

A BOTTLE OF TEARS. An Interesting and True Story.

The following story, related by Rev. J. B. Culpener, is as forceful as it is pathetic and will be read with interest, as the scenes of horror were laid just over the line in Virginia and the facts are familiar to many citizens of Elizabeth City.

"Many years ago, I heard this sad, sickening, shocking story of a bottle of tears, while I was holding a meeting just over the Virginia line. Afterwards I met a man who knew the parties and confirmed it in all of its features.

"One moon-bathed evening in October, a sweet girl of thirteen singing summers stood by the baptismal font and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to the church and her Lord forever.

"Only two brief years later, attractively attired in lovely orange, she stood by those same altars, with her hand resting, with poetic confidence, upon the arm of a strong, noble man—an F. F. V.—and while a man's music vaped through the crowded auditorium, she, with womanly becoming, answered the questions which stood for fidelity to him—'so long as skies and waves are blue.' Everybody—and everything was prophetic of conjugal happiness and prosperity. As they passed under the 'wedding arch,' rice rained upon them; roses rolled at their feet; glances from congratulatory eyes greeted them on either hand; mothers murmured approval of the match; maidens merrily monopolized the passage to the doors; electric jets gesticulated, in gleesome gladness, the hearty, happy he's who, withered mere words. The liveried loungers about the doorway, thrilled by the outpouring throng, sprang to their perches and with one hand drew reins over stamping steeds, while with the other they touched a chord, which threw wide the welcome, waiting doorway of the roof-weathred, spoke-bustled, gear-garlanded, lamp-lighted carriage by which, amid pealing organ, laughter of stars, with Lunar queen on her Zenithal throne, they were wheeled on through the short, pretty streets, to the station, when they soon left all other lovers, and were sweeping on through strange scenery—on their way to the family homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir, and to which he was now taking his young, beautiful bride.

Two mornings later, as they alighted at her gate, two hedge-bordered miles from the railway station, she said, surely nothing is wanting but an assurance of immortality, to make this place perfect. Can anything but Heaven be more replete with bliss? Could aught invade this angel-eyed place, to bring breath of poison? Poor woman! we shall see.

"Between this lovely mansion and the large well-kept farm, three miles away, there was a dirty groggery, the gate-plate of the tongs of that section. The noble owner of the farm had never crossed its thievish, murderous threshold. But one evening he did turn in, with a friend (?) Later, he visited the place alone. He slipped, he treated, he drank, he got drunk, he gambled, he was murdered, in that place, and carried home and buried in the family garden. This brief recital measures an immeasurable change in that beautiful home, and covers a term of ten or twelve years.

"The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, she and the two older girls had eaten a very scant breakfast; the baby, a girl of two years, had gotten out of bed and stood by the mother and eaten her breakfast, saved in a saucer. She had just devoured the entire contents of the saucer, when there was handed to the dazed, sleepless woman a note from the bar-keeper. It ran something like this: Dear Madam, (Dear!!!) This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's mule and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunks, wardrobe and wearing apparel. As I wish possession, you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and to represent me in all things.

"This was unlooked for news to the poor woman. While the farm had gradually shrank from twenty-six miles to one, and everything else had shriveled in like manner, she thought the few acres, house and contents were hers. She had wept for the past few years, until she thought there was not a tear left to shed, except those burning, blinding dry tears left to so many soul-anguished women. In this she was mistaken, for the contents of the note broke loose a fresh sack, which trickled into the saucer, as she rested her aching head on her palms. She had not spoken—only cried—had not resented the contents of the infernally avaricious note—only cried. Reason again spoke; she became conscious of her sad surroundings. Looking down, she saw her tears had rained into the saucer, and with a woman's intuition she poured them through a spoon into a phial. This she took and placed in the folds of her wedding dress, in her wardrobe. She then wrote the following letter to the man who had told her husband the news which had ruined him, her and her children:

