

MIGHTY ANTISEPTIC

CHRISTIAN RELIGION AS A PREVENTIVE OF THE WORLD'S ILLS.

It is an Active Principle, Says Dr. Talmage, Which Constantly Works for the Welfare of the Body, Mind and Soul.

Dr. Talmage is now traveling in Norway, where he has been deeply interested in the natural phenomena and the quaint social life of that wonderful land. In his discourse this week he argues, contrary to the opinion of many, that religion is an active principle which works constantly for the welfare of the body, mind and soul. His text is Luke xiv, 34, "Salt is good."

The Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs, among living creatures, storks and eagles and doves and unicorns and sheep and cattle; among trees, sycamores and terebinths and pomegranates and almonds and apples; among jewels, pearls and amethysts and jacinths and chrysoprases. Christ uses no stale illustrations. The list that he plucks for his sermons are dewy fresh; the ravens in his discourses are not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing tip to wing tip; the fish he points to are not dull about the gills, as though long captured, but a-squirm in the wet net just brought up on the beach of Tiberias. In my text, which is the peroration of one of his sermons, he picks up a crystal and holds it before his congregation as an illustration of divine grace in the heart, when he says, "What we all know by experiment, 'Salt is good.'"

I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea in this text and in the first place to you that trace the history of the beauty. In Galilee there are mines of salt, with excavations and underground passages reaching, I am told, 280 miles. Far under ground there are chapels and halls of reception, the columns, the altars and the pulpits are of salt. The king and princes come to visit these mines, the whole place is illuminated, and the glory of crystal walls and crystal ceilings and crystal floors and crystal columns, under the glare of the torches and the lamps, needs words of crystal to describe it. But you need not go so far as that to find the beauty of salt. You live in a land which produces millions of bushels of it every year, and you can take the morning salt train and in a few hours get to the salt mines and salt springs. And you have this article morning noon and night on your table. Salt has all the beauty of the snowflake and water foam with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, and it is beautiful to the glass you can see the stars and the diamonds and the white tree branches and the splinters and the bridges of fire as the sun glints them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's.

GOD'S MERCIES INNUMERABLE. It would take all time, with an infringement upon eternity, for an angel of God to tell one-half of the glories in a salt crystal. So with the grace of God. It is perfectly beautiful. I have seen it smother the wrinkles of care from the brow. I have seen it make an aged man feel almost young again. I have seen it lift the stooping shoulders and put sparkle into the dull eye. Solomon discovered its therapeutic qualities when he said, "It is marrow to the bones." It helps to digest the food and to purify the blood and to calm the pulses and quiet the spleen, and instead of Tyndal's prayer test of 20 years ago, putting a man in a philosophical hospital to be experimented upon by prayer, it keeps him so well that he does not need to be prayed for as an invalid. I am speaking now of a healthy religion—not that morbid religion that for three hours reads a gravestone reading, Harvey's "Meditations Among the Tombs"—a religion that prospers best in a bad state of the liver! I speak of the religion that Christ preached. I suppose when that religion has conquered the world that disease will be banished and that a man a hundred years of age will come in from business and say: "I feel tired. I think it must be time for me to go," and without one physical pang heaven will have him.

But the chief beauty of grace is in the soul. It takes that which was hard and cold and repulsive and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what David calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean. If jealousy and pride and lust and worldliness lurk about, they are chained and have a very small sweep. Jesus throws upon the soul the fragrance of a summer garden as he comes in, saying, "I am the rose of Sharon," and he submerges it with the glory of a spring morning when he says, "I will be like a rose." How much that grace did for the three Johns! It took John Bunyan, the foul mouthed, and made him John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. It took John Newton, the infidel sailor, and in the midst of the hurricane he draws his boat out. "My mother's God," have mercy upon me!" It took John Summerfield from a life of sin and, by the hand of a Christian man of edge tools, led him into the pulpit that turns salt with the light of the Christian's influence which charmed thousands to the Jesus whom he once despised. Ah, you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or beautifying as the grace of God. So, though the deep mine passages of Wieliczka and amid the underground kingdoms of salt in Hallstadt, and show me anything so exquisite, so transcendently beautiful as the grace of God fashioned and hung in eternal crystals.

