we were children, but he had been away at the wars three years, and my mother would hear of no engagement and would permit me to do no more than write and receive an occasional letter. Still, I had broken a sixpence with Jack when we parted; and, as I softly touched my half, which I always carried, I prayed that my love had been true to me, as I knew I had been to him. Yet I feared; for had he not been everywhere, and surely he had seen many faces fairer than mine?

"I suppose," said my mother, "Major Pendarves will be coming home now. Well, Sir John and Lady Pendarves will be thankful. Come in, Martha. What is it?"

"Please ma'am, a letter from Sir John; a man from the Hall has just ridden over with it."

"What is it, Mary?" inquired my aunt of my mother, who was reading the note through a second time. "No ill news, I trust."

"Oh, no. Read it yourself, Letitia."

"Of course the child cannot go, as she has nothing to wear. There is not even time to get her a dress from Norwich, still less from London, as you know I intended."

"Cannot go where?" I ventured. "Is it anything about me?"

"Yes, my dear. Sir John writes that the masquerade given to celebrate the return of their son is to take place a month earlier than was at first arranged. In fact, it is fixed for today week, as Jack—Major Pendarves, I should say—is expected on that day."

"Jack coming back on Wednesday! Oh, mother, cannot I go? I must go. I have been so looking forward to it. I have not seen Jack, dear Jack, for three years. I wonder if he has altered, if he has forgotten me. Oh, only seven days more, and he will be here and I shall see him again. Oh, mother, cannot I go?"

"Well, child, I do not see how you can. You have nothing that would do, and, you know, I could not get a dress from anywhere nearer than Norwich, and I should not like you to go in anything—your first ball too."

"I should so like to go, mother. Cannot we manage anyhow?"

Aunt Letitia, who had been turning the letter over and over thoughtfully in her white hands while we talked, said:

"Mary, there is that dress, you know, which was to have been my wedding gown. If Lettie likes she may wear it. Hoops and powder would do for a masquerade. They were worn 20 years ago."

"My dear Letitia," cried my mother, betraying her surprise alike in face and voice, "you surely cannot mean that?"

"Yes, Mary. It may as well be of some use at last. Lettie is a good girl, are you not, my dear?" patting my head, "and I don't want her to be disappointed."

I must tell something of my dear aunt's life, that you may understand why my mother and I were touched to surprise. Twenty years before my aunt, then 18, and the belle of Dawlish (some said of Devonshire), was engaged to be married to handsome Gilbert Tresillian. It was a splendid match in every way, for he was young, rich, amiable. He was an orphan, untroubled by any undesirable relatives, and, moreover, he had an ample income arising from money in the funds.

Gilbert Tresillian came to stay in Dawlish, where my grandfather then lived, at the Mill House, a charming old place some four miles from the town, surrounded by magnificent gardens, sloping terrace to the sea—gardens the admiration of the west country. The day before the wedding he spent there, returning in the evening to the Red Lion at Dawlish. My aunt walked with him about a mile through the gardens, where they parted until the morrow, and from that moment Gilbert Tresillian was never seen or heard of again. He disappeared as completely from mortal ken as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

The country was scoured, the shore beneath the cliff was searched—but not the slightest trace could be found. My poor aunt came near to dying with brain fever, and when she recovered her beautiful hair was white as snow. My grandfather removed from a place whose every object brought back some tearful memory to his daughter, and when, soon after, he died, Aunt Lettie came to live with us in Cromer. Though only a little thing, I recall perfectly the day she came, for I thought I had never seen any one so sweet and yet so sad. None had ever heard Aunt Lettie laugh, none had even seen her smile, yet she was cheerful always and ready to help every one. All this happened 20 years ago, and though many had sought her hand she was still true to the memory of Gilbert Tresillian.

During the next few days I could think and talk of nothing save the coming masquerade and Jack's return.

But be the day never so weary or long,
At length it ringeth to evensong.

And so at length the eventful evening arrived. Aunt and mother dressed me in petticoat and train of loveliest white brocade, trimmed with filmy honiton lace. Mother dropped many a furtive tear, recalling the bride that was to have been, whose romance of love was cut short in such a mysterious fashion, but aunt said never a word till I was dressed, and then, turning to my mother, she exclaimed:

"She looks better, Mary, than I should have done, and, after all, you see, it has not been utterly wasted. But you must let me powder your hair, Lettie. Every one wore powder when I was young."