"Sir, you demand the keys, and send them herewith. The door with

a red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress you will find a small phial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl under a happy roof—of fifteen joyous, girlhood, schoolhouse years, of a short, sweet courtship and marriage to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whisky, of the day we moved into this then palatial and well-kept home, of the—alas! so short, honeymoon spent here. You will find all of these sweet, sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. A change, sharp and sudden came. You may read it, sir, in the tears I bequeath you. They tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of kisses, saying that for my sake he would never be brought under the baneful effects of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home-love; of the ease with which he would misunderstand me; of the first time he spoke a cross word to me; of his first oath in my presence! You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir. You will find here, too, one fairly wind-shaken, thunder-bombed, lightning-torched night, in which I looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born, little Mary, came into this 'old whiskey-soaked world. You will also find in the bottle of tears the greed-gored part you played in my house that night—for while one physician attended me, another, in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas and devils. In reality he was only your victim. But you will find, sir, in the bottle of tears, I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade trees, I heard the rain dashing in fury against the windows; the room was jarred by angry thunder; I was for the first time in the throes of parturition. But louder than thunder to me were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly, but now fallen and cowardly, husband.

"You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low, strange cry—the advent cry—of the baby; a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy, but which filled me with a new anguish, as I thought of such a fit beginning to a career destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies in Pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the path of sobriety, from which you, for gain, had led him.

"The next morning he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and baby. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish lustre kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home—but they were soon dashed and broken, for before I was up from that bed he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden, irremediable midnight; my heavens, if heavens they could be called, became starless; I grew old; my heart petrified. But sir, you will find it all, and much more, in the bottle of tears. I need not tell you of the next few, sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury, of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fed by night, with frightened children, from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table, and the birth of the third child in the midst of the squalor, to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depths into which you pulled my now helpless husband. One night there was such a pain in my heart that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain that I must be dying—that she would have to take mama's place and care for papa and little sisters—that papa was a hopeless drunkard and that she would soon be the only bread winner. You will find in the bottle of tears how we spent that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn, in the doorway, and watched for her papa's return; how, with the rising of the sun, he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested road; how Mary ran down, threw her arms about her father and said—O, my papa! Our mamma came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you and little sister, too. 'O my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you?' With an oath which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm and slapped the child—a blow that sent her to the gravelled walk, and left her bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had, in my own name and right, to leave you as a reminder of what these possessions have cost.

"Only three mornings ago, four of your obedient henchmen bore my precious husband home to me at break of day and laid him dead on

the floor and hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling table over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly negroes to dig the grave—in what I thought was my garden—and we laid him down under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer and shells in the winter and teach my girls of how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden and under your apple tree! Indeed, he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious remains that night, I tried to wash out the stain of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns out that it is your floor, on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this I will be on my way down the road, east. I take that route only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I don't know where, I with my three girls, will spend the night. But there is a widow's wail or an orphan's cry, if there really be a God, we will meet you at his judgment bar—there to tell you the truth as to how you came by this home, which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of ears.

"But what cared the potty, whiskey dealer? He set in to get that property and at any cost, and succeeded. Had a collection been taken for the widow, I suppose he would have contributed five dollars. And some people would have esteemed him liberal, would have called him charitable—when he revealed in sixty-five hundred dollars stolen from that woman and children, to say nothing of the trouble he had brought, the insults he had heaped upon them, together with the murder of his duped patron, and the damnation of his soul. After relating the above incident in a Virginia town, a gentleman told me that he knew this woman and her girls, and that they were being helped by a lodge to which the dead man had belonged.

"But all of this is another reason for wagging relentless war upon whisky drinking and selling."

Consolidated Schoolhouses And their Relation to Good Roads

A Pen Picture of the Schoolhouse of the Future, When Good Roads Shall Have Been Obtained.

Every fair-minded man desires to give to his children and the children of his neighbors better advantages than he himself enjoyed. And whenever good roads make it possible, it is entirely feasible now to substitute for the little schoolhouse of one room and one teacher a consolidated schoolhouse with half a dozen rooms and half a dozen teachers. The schoolhouse of one room and one teacher was good and we are here in bodily presence to testify to that good; but the consolidated schoolhouse of half a dozen rooms and half a dozen teachers is vastly superior, and we want to secure that for our children and the children of our neighbors.

