THE POWER TO FIGHT

DR. TALMAGE TELLS HOW TO WRESTLE WITH EVIL

We Must be Trained for the Struggle. Silence and Discipline One Fall is not the End The Strength That Comes From God

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage selects one of the boldest figures of the Bible to present most practical and encouraging truths; text Ephesians vi. 12. "We wrestle not against the flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves, or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel palm, or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley, or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artistic and cunning of athletic games. We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw in the third throw was on top and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling the opponents would now in apparent suavity advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest and there were contortions and strangulations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other; tripping him up or, with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with the temptation, and the struggle of heavenly forces against Apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon, seem to have been dictated, and, as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents, "We wrestle not against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirtual wickedness in high places."

THE AMENITIES OF LIFE.

I notice that as these wrestlers advanced to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but in later day, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reigns of Henry III in St. Giles' Field between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wish hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call rumsellers murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card players and theater goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynamatic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more objurgation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "12 labors." Let us be wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in courtrooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant, or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touchhole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship." Instead of charging them with ignorance the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious, but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he promised to say some things concerning him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Aeropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries. Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

STRENGTH FROM DISCIPLINE.

Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward, suddenly pulling backward, putting the left foot behind the other's right foot and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. Ah, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian principle, by holy self denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervisal and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school and four years in college and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice as he felt called to preach the gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the gospel. Illiterate men preaching the gospel, quote for their own encouragement the Scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I fill it." Yes, He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City, gained the victory because they had so long been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

THE SILENT WORKER.

Your going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges under your arm does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpended, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between right and wrong accept no challenge on the platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the great, and David the little. David had been practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and 1,000 times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the garden of Eden is an allegory, and the epistle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But if the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last twenty-five years not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition.

Alas for those who, while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests, but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the book would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationery and economy of printer's ink—if the batteries now assailing the book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's farewell address was written by Thomas Paine, and that the war of the American Revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long timed attack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal veracities of the book of Almighty God!

THE FALLEN MAY RISE.

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once or thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself, and by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable gospel. Some whom I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in their wrestle with evil habit.

Aye, you have been thrown twice, but that does not mean, oh, worsted soul, that you are thrown forever! I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven or how many times he may fall and yet rise again, but I have authority for saying that he may fall 490 times and 490 times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive 70 times 7, and if you will employ the rule of multiplication you will find that 70 times 7 is 490. Blessed be God for such a gospel of high hope and thrilling encouragement and magnificent rescue! A gospel of lost sheep brought home on Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got in to the low work of putting husks into swine troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that made the rafters ring!

Three sketches of the same man: A happy home, of which he and a lassie taken from a neighbor's house are the united head. Years of happiness roll on, after years of happiness. Stars pointing down to nativities. And whether announced in greeting or not every morning was a "Good morning" and every night a "Good night." Christmas trees and May queens, and birthday festivities and Thanksgiving gatherings around loaded tables. But that husband and father forms an unfortunate acquaintance who leads him in circles too convival, too late houred, too scandalous. After awhile, his money gone and not able to bear his part of the expense, he is gradually shoved out and ignored and pushed away. Now, what a dilapidated home is his! A dissipated life always shows itself in faded window curtains, and impoverished wardrobe, and dejected surroundings, and in broken palings of the garden fence, and the unhinged gate, and the dislocated door bell, and the disappearance of wife and children from scenes among which they shone the brightest and laughed the gladdest. If any man was ever down, that husband father is down. The fact is, he got into a wrestle with evil that pushed and pulled and contorted and exhausted him worse than any Olympian game ever treated a Grecian, and he was thrown. Thrown out of prosperity into gloom. Thrown out of good association into bad. Thrown out of health into invalidism. Thrown out of happiness into misery; but one day, while slinking through one of the back streets, not wishing to be recognized, a good thought crosses his mind, for he has heard of men flung flat rising again. Arriving at his house, he calls his wife in and shuts the door and says: "Mary, I am going to do differently. This is not what I promised you when we were married. You have been very patient with me and have borne everything, although I would have had no right to complain if you had left me and gone home to your father's house. It seems to me that one or twice, when I was not myself, I struck you, and several times, I know, I called you hard names. Now I want you to forgive me. I am going to do better, and I want you to help me." "Help you?" she says. "Bless your soul! Of course I will help you! I knew you didn't mean it when you treated me roughly. All that is in the past. Never refer to it again. Today let us begin anew."