At last I was ready, just as the lumbering old chariot drew up to the door.

The drive to the Hall, the hedges and trees sparkling with frost in the brilliant moonlight, the hammer, hammer of the horses' hoofs upon the iron bound road; the first sight of the Hall, as we drove up the avenue, all its windows illuminated; the faint sound of the music borne upon the still night air; then the entry into the brilliantly lighted rooms; Sir John and Lady Pendarves' hearty welcome—all come back to me now. I suppose my entrance made a sensation. I was conscious of a buzz of admiration as I passed through the assembled guests.

"Why, Lettie, my dear," exclaimed Lady Pendarves, "how beautiful you look! I declare your hoops and powder become you mightily. But come along, child, let me take you to Jack. He has been asking for you ever since he came back." And, taking my hand in her jeweled one, "Lettie, my dear, if you could"—

Just at this moment up came Jack (Major Pendarves he was now), looking handsome in his hussar uniform, yet just the same merry, smiling Jack of old. He was my partner in the new dance, called the waltz, just introduced from abroad—a dance that my mother did not quite approve as she considered it too familiar for young men and maidens, but which I found very agreeable with Jack for partner.

"Well, Lettie, you have grown quite a woman now, and I suppose have quite forgotten your old sweetheart?"

"Oh, Jack, how can you? I have my half here," touching my pocket. "Can you say as much?"

"Yes, dear, that I can. I have never parted with it. It has been with me through every battle—my talisman of safety and love."

What need to tell again the old story, ever sweet, that men will love to tell and women to hear as long as the world endures; suffice it that ere the dance had ended I had promised to be his wife.

"Oh, Jack," I said, as he was leading me back to Lady Pendarves, "I felt almost wicked to accept you. You know I have not a penny, and my dress," I added with a laugh, "is Aunt Lettie's."

"I don't care if you haven't a penny. I have enough for both, and I want you for yourself and not for your money."

Lady Pendarves was delighted and Sir John was kind, and so it was settled that, with my mother's permission, we were to be married ere Jack rejoined his regiment.

"And now," said Lady Pendarves, "you must really go and dance with some of the other guests and leave Lettie to me."

I was sitting, oh, so happy, by Sir John, who was making all sorts of plans for our future, when I saw a tall gentleman, dressed in foreign uniform, making his way through the guests toward the recess where we were. I had noticed him several times before in the course of the evening regarding me most attentively.

As he was evidently coming to speak to us I said:

"Who is this gentleman, Sir John?"

"Oh, my dear, a Mr.—Mr.—tut, tut, I forget his name for the moment—a friend of Jack's, who came over from France with him and is staying a few days with us."

By this time the gentleman had made his way across the hall, and stood bowing to us.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" he inquired.

I was going to reply "No," for I wanted to rest till Jack came back to me, when Sir John said, "Yes, Lettie, child, do." So, of course, I was obliged to say, "With pleasure."

My partner, who was certainly uncommonly handsome and tall, almost as handsome and tall as Jack, only much older, was silent for the time, and then said suddenly:

"Pray pardon my curiosity, but are you a native of this country? You are so like some one I knew years ago, the likeness is quite startling."

"Yes, I was born here in Cromer."

"Ah," he replied with a sigh, "I was foolish to think of such a thing. Of course, it could not be," to himself, and then to me, "I only returned to England a few weeks ago, and am trying to trace a Miss Treherne."

"Why, that is my name," I answered, quite startled.

"But the Miss Treherne I am searching for is almost as old as I am, and you—you are not more than 18. Besides, you say you were born in Cromer, and she was a native of Dawlish."

"Why, you must mean dear Aunt Lettie, my father's sister," I said. "We came from Dawlish here."

"Is your aunt married?" asked my partner breathlessly.

"No."

"Thank God!" I am sure I heard him mutter under his breath.

"No," I said. "Aunt had a terrible disappointment years ago. Her lover was killed—fell over the cliff, we think—the day before they were to have been married, and aunt has never cared for any one since."

"Thank God!" my strange partner said this time aloud. "My child, I ought to explain, to introduce myself. I should have done so at first, but the likeness was so striking. I thought perhaps you were her daughter. My name is Tresillian, Gilbert Tresillian. Ah, I see you know," noticing my start. "I was not killed on that awful night. I was captured by the press gang."

"Yes, yes," I said. "Go on."

