

JOB'S AGING TOOTH.

HE ALSO HAD BOILS, BANKRUPTCY AND A FOOL OF A WIFE.

But He Finally Escaped, Body and Soul, From His Troubles, and Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows That Thousands of Others May Be Similarly Saved.

In this discourse of Dr. Talmage is mighty encouragement for many who consider their own case hopeless. His text is Job xix, 20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Goode and Foote and Barnes have all tried their wits on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of his teeth?"

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escapes for their souls. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel, but as Job finally escaped so have they. Thank God!

SAVED AS BY FIRE

Paul expressed the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea as in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat as long as you last. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you. You drop into it—your feet are saved. Some men are partially consumed, but after all get off—saved as by fire.

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as it is for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what I might have expected. He always was of that turn of mind." In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but straight into the faces of the minister and the people. He understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

Here is another one who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse that he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments, his manhood was reckless, his middle life wayward. But now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say, "It is possible. You must be joking." You say, "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply, "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian." In other words, we will admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from churches and deny me out loud for not having any intention of becoming Christians themselves, and yet you may find yourself escaping before you leave this house as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or the fish had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion today. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the gospel net is strong. O thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you are coming to God will to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state I know not. There are two gates to your nature—the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke and wound for wound and blood for blood, but if I come and knock at the door of your house and you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor, if I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm—blow for blow, stroke for stroke—but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

QUESTIONS ASKED.

Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in

which you are now traveling? You had relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly converted, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I hold in my hand a letter, sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am told enough to know that the joys and sorrows of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not unwilling out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the death as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah, skepticism is a dark and doleful land! Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges to be against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church.

There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonestly in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil in their regular work, to serve God a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off the dirt of their business since the past week's inconsistencies. You have a man more inclined to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

You do not tell that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended forward you. In one hand I have the Bible and in the other hand I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in the other hand you can put a book that is better.

I invite you back into the good old fashioned religion of your fathers, to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off. You will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

GREAT HINDRANCES.

Again, there may be some who in the attempt after a Christian life will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition which you have to contend against, and perhaps while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear to you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs and swear in business, I will swear to you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper.

Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle those hot breathed passions and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting mad if you only bring to the front that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulance that blurs and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in middle life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "half fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul ought to know what the struggle is. Impotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for awhile and turn you off. You ask for their pardon; they will give it and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

With all the influences favorable for a right life, the more man makes his bend and twist and watch for it, the swarthier habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last "with the skin of his teeth."

NEAR A WATERY GRAVE.

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on the horizon that looked like a sea gull, but afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the

small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized, they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to dig their way out. They were so near the bottom, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth." There are men who have been capsized of evil passions and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging a watery grave without dropping into it? Never be delivered unless you try to hold some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board, and it will be known on earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—escaped as with the skin of their teeth.

There are others who in attempting to come to God must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning and come away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion, but how shall you get time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset and have been for five years going behind in business and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when from Monday morning until Saturday night you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties, in a maze of perplexities, and you have the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting room and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac, or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor and found her husband a suicide. There are men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales, and kegs, and hogheads, and counters, and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for eternal life, and I will not go away for heaven, escaping 'as with the skin of your teeth.'"

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Pennsylvania avenue, Broad street, State street and Third street. On their faces were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart, but they had mental tortures compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

SHAKEN FAITH.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems to be turning topsy-turvy, and where there can be any God, they are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of christianity or the truth of anything else touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but put my hand on your shoulder and write you into the peace of the gospel. He is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God God stuck to the world, but the world turned from his government, and hence all these troubles and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him, but the more he has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into the sea.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him and see if he will not pardon. Try him and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowers of Christ's affections. The sun hath no light so bright as the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent, the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without cracking a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks. But the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

THE WORLD'S ANTHEM.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, O business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding on each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Coelius hanged himself because his steward, without cracking a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks. But the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

Put His Trust in God

No part of the life of William E. Gladstone is more significant than that told by William T. Stead in a recent biography. He was found in Isiah, viii, 3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." If any reason were to be assigned for the long and successful life of Mr. Gladstone, soon to enter on his 89th year, it could hardly be better found than in the motto above quoted, which he probably long had in his mind before Mr. Gladstone's eyes, but in his heart and thoughts—Jewish Messenger.

away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens. You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the mast. With one sacrifice cry for help put your cause into the hand of the breakers of life and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathful tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imporation for mercy.