Sympathizing friends come around and kind business people help the man to something to do, so that he can again earn a living. The children soon have clothing so that they can go to school. The old songs which the wife sang years ago come back to her memory, and she sings them over again at the cradle or while preparing the noonday meal. Domestic resurrection! He comes home earlier than he used to, and he is glad to spend the evening playing games with the children or helping them with arithmetic or grammar lessons which are a little too hard. Time passes on, and some outsider suggests to him that he is not getting as much out of life as he ought and proposes an occasional visit to scenes of worldliness and dissipation. He consents to go once, and after much solicitation twice. Then his old habit comes back. He says he has been belated and says he could not get back until midnight. He had to see some western merchant that had arrived and talked of business with him before he got out of town. Kindness and geniality again quit the disposition of that husband and father. The wife's heart breaks in a new place. That man goes into a second wrestle with evil habit and is flung, and all hell cackles at the moral defeat. "I told you so," say many good people who have no faith in the reformation of a fallen man. "I told you so! You made a great fuss about his restored home, but I knew it would not last. You can't trust these fellows who have once gone wrong." So with this unfortunate, things get worse and worse, and his family have to give up the house, and the last valuable goes to the pawnbroker's shop. But that unfortunate man is sauntering along the street one Sunday night, and he goes up to a church door, and the congregation are singing the second hymn, the one just before sermon, and it is William Cowper's glorious hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

WAVERING AT THE DOOR.

He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well enough dressed to go among the worshippers, and he hears the minister say, "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the nineteenth chapter and tenth verse, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost.'" The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am lost, and the Son of Man came to save that which is lost, and he has found me and He will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me!" The poor man has courage now to enter the main audience room, and he sits down on the first seat by the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle the poor man tells his story, and he is encouraged and invited to come again, and the way is cleared for him for membership in a Christian church, and he feels the omnipotence of what Peter, the apostle, said when he spoke of those "kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Yet he is to have one more wrestle before he is free from evil habits, and he goes into it, not in his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord God Almighty. The old habit seizes him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers bend backward and forward and from side to side, in awful struggle, until the moment comes for his liberation and, with both arms infused with strength from God, he lifts that habit, swings it in air and hurls it into the perdition from which it came and from which it never again will rise. Victory, victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it, all ye wrestlers! It threw him twice, but the third time he threw it, and, by the grace of God, threw it so hard he is as safe now as if he had been ten years in heaven. Oh, I am so glad that Paul in my text suggests the wrestler and the power of the third throw!

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonology to help them. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

All military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to underestimate an army. In estimating what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opposers. They talk about the agnosticism, and the atheism, and the materialism, and the nihilism, and the pantheism, and the Brahmanism, and the Mohammedanism as well as the more able and organized and endowed wickedness of our day. But these are only a part of the hostilities arrayed against God and the best interests of humanity. The invisible hosts are far more numerous than the visible. It is not so much the bottle, it is the demon of the bottle. It is not so much the roulette table, it is the demon of the roulette table. It is not so much the act of stock gambling as it is the demon of stock gambling. It is the great host of spiritual antagonists led on by Aziel or Lucifer or Beelzebub or Asmodeus or Abramanes or Abaddon. Just as you please to call the leader infernalists. Can you doubt that the human agencies of evil are backed up by Plutonic agencies? If it were only a common war steed, with panting nostril and flaunting mane and clattering hoof, rushing upon us, perhaps we might clutch him by the bit and hurl him back upon his haunches, but it is the black horse cavalry of perdition who dash down and their riders swing swords which, though invisible, cleave individuals and homes and nations. I tell you, Paul was right when he suggested that we wrestle not with pygmies, but with giants that will down us, unless the Lord Almighty is our coadjutor. Blessed by God that we have now, and further on will have in mightier degree, that divine help!

THE OVERTHROW OF EVIL.