"I made a desperate fight for liberty, but what was one against so many? I was soon knocked insensible, and when I recovered consciousness I was on shipboard, bound for the Mediterranean. The next day a gale sprang up, our vessel was separated from the rest, and we were captured, after a sharp engagement, by the enemy. I was landed, wounded and a prisoner, and have remained a prisoner ever since. I tried to communicate with England, but was discovered, and in consequence was transferred to another prison, this time in Switzerland, and only the entry of the allies into Paris gave me my freedom. I came to England, hurried to Dawlish, to find that Miss Treherne had left years ago, and that no one knew her whereabouts. I returned to London to settle matters with my agents and instruct them to continue the search, and then accepted the invitation of Major Pendarves, whom I had met in Paris, to spend a short time with him. And you think Lettitia—Miss Treherne, I mean—has not forgotten me?"

"Yes, I am sure," I said; "quite sure. Oh, I am so glad. You don't know Aunt Lettie." Noticing an amused smile on his face: "Oh, I had forgotten. Well, she is just the sweetest, dearest woman in the world, and I am so glad. It is just like a story. Now take me back to Sir John and tell him."

Jack and Sir John, Mr. Tresillian and I, were soon deep in explanations and congratulations, and I am afraid for a time the other guests had to look after themselves. It was arranged that Jack and Mr. Tresillian should accompany me home that very night.

"Lettie, my child," said Lady Pendarves, with a merry twinkle in her eye as I was leaving, "unless I am much mistaken, we shall be having two Miss Trehernes married instead of one."

How happy I was that night! I kept touching my half of the broken sixpence in its blue silk bag in my pocket. It had, indeed, brought me luck. However, the happiest day must end, and so I suppose must a merry evening. Jack and I and Mr. Tresillian were soon rolling over the frost bound roads toward home, I with my hand in Jack's, supremely happy, and Mr. Tresillian telling us his experience as a prisoner in France. Poor fellow, how I pitied him! At last we arrived at the Dower House, and it was agreed that I should go in first and break the news to my mother and aunt. Mother came into the hall to meet me.

"Well, my child, have you enjoyed yourself? But, there, I need not ask you—you look radiant."

"Oh, mother dear," laying my hand on her shoulder, "I am so happy. Jack has asked me, and if you consent, we are to be married at Christmas." For answer my mother kissed me. "And, mother, Jack is here, and some one else, whom you and aunt, too, will be glad to see—an old friend."

"An old friend? But, my dear child, why don't you bring them in?"

"Jack, dear," I cried, "come in, both of you. Oh, mother, dearest," I said, half laughing and half crying, "he was not killed. He did not die."

"Was not killed? What do you mean?" replied my mother turning round as Jack, followed by Mr. Tresillian, came up the hall. My mother put out both hands to take Jack's, and then, catching sight of Mr. Tresillian's face, exclaimed, "Merciful heaven, Gilbert!"

"Yes, Mary, it is I. Not dead, as you see. And Lettie?"

"Is waiting still, Gilbert. Oh, Major Pendarves, I am so glad. Lettie has told me. And, now, child, go into the oak parlor and break the news to your aunt. No, perhaps I had better. Gilbert, come when I call." Jack and I went over to the fire, and in a few minutes mother's voice called, "Gilbert, Gilbert, come quick!"

Mother soon rejoined us, and together in the firelight we talked over our plans, Jack saying I must go to London and be presented at court on my marriage. There is little else to tell. As Lady Pendarves had said, there were two Miss Trehernes married together, and though Jack would never agree with me, I always said Aunt Lettie looked the better of the two.—Exchange.

Badly Trained Hounds.

It would seem that the training of hounds was not always very perfect in old days. For instance, it is ordained when men go forth to chase the hare that some of the horsemen shall keep outside the hounds to right and left and some well in front, "with long rods in their hands" to rouse her, and "blow, rechase, halloo and set the hounds on the rights" when they see her. This is reasonable enough, but unfortunately it is not all. "Also they (the men of the long rod) shall keep (take care) that no hound follow after sheep or other beasts, and if they do they shall ascry them sore and alight and take them up and belash them well, saying loud, 'War, war, ha, ha, war,' and lash them forth to their fellows."

What a scene one can conjure up here—the long rods plying busily in every tuft of grass, puss jumping up out of her form and scudding away amid a storm of blowings and rechasings and halloos and the pack breaking straight away after the nearest heifer, and then a tempest of galloping and railing, the slow clumsy horses plunging among the second pack and the men pulling them up with a jerk to alight and chastise some flagrant offender, and finally a babel of dismal howls and angry ascrying as the long rods are shortened to a convenient length and the process of belashing begins.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Proof.