THE NECESSITY OF LIFE.

Again, grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. What are those paths across the western prairies? Why, they were made there by deer and buffalo going to and coming away from the salt "licks." Chemists and physicians all the world over tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God: you must have it or die. I know a great many speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder strap adorning a soldier, or a light, frothing desert brought in and the greatest part of the banquet of life is over, or a medicine to be taken after powders and mustard plasters have failed to do their work, but ordinarily a mere superfluity, a string of bells around a horse's neck, which he draws to draw it, and in no wise helping him to draw it, and in no wise hindering him to draw it. So far from that, I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take to starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we

can climb up into the light. It is a positive necessity for the soul. You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fail, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. Salt is a necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God a necessity for the life of the soul.

salt in abundance. God has strewn salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt cellar. There is one region of that country that turns out 90,000 tons a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria, yielding 900,000 tons annually. Nearly all the nations rich in it—rock salt, sea salt, and the salt of the Creator of the world, when he created our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk and the springs were bored and the pumps were worked and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages, for all conditions. It seems to undergird everything. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. Around about the salt lakes of Saratov there are 10,000 men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the saline treasures. And if the 1,000,000,000 of our race should now cry out to God for his mercy, there would be enough for all—for those farthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows. It is an ocean of mercy; and if Europe and Asia, Africa, North and South America and all the islands of the sea were down in it today they would have room enough to wash and come up clean. Let no man think that his case is too tough a one for God to act upon. Though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is like salt in the heart, earthly piers, but suspended and spanning the awful chasm of your guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises and the other on the foundations of heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so incrustated with jewels that no one after him ever dared to wear it, but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of his righteousness, a robe blood dyed and heaven impregnated, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the world. Put that on! Wear it! Wear it now! Wear it forever!

PURE BELOW THE SURFACE.

Again the grace of God is like salt in the way to come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always impure—that which incrusts the Rocky mountains and the South American pampas and in India; but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths and along by galleries of rock and with torches and pickaxes and their way under the very foundations of the earth, to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. To get to the best saline springs of the earth huge machinery goes down, boring depth below depth, the very roots of the mountains, and the saline waters supplies the aqueduct. This water is brought to the surface and is exposed in tanks to the sun for evaporation, or it is put in boilers and heated and the water evaporates, and the salt gathers at the bottom of the tank—the work is completed, and the fortune is made. So with the grace of God it is to be profoundly sought after. With all the concentrated energies of body, mind and soul we must dig for it. No man stumbles accidentally on it. We need to go down to the very lowest strata of earnestness and faith to find it. Superficial exploration will not turn it up. The miner must strive and dig and dig until we find the spring fountains, with living waters. Then the work of evaporation begins, and as when the saline waters are exposed to the sun, the vapors float away, leaving nothing but the pure white salt at the bottom of the tank, so, when the Christian's soul is exposed to the sun of righteousness, the vapors of pride and selfishness and worldliness float off, and there is chiefly left beneath pure white salt of heart. Then, in the case of the salt the furnace is added. Blazing troubles, stirred by smutted stokers of darkness, quicken the evaporation of worldliness, and the crystallization of grace.

SWEETNESS OF RELIGION.

Have you not been in enough trouble to have that work go on? I was reading of Aristotle, who said there was a field of flowers in Sicily so sweet that once a hound, coming on the track of game, came to that field and was bewildered by the perfume and lost the track. Oh, that our souls might become like "a field which the Lord hath blessed" and exhale so much of the sweetness of Christian character that the hounds of temptation, coming from the devil, might lose it, and go howling back with disappointment.