I shall close this sermon feeling that some of you who have considered your case as hopeless will take heart again, and that with a blood red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Alone With a Maniac

It was on the fifth day of our voyage, as we were amusing ourselves on deck, that a message was brought me to say that Mr. A— would like to see me in his cabin.

I had no difficulty in finding his room and was met at the door by Mr. A— himself. He shook hands very cordially, and invited me to enter and take a chair. No sooner had I done so than he carefully locked the door. Thinking this rather strange, I inquired as to his illness. He did not reply for some time, and then said:

"I am not ill. I sent for you," laying his hand on a large knife, "to cut your throat."

He was a man I had not before particularly noticed, but now, as I looked up, I fully made up my mind that he was a maniac.

I am not a coward, yet even now the thought of that moment makes me shudder. There I was in a remote part of the ship, alone with a madman, and twice my strength, without a chance to escape, or means to give an alarm, and being unarmed, quite at his mercy.

I had heard of other somewhat similar cases, and, though a tryo in the profession, had had some experience among the insane. I knew, therefore, that resistance would be of the least service to me, and that apparent acquiescence would be best. All this quickly flashed through my mind, and accordingly, feigning the utmost indifference I could, I said:

"Ah, yes, Mr. A—, to be sure. It won't take long will it?"

"Oh, no," said he, calmly surveying the life now held in his hand. "Oh no, the job is quite a light one."

Here he poured out a glass of wine, and begged me to drink it. As I did so an idea struck me, and I said:

"By-the-by, Mr. A—, your knife doesn't look very sharp; the trachea is tough, you know, and will want some cutting."

He looked hard at me, as if to read my thoughts, but, after a time, convinced that my suggestion was a good one, and examining his knife more closely, he said:

"Yes, doctor, I think you are right. A little grinding will do no harm; so, if you don't mind waiting, I will just run to the carpenter's shop."

The waiter, whom I wanted, as feeling sure he would not lock the door after him, I thought my escape would be easy. What was my dismay, then, on his departure, at finding that it was locked as securely as before!

I passed up and down in despair, tore at the door, flung open the porthole window, and shouted with all my might, but without avail.

The waiter, on my minute, returned, and he could not be long now. In the frenzy of despair, I groped about, from corner to corner, in search of a weapon of defence, but no, not even the merest stick, not the smallest thing upon which to lay hands. And then I heard footsteps approaching in the distance.

I felt my pulse quicken, my brow hot. Impulsively I flung off my coat, got to the farthest end of the room, and, standing as defensively as possible, resolved to fight to the last.

I remember then the door bursting open, and the entry of A—, not alone, as I thought, but securely plinked and attended by two of the ship's crew in full uniform.

The relief of the moment was so great that it completely prostrated me, and my nervous system was much shaken for some time, while the intensity and reality of my situation often now make me feel something akin to what the condemned, about to be hanged, must experience that the peculiar and excited manner of the maniac, the large knife in his possession, and his anxiety to sharpen it, drew suspicion on him, which, with the fact that I had been called to see him, induced the officer to secure him and come to his cabin.

For the remainder of the voyage he was kept securely confined, and watched day and night, and on arriving at New York was handed over to the proper authorities, who, on investigating the case, found that the man had escaped from a private lunatic asylum near Liverpool, and had by strategy and cunning eluded the vigilance of his keepers, and taken passage in our vessel.