It doesn't cost as much to build a schoolhouse of half a dozen rooms as it does to build six schoolhouses of one room. Six teachers working together can do vastly better work for the children than one single teacher, teaching everything from the cradle to the voting age. The salaries of the teachers in the consolidated schoolhouses of half a dozen rooms are no higher than they are in the single schoolhouses with a single room.

How are the children brought to this consolidated schoolhouse? They are carried in wagnettes, that in cold climates are heated by a stove, and amply provided with lap robes to keep the children warm. There is no fear of lack of ventilation, because every wagnetette in the world is amply ventilated. The wagnettes take all the children within a radius of nine to ten miles every day to the schoolhouse, and take them home again.

Instead of having twenty, thirty, or forty children of different ages in one school, so that the community spirit is an impossibility among them, because of the diversity of age and because of the difference of attainments, hundreds of children can gather into this consolidated schoolhouse, and class spirit, community spirit, thrives and good teaching abounds.

But what could you do with the consolidated schoolhouse in this State? In counties like Mecklenburg, Wake, Guilford, Forsyth, Durham and a few others where there are several miles of macadamized roads, this system would work well; but in a great majority of our counties, the wagnettes could not get two hundred yards down the road.

It takes a two-footed beast, called a child, and a very active one at that, to get over the roads at all to any school in most of our North Carolina counties during the winter season.

Let us go a step further. The day is coming, surely, when not only will we have the consolidated schoolhouse, but also the principal of the school and his wife will live in the school building, or in one close by. The library and reading room of the school will be the library and reading room of the neighborhood. And I know country people too well not to know that many of them are hungry for good literature and cannot get it.

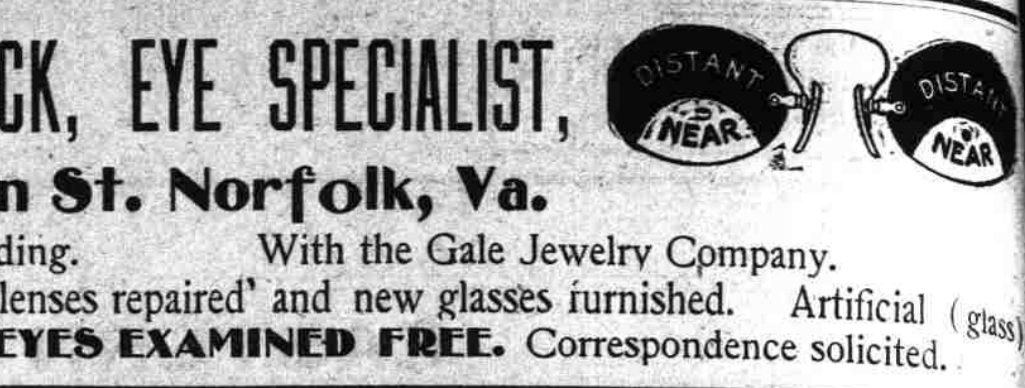
This consolidated schoolhouse will be a lyceum where people will gather. There will be lectures, there will be even some 'loafing' around the consolidated schoolhouse. Men will not go to the country store to swap lies, will not go to the barroom—that is, not all the time; they will sometimes come to the schoolhouse, to the reading room, the talking room and the lecture room.

But when will we in North Carolina have consolidated schoolhouses? Not until we have good roads. They talk about free text books! I am in favor of free text books, but I tell you here and stake my professional reputation on the statement, that free text books are a trifle compared with good roads and the consolidated schoolhouse.

So that we cannot separate these twin sisters of civilization; cannot conceive of one without the other. Educate the people and they will build good roads; build good roads and the people will educate themselves. The two propositions are therefore merged into the one question, 'Education and Good Roads.'

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It is What The Reader Has Long Sought.

People will read advertisements about cures made by medicine. As they read they wonder if the statements are true. If true, will the relief temporary or permanent? Read this case about Doan's Kidney Pills:

W. H. Clarke, of Bennett street, accountant at the Bloch Bros., Tobacco Works, Wheeling, W. Va., says: "If my back aches I know what will cure it; Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the best remedy I ever came across. For months I was plagued with backache, not sharp pains, but a dull aching all the time, that made me feel miserable. I got medicine on different occasions from doctors, and it seemed to relieve me for the time, but it was as bad as ever. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I took a course of the treatment. They cured me, and that cure has been lasting. I will corroborate this in a personal interview or in reply to any communication mailed to me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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You may have some peculiar ideas but we can fit them. The fashion may be to your liking, but we can modify fashion to suit your case.