The teacher of a large primary class in the Sunday school of one of the annexed villages was telling her interested class about the life of Christ and the important parts different personages played in it. She had reached the angels and the good offices they performed throughout the time of the Old Testament, leading God's chosen people, guiding victorious armies, bearing messages of joy or consolation or warning, appearing to the shepherds and announcing Christ's birth, etc. It was during this explanation that the teacher's talk touched upon the record where an angel appeared unto the famished Elijah after he had fled to the wilderness. "Here is an instance," she said, "where an angel did the same work for Elijah your mammas now do for you. This angel baked a cake for Elijah." Then the lady's thread of argument was temporarily stilled by this hastily volunteered proof that what the teacher said must be gospel truth: "Oh, Mrs. ——, I've eat angel cake!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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W., N. & N. Railway.

In Effect Sunday, May 17, 1896

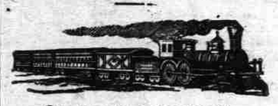
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

NORTH BOUND *6	NORTH BOUND *8	STATIONS.	SOUTH BOUND *7	SOUTH BOUND *35
A M	P M	—WILMINGTON—	P M	P M
	2 00	Lv...Mulberry street...Ar	12 40	
7 00	3 10	Lv...Surry street....Ar	12 30	3 25
9 50		Ar..Jacksonville.....Lv		12 45
11 00	3 55	Lv " Ar	10 42	10 35
11 56	4 30	Lv..Maysville.....Lv	10 00	9 18
12 40	4 44	Lv..Pollocksville.....Lv	9 55	8 10
1 30	5 20	Ar..Newbern.....Lv	9 20	8 00
	P M		A M	

Nos. 5 and 6 mixed trains.
Nos. 7 and 8 passenger trains.
Trains 8 and 7 p m make connection with trains on A. & N. C. R. R. for Morehead City and Beaufort.
Connection with Steamer Neuse at Newbern to and from Elizabeth City and Norfolk Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Steamer Geo. D. Purdy makes daily trips between Jacksonville and New River points.
*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
‡Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
†Daily except Sunday.

H. A. WHITING, General Manager.
J. W. MARTENIS, Traffic Manager. my 22 tf

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.



SCHEDULE IN EFFECT Sept. 17, 1896.

DEPARTURE FROM WILMINGTON—NORTHBOUND.

DAILY 9.35 A M: No. 48—Passenger—Due Magnolia 11.02 a m, Warsaw 11.14 a m, Goldsboro 12.05 a m, Wilson 12.52 p m, Rocky Mount 1.35 p m, Tarboro 2.40 p m, Weldon 3.32 p m, Petersburg 5.20 p m, Richmond 6.40 p m, Norfolk 6.05 p m, Washington 11.10 p m, Baltimore 12.58 a m, Philadelphia 3.45 a m, New York 6.53 a m, †Boston 3.30 p m.

DAILY 7.00 P M: No. 40—Passenger—Due Magnolia 8.30 p m, Warsaw 8.43 p m, Goldsboro 9.36 p m, Wilson 10.23 p m, †Tarboro 7.03 a m, Rocky Mount 11.05 p m, Weldon 1.01 a m, †Norfolk 10.40 a m, Petersburg 2.38 a m, Richmond 3.40 a m, Washington 7.00 a m, Baltimore 8.33 a m, Philadelphia 10.46 a m, New York 1.23 p m, Boston 8.30 p m.

SOUTHBOUND:

DAILY 3.30 P M: No. 55—Passenger—Due Lake Waccamaw 4.45 p m, Chadbourn 5.19 p m, Marion 6.39 p m, Florence 7.10 p m, Sumter 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, Charleston 10.55 p m, Savannah 12.50 a m, Jacksonville 7.00 a m, St. Augustine 9.10 a m, Tampa 6.00 p m.

ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON—FROM THE NORTH.

DAILY 5.45 P M: No. 49—Passenger—Leave *Boston 1.00 p m, New York 9.00 p m, Philadelphia 12.05 a m, Baltimore 2.55 a m, Washington 4.30 a m, Richmond 9.05 a m, 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, Goldsboro 3.10 p m, Warsaw 4.02 p m, Magnolia 4.16 p m.