The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war, or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or intemperance, or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly intrenched, most completely re-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand with grim visage looking down upon the graves of all the other slain abominations—graves dug by the hot shovels of despair and surmounted by such epitaphiology as this, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "The wages of sin is death." "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes, I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrestled down. It stands not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrestled down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or deific that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches and all ye reformatory institutions and all ye legislatures and all ye thrones. I challenge you. I plant my feet on this red hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on. Come on."

Then righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple; while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The two wrestlers sway to and fro and turn this way and that, and now the monster evil seems the mightier of the two, and now righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with omnipotence righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wilder than that with which Samson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars, but more like the throwing of satan out of heaven, as described by John Milton:

Him thee Almighty power flung
Headlong flaming from the etheral sky
With hideous ruin and combustion,
down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to
arms.
Nine times the space that measures
day and night
To mortal man he with his horrid
crew,
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery
gulf,
Confounded though immortal.

THE STRENGTH OF RIGHT.

Aye, that suggests a cheering thought—that if all the realms of demology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel, and Michael the archangel, and the angel of the new covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph, talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces, and along the broad ways and grand avenues of the great capital of the universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne," and as they take their morning ride in the chariots with white horses bitted with gold that were seen by John in vision apocalptic, and while waiting in temples for the one hundred and forty and four thousand to chant, accompanied by harpers and trumpeters and thunderings and hallelujahs like the voice of many waters. Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike 12 for noon. And the cabinet of heaven, the most august cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost—are now in session in the King's palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than tomorrow's sunrise. While I think of it, the Scotch evangelistic hymn comes upon me and stirs the strong tide of Scotch blood that rolls through my arteries:

Its a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An sunny is the lan' that woo we aften traw'll throo,
But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry, merry gread,
An we sigh when hoary winter days its beauties wi' the dead,
For, tho' bonnie are the snowflakes an the doon on winter's wing,
Its fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven an nae desolation sea,
An nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free,
There's an everlastin daylicht an a never fadin spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the King.

We see oor freen's await us ower yonner at his gate;
Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin late;
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin, let us raise oor voice an sing,
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King.

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Schedule in Effect July 3, 1898.

South Bound Daily No. 1.	MAIN LINE.	North Bound Daily No. 2.
7 05 p m	Ar... Wilmington ...Lv	8 30 a m
4 02 p m	Lv... Fayetteville ...Ar	11 40 a m
3 52 p m	Ar... Fayetteville ...Lv	11 50 p m
3 48 p m	Lv Fayetteville Jun Lv	11 54 a m
2 20 p m	Lv..... Sanford ...Lv	1 08 p m
12 42 p m	Lv..... Climax Lv	3 10 p m
12 13 p m	Lv... Greensboro ...Ar	3 40 p m
11 55 a m	Ar... Greensboro ...Lv	3 50 p m
11 07 a m	Lv... Stokesdale ...Lv	4 32 a m
10 36 a m	Lv ..Walnut Cove ..Lv	5 07 p m
10 09 a m	Lv... Rural Hall ...Lv	5 36 p m
8 45 a m	Lv... Mt. Airy ...Ar	7 00 p m

South Bound Daily No. 3.	BENNETTSVILLE.	North Bound Daily No. 4
7 15 p m	Ar.. Bennettsville ..Lv	8 00 a m
6 15 p m	Lv..... Maxton Lv	9 07 a m
5 35 p m	Lv... Red Springs ...Lv	9 35 a m
4 52 p m	Lv... Hope Mills ...Lv	10 20 a m
4 33 p m	Lv... Fayetteville ...Ar	10 40 a m
No. 15.		No. 16.

South Bound Mixed. Daily Ex. Sun.	MADISON BRANCH	North Bound Mixed. Daily Ex. Sun.
5 30 p m	Ar..... Ramseur Lv	6 40 a m
3 50 p m	Lv..... Climax Lv	8 30 a m
3 00 p m	Lv... Greensboro ...Ar	9 17 a m
2 30 p m	Ar... Greensboro ...Lv	9 35 a m
1 15 p m	Lv... Stokesdale Lv	11 07 a m
12 38 p m	Lv..... Madison .....Ar	11 55 a m

Freight train No. 8 on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley now leaves Wilmington at 4:00 p. m, arrives at Fayetteville at 10:20 p. m. Passenger car on this train.