But, I remark again, that the grace of God is like the salt in its preservative quality. You know that salt absorbs the moisture of articles of food and infuses them with brine, which preserves them for a long while. Salt is the great antiputrefactor of the food. Experimenters, in preserving food, have tried sugar and smoke and airtight jars and everything else, but as long as the world stands Christ's word will be suggestive, and men will admit that as a great preservative, salt is good. But for the grace of God the earth would have become a staid carcass long before this. That grace is the only preservative of laws and constitutions and literatures. Just as soon as a government loses its salt of divine grace it perishes. The philosophy of this day, so far as it is antagonistic to his religion, putrefies and stinks. The great want of our schools of learning and our institutions of science to-day is, not more Leyden jars and galvanic batteries and spectroscopes and philosophical apparatus, but more of that grace that will teach our men of science that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. How strange it is that in all their marvellous wisdom of the telescope they have not seen the morning star of Jesus and that in all their experiments with light and heat they have not seen the light and felt the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness! We want more of the salt of God's grace in our schools, in our colleges, in our universities, and that which has it will live; that which has it will die. I proclaim the tendency of everything earthly to putrefaction and death—the religion of Christ the only preservative.

My subject in one of great congratulation to those who have withstood their souls this gospel antiseptic. This salt will preserve them through the temptations and sorrows of life and through the ages of eternity. I do not mean to say that you will have a smooth time because you are a Christian. I mean to say that if you do your whole duty, I will promise you a rough time. You march through an enemy's country, and they will try to double you both flanks and to cut you off from your supplies. You will be with arrows, but swords will not be with you.

plunged to the hilt and spurring on your steed over heaps of the slain. But I think that God omnipotent will see you through. I think he will. But why do I talk like an atheist when I ought to be a Christian? I am "kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation."

THE PIVOTAL BATTLE.

When Governor Geary of Pennsylvania died, years ago, I lost a good friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that we rode together in the cars he recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the civil war. He said that there came one battle upon everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended on that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manfully and bravely and going to the battle opened and concentrated, and it was awful. Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together. It was awful, sir. We quit together, and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants." And as the governor thought his arm down on the back of the seat of the car trembled. "Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but after a while we gained a little and we marched on a little. I turned round to the troops and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' and I saw my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I did not dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle. So I just got down on my knees and said, 'God, I am around him and I gave him one good kiss and said, 'Goodby, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' So it is in the Christian conflict—it is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bullets to announce the tremendous issue. Hall of shot, gash of sabre, fall of battleaxe, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement or anything else. With one ardent embrace and one loving kiss we utter our farewells and then cry: 'Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured; there are other foes to be conquered; there are other crowns to be won.'"

Yet, as one of the Lord's surgeons, I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's gospel and put it on the lacerated soul. It smartens a little at first, but see—the bleeding stops, and lo, the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good." "Comfort one another with these words."

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CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Mount Airy News: Quite a number of republicans in Surry will cast their votes for the amendment. This is indeed good news and leads us to predict 250 to 300 majority for the amendment in Surry. Some friends of this great measure are claiming Surry by 700 majority.

Wadesboro Messenger: Nearly all participated in the recent democratic primaries and are heartily and enthusiastically in favor of the amendment. They were warmly welcomed back by their white neighbors goes without saying.

Raleigh News and Observer: Greensboro, N. C., July 13.—The county candidates have opened the canvass in this county. Mr. Starbuck, candidate for the senate, the general election ticket, was not present on the first two appointments, and Mr. J. C. Meekins filled his place. Those who heard Mr. Meekins said that he made the dirtiest kind of a speech. He went out of his way to abuse the people of the county, and put in the people of the county in the lowest manner of the women of his old county. Here's the sort of meetings the fusionists are having all over the state: The Wilson Times says that the popular orators of the county, who were at an "alliance picnic," was at Lucama yesterday, and we are informed had thirty-one white folks—democrats and populists—and forty negroes. Representative Atwater said that Chatham is no longer a doubtful unit, but will give a majority for White Supremacy. He is confined at home by sickness, but expects to resume the campaign next week.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million dollars of this great medicine, and have cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on R. R. Bellamy, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

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STATE PRESS.