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YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU ORDER AND GET IT PROMPTLY.



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Every order is welcome, and every customer is treated in the most satisfactory manner.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES.

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MAIN STREET.

ENTRY NOTICE.

North Carolina Dare County.
The undersigned, Geo. T. Wescott, enters and lays claim to the following piece or parcel of land in Nag's Head Township, Dare county, N. C., the same being vacant and unappropriated land, and subject to entry.

Beginning at Ed. Bowser's south line running N. E. course along the line of the Hayes tract of land to the land of J. B. Etheridge tract, thence a N. W. course along the line of said tract, thence to Reuben Etheridge tract, thence S. W. to Ed. Bowser's line, containing by estimation, fifty acres.

This entry was made this 27th day of July, 1903.

Geo. T. WESCOTT.

A true copy:
R. W. SMITH, entry taker Dare Co., North Carolina.

Notice!

SPECIAL TO THE CHURCHES AND HIS CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

To all who wish to purchase one of the enlarged portraits of the late Rev. Zion Hall Berry, can obtain them only from the families authorized and general agent. Perfect likeness and satisfaction guaranteed. Likeness complete in Oak and Gold and Silver Frames. Price \$2.50. Pictures sent anywhere in the U. S. Send money order or registered letter, payable to L. R. Wilson, Moxock, N. C.

Other parties enlarging this picture or offering it for sale in any form, are subject to a fine for fraud.

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Iron Fences, Building Stones, Cemetery Curbing, Granite and Marble Posts, or anything in the Cemetery or building line, write or call on Elizabeth City Marble Works, 55 Poindexter St., Eliz. City, N. C.—Mail orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

—We do the best work for the least money.

Eliz. City Marble Works,
LUKE A. COTTON, PROPRIETOR.
Poindexter St., Near the Bridge.

THE RUMSELLER'S SIGN.

I will paint you a sign, Rumseller, And hang it above your door— A truer and better signboard Than you ever had before.

I will paint with the skill of a master, And many will pause to see This wonderful piece of painting, So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, Rumseller, As you wait for the fair young boy, Just in the morn of manhood— A mother's pride and joy.

He has no thought of stopping, But you greet him with a smile, And you seem so blithe and friendly That he pauses to chat a while.

I will paint the form of the mother I will paint you as you stand With a foaming glass of liquor Holding with either hand.

He wavers, but you urge him: "Drink. Pledge me just this one." And he lifts the glass and drains it, And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint you a drunkard, Only a year has flown, But into this loathsome creature The fair young boy has grown.

The work was quick and rapid; I will paint him as he lies In a torpid, drunken slumber Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother As she kneels at her darling's side, Her beautiful boy that was dearer Than all the world beside.

I will paint the shape of a coffin Labelled with one word—"Lost!" I will paint all this, Rumseller, And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow, The crime and want and woe, That is born here in your rumshop No hand can paint, you know. But I'll paint you a sign, Rumseller, And many shall pause to view This wonderful swinging signboard, So terribly, fearfully true.

PRESENTED WITH A NEW SUIT

A graceful act on the part of an appreciative congregation was the recent presentation of a handsome suit of clothes to Rev. W. F. Jones by the members of the Newbegin M. E. Church. Mr. Jones had just closed a very successful revival meeting and while the event was unexpected he says that he has never received more than the gift. The presentation was made by Messrs. A. J. Jennings and Mack Stanley, on behalf of the church membership.

TAR HEELS IN TEXAS.

The editor is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Daniel S. Hooker, of Garrettsville, Texas, who was in this city a few weeks since. Mr. Hooker is a 'tar heel' to the manor born, and feels a great interest in his native State which is akin to devotion. He says, among other matters that prominent among the North Carolinians in that great Southern city is Prof. Harry Ransom, who at one time was an instructor in the Academy (now the A. C. Institute), of this city. Mr. Ransom was very popular here and is remembered by a large circle of friends. He is superintendent of the graded schools of that city.