Connections at Fayetteville with Atlantic Coast Line, at Maxton with the Carolina Central Railroad, at Red Springs with the Red Springs and Bowmore railroad, at Sanford with the Seaboard Air Line, at Gulf with the Durham and Charlotte Railroad, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company, at Walnut Cove with the Norfolk and Western Railway.

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DAILY NO. 40—Passenger—Due Magnolia 8:55 p. m., Warsaw 9:10 p. m., Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Wilson 11:06 p. m., Tarboro 6:46 a. m., Rocky Mount 11:57 p. m., Weldon 1:45 a. m., Norfolk 10:00 a. m., Petersburg 3:14 a. m., Richmond 4:00 a. m., Washington 7:41 a. m., Baltimore 9:03 a. m., Philadelphia 11:35 a. m., New York 2:03 p. m., Boston 9:00 p. m.

DAILY No. 50—Passenger—Due Jacksonville 4:15 p. m., New Bern Sunday 5:40 p. m. except Sunday 2:25 p. m.

SOUTHBOUND.

DAILY No. 55.—Passenger—Due Lake Waccamaw 4:36 p. m., Chadbourn 5:28 p. m., Marion 6:34 p. m., Florence 7:15 p. m., Sumter 9:32 p. m., Columbia 10:50 p. m., Denmark 6:12 a. m., Augusta 7:35 a. m., Macon 11:15 a. m., Atlanta 12:35 p. m., Charleston 10:50 p. m., Savannah 1:50 a. m., Jacksonville 7:20 a. m., St. Augustine 10:30 a. m., Tampa 6:05 p. m.

ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON—FROM THE NORTH.

DAILY No. 49—Passenger—Leave Boston 1:03 p. m., New York 9:00 p. m., Philadelphia 12:05 a. m., Baltimore 2:50 a. m., Washington 4:30 a. m., Richmond 9:05 a. m., Petersburg 10:00 a. m., Norfolk 9:00 a. m., Weldon 11:27 a. m., Tarboro 12:21 p. m., Rocky Mount 1:00 p. m., Wilson 2:20 p. m., Goldsboro 3:05 p. m., Warsaw 3:39 p. m., Magnolia 4:12 p. m.

DAILY No. 41—Passenger—Leave Boston 12:00 night, New York 9:30 a. m., Philadelphia 12:50 p. m., Baltimore 2:25 p. m., Washington 3:46 p. m., Richmond 7:20 p. m., Petersburg 8:12 p. m., Norfolk 2:20 p. m., Weldon 9:43 p. m., Tarboro 6:00 p. m., Rocky Mount 5:40 a. m., leave Wilson 6:22 a. m., Goldsboro 7:01 a. m., Warsaw 7:53 a. m., Magnolia 8:05 a. m.

DAILY No. 51.—Passenger—Leave New Bern 9:00 a. m., Jacksonville except Sunday 10:28 a. m. Sunday 12:15 p. m.

FROM THE SOUTH.

DAILY No. 54.—Passenger—Leave Tampa 8:10 a. m., Sanford 3:07 p. m., Jacksonville 8:00 p. m., Savannah 4:45 a. m., Charleston 6:32 a. m., Columbia 5:45 a. m., Atlanta 7:50 a. m., Macon 9:00 a. m., Augusta 2:30 p. m., Denmark 4:17 p. m., Sumter 6:06 a. m., Florence 8:55 a. m., Marion 9:34 a. m., Chadbourn 10:38 a. m. Leave Waccamaw 11:09 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

Trains on the Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Weldon 4:15 p. m., Halifax 4:30 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:20 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leave Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:18 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leaves Washington 8:20 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., arrive Parmele 9:10 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., returning leave Parmele 9:35 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrive Washington 11:00 a. m., and 7:20 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday 5:30 p. m., Sunday 4:45 p. m., arrives Plymouth 7:40 p. m. and 6:10 p. m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 7:50 a. m., and Sunday 9:00 a. m., arrives Tarboro 10:05 a. m. and 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily except Sunday 7:10 a. m., arriving Smithfield 8:30 a. m. Returning leaves Smithfield 9:00 a. m., arrives at Goldsboro 10:25 a. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 7:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m., arrives Nashville 8:10 a. m., 4:35 p. m., Spring Hope 8:40 a. m., 5:15 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 9:00 a. m., 5:45 p. m., Nashville 9:22 a. m., 6:15 p. m., arrives at Rocky Mount 9:45 a. m., 6:50 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday, 11:20 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Returning leaves Clinton 7:00 a. m. and 2:45 p. m.