DAILY 9.30 a m: No. 41—Passenger—Leave Boston 12.00 a m, New York 9.50 a m, Philadelphia 12.09 p m, Baltimore 2.25 p m, Washington 3.45 p m, Richmond 7.30 p m, Petersburg 8.12 p m, †Norfolk 2.20 p m, Weldon 9.44 p m, †Tarboro 5.58 p m, Rocky Mount 5.45 a m, leave Wilson 6.15 a m, Goldsboro 7.03 a m, Warsaw 7.51 a m, Magnolia 8.00 a m.

FROM THE SOUTH.

DAILY 12.15 a m: No. 54—Passenger—Leave Tampa 7.00 a m, Sanford 1.55 p m, Jacksonville 7.00 p m, Savannah 12.10 night, Charleston 4.55 a m, Columbia 8.43 a m, Atlanta 7.15 a m, Macon 9.00 a m, Augusta 3.25 p m, Denmark 4.17 p m, Sumter 7.10 a m, Florence 8.50 a m, Marion 9.31 a m, Chadbourn 10.35 a m, Lake Waccamaw 11.46 a m.

*Daily except Sunday.

Trains on South Carolina Railroad leave Weldon 3.55 p m, Halifax 4.13 p m, arrive Scotland Neck 5.05 p m, Greenville 6.47 p m, Kinston 7.45 p m. Returning, leaves Kinston 7.20 a m, Greenville 8.22 a m. Arriving Halifax at 11.00 a m, Weldon 11.30 a m, daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 8.00 a m and 2.00 p m, arrive Parmele 8.50 a m and 3.40 p m; returning leaves Parmele 9.50 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 5.30 p m, arrives Plymouth 7.35 p m. Returning, leaves Plymouth daily at 7.40 a m, Arrive Tarboro 9.45 a m.

Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 5.00 a m; arrive Smithfield, N. C., 7.20 a m. Returning, leaves Smithfield 7.50 a m, arrive Goldsboro, N. C., 9.15 a m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4.30 p m, arrives Nashville 5.05 p m, Spring Hope 5.30 p m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m, Nashville 8.35 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9.05 a m, daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leave Warsaw for Clinton Daily except Sunday at 11.10 a m and 8.45 p m; returning leave Clinton at 3.00 p m, and 11.30 a m.

Florence Railroad leave Pee Dee 9.05 a m, arrive Latta 9.24 a m, Dillon 9.36 a m, Rowland 9.52 a m, returning leaves Rowland 5.06 p m, arrives Dillon 5.26 p m, Latta 5.37 p m, Pee Dee 5.56 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 3.30 p m, Chadbourn 5.35 p m, arrive Hub 6.30 p m, Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Cheraw and Darlington Railroad leave Florence 8.55 a m, 9.40 a m and 7.45 p m, arrive Darlington 9.25 a m, 10.30 a m and 8.15 p m, leave Darlington 9.31 a m and 10.40 a m, arrive Cheraw 10.40 a m and 12.30 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 and 5.20 p m, arrive Darlington 7 p m and 6.27 p m. Leave Darlington 7.30 p m, 6.30 and 7.45 a m, arrive Florence 8.25 p m, 7 p m and 8.15 a m. Daily except Sunday. Sunday trains leave Floyds 7.30 a m, Darlington 7.45 a m, arrive Florence 8.10 a m. Returning leave Florence 9 a m, Darlington 9.30 a m, arrive Floyds 9.40 a m. Trains leave Gibson 6.15 a m, Bennettsville 6.41 a m, arrive Darlington 7.40 a m Sumter 9.25 a m. Returning, leave Sumter 6.30 p m, Darlington 8.15 p m, arrive Bennettsville 9.09 p m, Gibson 9.35 p m.

Central of South Carolina Railroad leave Sumter 6.05 p m, Manning 6.35 p m, arrive Lane's 7.12 p m, leave Lanes 8.34 a m, Manning 9.10 a m, arrive Sumter 9.39 a m. Daily.

Georgetown and Western Railroad leave Lanes 9.30 a m, 7.10 p m, arrive Georgetown 12 m, 8.30 p m, leave Georgetown 7 a m, 3 p m, arrive Lanes 8.25 a m, 5.35 p m. Daily except Sunday.

Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leave Wilson 2.10 p m, 11.18 p m, arrive Selma 2.53 p m, Smithfield 3.08 p m, Dunn 3.50 p m, Fayetteville 4.35 p m, 1.07 a m, Rowland 6.05 p m, returning leave R