The North Carolina negroes who are taking the cue from Spence Blackburn and others of his crew, and threatening registrars must be hungry for trouble. They should remember that North Carolina is still white and that it is certain to remain so.—Asheville Citizen.

Some of the vicious negroes of Guilford county—fortunately they represent a minority of the race here—are doing more to demonstrate the necessity of a constitutional amendment just now than all the stump speakers in the state combined.—Greensboro Patriot.

We have lived to see the republican party (this state) led crocodile and in copious showers for the poor white man, who are abundantly able to take care of themselves. After this there is no accounting for what may happen, and we should not be surprised to see the negroes turn white.—Durham Herald.

A Greensboro man whose character has been attacked by a lawyer while he was appearing as a witness in a case, took the first opportunity after the adjournment of court to assault the lawyer. The witness has our sympathy for every good reason known, they were enraged, and their rage increased as they saw the democrats in solid line when the campaign had gotten underway good and the mist had been cleared away. But this is nothing compared with their chagrin and disappointment when they beheld the beginning of a large exodus from their ranks of the best and most honorable members of their party. The populist as a party, have deserted them, and many of the best republicans are deserting so every day.—Greensboro Telegram.

The negroes elect a white man to an office, and the negro rule, and likewise when negroes hold office we have negro rule. This is bound to be so. The office holder is bound to represent the people who elect him. He is bound to respect, and love and admire and praise and feel for the people who put him in office. Then it is just as plain as noon day sun that we have negro rule when white men are elected by negro rule. The negroes say this is true, and also say that they would not vote such a ticket if they did not know it. On this subject no white man can dispute the negro's word.—Lexington Dispatch.

Charles B. Aycock has gone east, having finished a canvass of the mountain counties the like of which finds no comparison in the popular mind this side the Atlantic. It is the very highest praise to speak of it as worthy of comparison with the one in 1876; but there is no need to go further. There was never but one Vance, and a century will perhaps roll by before his equal is seen. A man may well deem himself highly honored to have his name mentioned not alongside but in the same category with that of the stupendous god of mind, valor and wisdom, who wrought our first and our greatest triumph from reconstruction woes. Time but deepens the impression left upon the state's character by that masterful man—Morganthau Herald.

Unless registrars stand firm, the Black-and-Tan gang will have every negro boy on the books and secure the registration of ten thousand South Carolina and Virginia darkies as they did in 1896. The federal prosecution "bluff" will not scare any democrat. It will be thrown out of court when it gets into courts not under the domination of Holton and Blackburn. The Charlotte Observer says that "more than five hundred negroes in Charlotte township, when asked by the list takers if they had made tax returns a year ago, stated that they had not made such returns, and a great many of these gave, as their reason, the assertion that they had come to this township from South Carolina since the first of January."—Raleigh Observer.

The proud brave Anglo race has never won the fetters of political affiliations and domination of an inferior race. And just as sure as old ocean breaks down the barrier that holds it in unnatural bounds, just so sure will the white race break the fetters of negro domination. There is no use of trying to battle against this such of way from the influence of the white race; its wave of popular demand may beat quietly, but incessantly for a time, but it does not move out of its path the obstacle that remains its freedom, blocks its progress, degrades its manhood, then there comes a time when a fearful storm arises, and that storm of popular wrath will sweep away every obstacle that impedes its progress to a higher realm of thought and action.—Winston Journal.