His Appetite

"No," said the philanthropist firmly. "I cannot give you financial assistance. I am opposed to the principle of indiscriminate alms-giving on the street. But I will gladly give you an order on a restaurant for whatever you may want if you are hungry."

And he did. A few days later he visited the restaurant, walked up to the cashier's window and said: "I suppose you hold a charge against me here. I sent a poor fellow to your last Tuesday and I want to settle his bill."

"Yes, sir," replied the young woman behind the counter, as she rummaged among some papers, and found an unpaid check, "seventy cents please."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated the philanthropist, "that poor fellow must have been nearly starved. What did he eat to amount to so much as that?"

"One gin fizz," she said, "two Manhattan cocktails, a whiskey straight and three beers."—Chicago Times Herald.

TO ALL POINTS, NORTH, SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST

Schedule in Effect May 30, 1897.

Train 41—Leaves Wilmington 3:30 p. m., arrives Lumberton 5:25 p. m., Pembroke 5:46 p. m., Maxton 6:12 p. m., Laurinburg 6:22 p. m., Hamlet 6:53 p. m., connects at Hamlet with train 41 for Charlotte and Atlanta, and with train 402 for Portsmouth, Richmond, Washington and points North. Parlor car from Wilmington to Charlotte.

Train 41—Leaves Portsmouth 9:20 a. m., arrives Weldon 11:41 a. m., Raleigh 1:30 p. m., Sanford 3:35 p. m., Hamlet 5:10 a. m., Rockingham 6:23 a. m., Wadesboro 6:54 a. m., Monroe 8:12 a. m., Charlotte 10:25 a. m., Athens 1:15 p. m., Atlanta 3:50 p. m., Connections at Atlanta for all points South and West. Pullman Sleeper, Washington to Atlanta, and Portsmouth to Chester.

Train 38—Leaves Hamlet 8:20 a. m., arrives Laurinburg 9:46 a. m., Maxton 10:05 a. m., Pembroke 10:21 a. m., Lumberton 10:33 a. m., Wilmington 12:05 noon. Connects at Hamlet with trains from Washington, Portsmouth, Charlotte and Atlanta. Parlor car, Charlotte to Wilmington.

Train 402—Leaves Atlanta 1:00 p. m., arrives Athens 3:16 p. m., Monroe 9:30 p. m., Shelby 9:55 p. m., Lenoir 10:15 p. m., Charlotte 11:38 p. m., Monroe 10:30 p. m., Wadesboro 10:31 p. m., Rockingham 11:35 p. m., Hamlet 11:20 p. m., Sanford 11:32 p. m., Raleigh 12:16 a. m., Washington 12:25 a. m., Portsmouth 7:25 a. m., Richmond 8:18 a. m., Washington 12:31 noon. Pullman Sleepers, Atlanta to Washington and Chester to Portsmouth.

Train 18—Leaves Hamlet 7:15 p. m., arrives Gibson 8:10 p. m., Returning, leaves Gibson 7:00 a. m., arrives Hamlet 7:50 a. m., Train 17—Leaves Hamlet 9:40 a. m., arrives Cheraw 10:00 a. m., Returning, leaves Cheraw 5:00 p. m., arrives Hamlet 6:30 p. m.

All trains daily except Nos. 17 and 18. Trains make immediate connections at Atlanta for Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Texas, California, Mexico, Chattanooga, Nashville, Memphis, Macon, Florida.

For Tickets, Sleepers, etc., apply to THOS. D. MEARES, Gen'l Agent, Wilmington, N. C.

Vice President and Gen'l Manager. H. V. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager. V. E. McBEER, Gen'l Superintendent. T. J. ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent. General Offices, Portsmouth, Va.

C. F. & Y. V. Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railway

Schedule in Effect May 20th, 1897. TRAINS LEAVE WILMINGTON.