Florence Railroad leave Pee Dee 9:00 a. m., arrive Latta 9:24 a. m., Dillon 9:35 a. m., Rowland 9:50 a. m., returning leave Rowland 6:00 p. m., arrives Dillon 6:20 p. m. Latta 6:35 p. m., Pee Dee 7:00 p. m., daily.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Hub 9:25 a. m., Chadbourn 10:43 p. m., arrive Conway 12.40 p. m., leave Conway 2:45 p. m., Chadbourn 5:30 p. m., arrive Hub 6:10 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Central of South Carolina Railroad leave Sumter 5:13 p. m., Manning 5:41 p m, arrive Lanes 6:17 p.m., leaves Lanes 8:34 a. m., Manning 9:00 a. m., arrives Sumter 9:40 a. m., daily.

Georgetown and Western Railroad, Leaves Lanes 9:30 a. m. and 7:40 p. m., arrive Georgetown 12:00 m., 9:00 p. m., leave Georgetown 7:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m., arrive Lanes 8:25 a. m. and 6:56 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on C. & D. R. R. leave Florence daily except Sunday 8:45 a. m., arrive Darlington 9:18 a. m., Cheraw 10:30 a. m., Wadesboro 2:25 p. m. Leave Florence daily except Sunday 8:25 p. m., arrive Darlington 8:50 p. m., Bennettsville 9:40 p. m., Gibson 10:10 p. m. Leave Florence Sunday only 8:50 a. m. arrive Darlington 9:20 a. m.

Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 6:25 a. m., Bennettsville 8:49 a. m., arrive Darlington 7:40 a. m., leave Darlington 7:45 a. m., arrive Florence 8:10 a. m. Leave Wadesboro daily except Sunday 8:00 p. m., Cheraw 5:15 p. m., Hartsville 2:15 p. m., Darlington 6:29 p. m., arrive Florence 7:00 p. m. Leave Darlington Sunday only 7:50 a. m., arrive Florence 8:15 a. m.

Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leave Wilson 2:17 p. m., 11:13 p. m. Arrive Selma 2:50 p. m., 11:58 p. m., Smithfield 3:02 p. m., Dunn 3:40 p. m., Fayetteville 4:25 p. m., 1:07 a. m., Rowland 6:00 p. m., returning leave Rowland 9:50 a. m., Fayetteville 11:10 p. m., 10:35 p. m., Dunn 11:50 p. m., Smithfield 12:28 p. m., Selma 12:35 p. m., 11:44 p. m., arrive Wilson 1:17 p. m., 12:19 a. m.

Manchester & Augusta Railroad trains leave Sumter 4:29 a. m., Creston 5:17 a. m., arrive Denmark 6:32 a. m. Returning leave Denmark 4:17 p. m., Creston 5:32 p. m., Sumter 6:06 p. m., daily.

Pregnalls Branch train leaves Creston 5:45 a. m., arrives Pregnalls 9:15 a. m., returning leaves Pregnalls 10:00 a. m., arrives Creston 3:50 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Bishopville Branch trains leave Elliott 10:35 a. m., arrive Lucknow 12:25 p. m. Returning, leave Lucknow 2:30 p. m., arrive Elliott 8:25 a. m. and 4:10 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Daily except Sunday. *Sunday only.

H. M. EMERSON, General Passenger Agent.
J. R. KENLY, General Manager.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

Atlantic & North Carolina R R

Time Table in Effect August 10, 1898.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

Leave Goldsboro 7:10 a.m., 3:40 p. m.
Leave Kinston 9:14 a. m., 4:32 p. m.
Leave New Bern 1:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m
Arrive Morehead 3:46 p. m., 6:57 p. m

WESTBOUND TRAINS

Leave Morehead 7:47 a. m., 8:20 a. m
Leave New Bern 9:10 a. m., 3:50 p. m
Leave Kinston 10:12 a. m., 6:43 p. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 11:05 a. m., 8:13 p. m.

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.

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