In his speech here yesterday Judge Adams, the republican candidate for governor, said that if the negro vote was eliminated that the democratic party would be eliminated utterly in North Carolina; that the democrats knew that the amendment would not eliminate the negro and that they did not want it eliminated. Judge Adams idea was of course to present the contention that the democratic party thrives and has its being entirely on the negro vote. If he really believes this it is passing strange that he and other republicans do not join with the democrats and help to eliminate the negro vote; that would be a quick way to get rid of the negro vote. The Landmark is concerned it is free to say that if the color line all that holds the democratic party together in this state, then we are willing to abolish the negro as a means of maintaining the party so. If the democratic party can only thrive on prejudice then let it go to pieces. But Judge Adams knows better.—Statesville Landmark.

FOR CAROLINA BEACH.

Boat leaves Wilmington for Carolina Beach at 6 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:15 p. m., and 7:30 p. m.

FOR WILMINGTON.

Trains leave Beach at 7:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., and 8:30 p. m.

FOR SOUTHPORT.

Boat leaves Wilmington at 9:15 a. m. for Southport.

FOR WILMINGTON.

Boat leaves Southport at 12:00 m. Two Hundred Tickets given away every week for Saturday trips only. Apply to S. W. Sanders, at Unlucky Corner.

J. W. HARPER.

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WEST-SAL INDIA LIMITED TRAINS DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK, TAMPA, ATLANTA, NEW ORLEANS AND POINTS SOUTH AND WEST.

Schedule in Effect June 2nd, 1900.

Train Leaves Wilmington 3:30 p. m., arrives New York 5:14 p. m., Tampa 5:30 p. m., New Orleans 5:30 p. m., and points south and west.

Close connection at Atlanta for Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and all points in Texas, Louisiana, California; also for Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, and western and northwestern points.

Connects at Hamlet with train No. 27 for Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tampa and other Florida points; also with train No. 44 for Raleigh, Petersburg, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore and New York.

Other trains leave Hamlet as follows: Train No. 31 (Florida Limited) for Columbia and points south at 6:30 a. m., Train No. 48 for Monroe, Charlotte, Lincoln, Shelby and Rutherford, Atlanta, and all points south at 6:30 a. m., Train No. 38 for Raleigh, Norfolk and points north at 9:30 a. m., Train No. 66 for Raleigh, Richmond, and points north at 9:30 a. m.

Through Pullman sleepers from Hamlet to all points north, south and southwest.

Train Leaves Hamlet at 8:30 a. m., arrives Maxton 9:05 a. m., Pembroke 9:30 a. m., Lumberton 9:55 a. m., Wilmington 12:05 noon. This train takes passengers at Hamlet from train No. 31 (Florida Limited) leaving Richmond at 10:40 p. m., and arriving at Hamlet at 6:45 a. m. From train No. 403 leaving Norfolk at 9:30 p. m., arriving at Hamlet at 7:10 a. m. From train No. 38 leaving Atlanta at 9:00 p. m., and Charlotte at 5:45 a. m., arriving at Hamlet at 7:15 a. m.

Other trains arrive at Hamlet as follows: Train No. 402 from Atlanta, Rutherford, Shelby, Lincoln, Charlotte and points north at 10:40 p. m., Train No. 41 from Portsmouth at 7:10 p. m., Train No. 27 from Richmond and points north at 10:40 p. m.

Train No. 44 from Columbia and points south at 8:30 p. m., and train No. 66 from Columbia and points south at 9:00 a. m.

Tor Tickets, Sleepers, Etc., apply to T. D. JOSE, D. M. T. Agent, Wilmington, N. C.

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H. W. B. GLOVER, Traffic Manager.

V. E. McBECK, General Superintendent.

L. S. ALLEN, Gen'l. Pass. Agent.

General Offices, Portsmouth, Va.

ATLANTIC & NORTH CAROLINA R. R.

Time Table in Effect March 11, 1900.