DAILY. Arrives Fayetteville 3:35 p. m., 12:15 p. m. Sanford 5:02 p. m., Ore Hill 5:23 p. m., Greensboro 7:25 p. m., Walnut Grove 9:35 p. m., Mt. Airy 11:00 p. m. Connects with Southern Railway at Greensboro, Arriving Salisbury 6:20 p. m., Asheville 12:12 a. m., Knoxville 4:00 a. m., Chattanooga 7:40 a. m., Nashville 1:35 p. m., Charlotte 10:30 a. m., Atlanta 6:10 a. m., Danville 12:30 night, Lynchburg 1:58 a. m., Charlottesville 3:35 a. m., Washington 6:42 a. m., Baltimore 8:53 a. m., Philadelphia 10:15 a. m., New York 12:43 p. m.

TRAIN ARRIVE WILMINGTON. DAILY. From New York, Philadelphia, 4:30 p. m., Baltimore, Washington, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Danville, Mt. Airy, Walnut Cove, Greensboro, Chesapeake, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Asheville, Salisbury, Atlanta, Charlotte and all points North, South and West.

LOCAL FREIGHT TRAIN NO. 2. Leave Wilmington 2:55 p. m., arrives Fayetteville 11:50 p. m. Passenger Coach attached to this train. W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The Clyde Steamship Co. NEW YORK, WILMINGTON, N. C. AND GEORGETOWN, S. C. LINES.

FROM New York for Wilmington. CROATAN .....Saturday, August 21. PAWNEE .....Saturday, August 22. From Wilmington for New York. PAWNEE .....Saturday, August 21. CROATAN .....Saturday, August 22. From Wilmington for Georgetown. CROATAN .....Tuesday, August 24. PAWNEE .....Tuesday, August 25.

Through bills of lading and lower through rates guaranteed to and from points in North and South Carolina. For Freight or passage apply to E. G. SUPERINTENDENT, THOS. G. CLEGG, Traffic Manager, 270 E. Second Street, New York. WM. F. OGDEN & Co., Geogetown, S. C.

To Any Non-Catholic in North Carolina. "TRUTH," Only 10 Cents For Annum. To any Non-Catholic in North Carolina, we will send for only 10 cents per annum. "TRUTH," A Catholic Magazine devoted to giving TRUE explanations of the Catholic Church—that is the Catholic Church as it is, not as caricature and misrepresentation. Address: "TRUTH," Rev. Thos. F. Price, Man. RALEIGH, N. C.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE. Schedule in Effect August 15th, 1897. Departures from Wilmington.

DAILY No. 41—Passenger—Due Wilmington 10:50 a. m., Warsaw 11:35 a. m., Goldsboro 11:55 a. m., Rocky Mount 12:45 p. m., Tarboro 1:55 p. m., Weldon 3:25 p. m., Norfolk 4:55 p. m., Washington 11:30 p. m., Baltimore 12:30 a. m., Philadelphia 1:35 a. m., New York 2:45 a. m., Boston 3:50 a. m.

DAILY No. 42—Passenger—Due Wilmington 7:15 P. M. Goldsboro 10:10 p. m., Warsaw 11:35 p. m., Tarboro 6:05 a. m., Rocky Mount 11:57 p. m., Weldon 1:44 a. m., Norfolk 3:14 a. m., Baltimore 4:20 a. m., Washington 7:25 a. m., Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., New York 9:40 a. m., Boston 10:45 a. m.

DAILY No. 43—Passenger—Due Laurel 4:00 P. M. Waccamaw 5:09 p. m., Chabourn 5:40 p. m., Marion 6:42 p. m., Sumter 7:25 p. m., Sumter 10:05 p. m., Denmark 6:25 a. m., Magnolia 8:30 a. m., Macon 11:30 a. m., Atlanta 12:15 p. m., Charleston 10:30 p. m., Savannah 2:40 a. m., Jacksonville 4:10 a. m., Tampa 6:57 a. m., St. Augustine 10:30 a. m.

ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON—FROM THE NORTH. DAILY No. 43—Passenger—Leave New York 5:45 P. M. Wilmington 11:05 p. m., New Bern 12:15 p. m., Raleigh 1:30 p. m., Sanford 3:35 p. m., Hamlet 5:10 a. m., Rockingham 6:23 a. m., Wadesboro 6:54 a. m., Monroe 8:12 a. m., Charlotte 10:25 a. m., Athens 1:15 p. m., Atlanta 3:50 p. m., Connections at Atlanta for all points South and West. Pullman Sleeper, Washington to Atlanta, and Portsmouth to Chester.

DAILY No. 41—Passenger—Leave New York 9:20 A. M. Wilmington 12:05 noon, Philadelphia 12:10 p. m., Baltimore 1:30 p. m., Washington 2:40 p. m., Richmond 3:45 p. m., Petersburg 4:55 p. m., Norfolk 6:05 p. m., Weldon 7:15 p. m., York 8:25 p. m., Rocky Mount 9:35 p. m., Wilson 10:45 p. m., Warsaw 11:55 p. m., Goldsboro 12:45 p. m., Magnolia 1:55 p. m.

DAILY No. 42—Passenger—Leave New York 12:40 P. M. Wilmington 10:45 a. m., Jacksonville 12:40 a. m., Tampa 6:57 a. m., St. Augustine 10:30 a. m., Magnolia 1:55 p. m.

FROM THE SOUTH. DAILY No. 44—Passenger—Leave Tarboro 12:15 P. M. p. m. Sanford 1:50 p. m., Jacksonville 3:05 p. m., Denmark 4:05 p. m., Richmond 5:20 p. m., Petersburg 6:30 p. m., Norfolk 7:40 p. m., Weldon 8:50 p. m., Atlanta 10:00 a. m., Macon 11:10 a. m., Savannah 12:20 a. m., Jacksonville 1:30 a. m., Tampa 4:55 p. m., Sumter 6:45 a. m., Florence 8:55 a. m., Marion 9:30 a. m., Chabourn 10:35 a. m., Sumter 11:45 a. m., Waccamaw 12:55 p. m.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch 4:30 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:20 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:50 p. m., Returning, leaves Kinston 7:40 a. m., Greenville 8:32 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:15 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Washington Branch leaves Washington 8:30 a. m. and 1:40 p. m., arrive Farme 8:10 a. m. and 2:40 p. m., returning leave Farme 10:10 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrive Washington 11:40 a. m. and 7:20 p. m. Leave except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 5:30 p. m., Sunday 4:45 p. m., arrives Plymouth 6:30 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 Middleburg 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 4:30 p. m., arrives Nashville 5:25 p. m., Spring Hope 6:30 p. m., returning leaves Spring Hope 6:00 a. m., Nashville 6:55 a. m., arriving Rocky Mount 9:05 a. m. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday, 11:35 a. m., and 4:30 p. m., returning leaves Clinton 7:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Florence Latta leaves Pee Dee 9:10 a. m., arrive Latta 9:30 a. m., Dillon 9:42 a. m., Rowland 9:55 a. m., returning leaves Rowland 6:10 p. m., arrive Dillon 6:25 p. m., Latta 6:44 p. m., Pee Dee 7:08 p. m. daily.

Train on Conway Branch leaves Hub 8:20 a. m., Chabourn 10:40 a. m., arrive Conway 1:00 p. m., leave Conway 5:45 p. m., Chabourn 6:40 p. m., arrive Hub 6:30 p. m. Daily except Sunday.

Central of North Carolina Railroad leaves Sumter 6:42 p. m., Manning 7:10 p. m., arrive Lanes 8:25 a. m., Manning 9:35 a. m., arrive Sumter 10:25 a. m. Daily except Sunday. Georgetown and Western Railroad leaves Lanes 9:30 a. m., 7:55 p. m., arrive Georgetown 12:30 p.