Eastbound Trains.	Passenger Daily.	Passenger Sunday Only.
Leave Goldsboro	3:40 p. m.	7:40 a. m.
Leave Kinston	4:30 p. m.	8:30 a. m.
Leave New Bern	5:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.
Arrive Morehead	7:02 p. m.	11:00 a. m.
Westbound Trains.	Passenger Daily.	Passenger Sunday Only.
Leave Morehead	7:27 a. m.	4:27 p. m.
Leave New Bern	8:00 a. m.	5:00 p. m.
Leave Kinston	10:12 a. m.	6:47 p. m.
Arrive Goldsboro	11:05 a. m.	7:40 p. m.

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.

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On, and After June 14th, 1900,

the Schedule on the

WILMINGTON SEACOAST RAIL ROAD

Will be as follows:

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Leave Wilmington. Leave Ocean View.

6:30 A. M. 7:45 A. M.

10:10 A. M. 11:30 A. M.

2:30 P. M. 3:45 P. M.

5:00 P. M. 6:00 P. M.

7:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS:

10:10 A. M. 11:30 A. M.

7:15 P. M. 9:00 P. M.

Every Friday and Saturday on account of Club House dances the last train will leave the Beach at 11:00 p. m. instead of 10:00.

Freight will be carried only on the 10:00 a. m. and 5 p. m. trains except fresh produce and vegetables, which will be taken on the 6:30 train. No goods will be received unless accompanied by way bill and freight PREPAID. Freight must be received at our depot 15 minutes before leaving time of train. No exceptions will be made to these rules.

R. O. GRANT, Supt.

SCHEDULE

Carolina Beach and Southport

In Effect June 12th.

Leave Wilmington. Leave Ocean View.

6:30 A. M. 7:45 A. M.

10:10 A. M. 11:30 A. M.

2:30 P. M. 3:45 P. M.

5:00 P. M. 6:00 P. M.

7:00 P. M. 10:00 P. M.

Trains on the Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Weldon 3:30 p. m., arrive 4:17 p. m., arrive Scotland Neck at 5:06 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:53 p. m., returning leaves Fayetteville 4:40 p. m., Hoke 5:45 p. m., Kinston 6:41 p. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Hoke 11:48 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Weldon 8:19 a. m., and 2:30 p. m., arrive Fayetteville 9:10 a. m., and 4:00 p. m., returning leaves Fayetteville 8:00 a. m., and 3:30 p. m., arrive Washington 10:04 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains leave Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday 5:30 p. m., Sunday 4:15 p. m., arrive 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 10:19 a. m., and 11:30 a. m., daily.

Trains leave Goldsboro daily except Sunday 5:30 a. m., arriving Smithfield 8:45 a. m., and 2:30 p. m., arriving 7:35 a. m., arrives at Goldsboro 9:30 a. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 9:30 a. m., 3:40 p. m., arrives Nashville 10:20 a. m., 4:06 p. m., returning leaves Spring Hope 11:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., Nashville 11:45 a. m., 5:25 p. m., arrives at Rocky Mount 12:10 a. m., 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday 7:45 a. m., and 6:25 p. m., returning leaves Clinton 6:45 a. m., and 10:50 a. m.

Trains leave Pee Dee 10:12 a. m., arrive Latta 10:21 a. m., Dillon 10:42 a. m., Rowland 10:58 a. m., returning leaves Pee Dee 6:00 p. m., arrives Latta 6:35 p. m., Pee Dee 7:00 p. m., daily.

Trains on Conway Branch leave Boardman 3:00 p. m., Chadbourn 5:25 p. m., arrive Conway 7:40 p. m., leave Conway 8:30 a. m., Chadbourn 11:50 a. m., arrive Boardman 12:25 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains leave Sumter 5:35 p. m., Manning 6:00 p. m., arrive Lanes 6:43 p. m., leave Lanes 8:34 a. m., arrive Sumter 9:40 a. m., daily.

Georgetown and Western Railroad leaves Lanes 9:30 a. m., arrives Georgetown 12:00 a. m., 9:00 p. m